

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
<i>Letters from Europe.</i>	
From New York to Glasgow, . . . . .	2
Impressions of Scotland, . . . . .	7
The Scotch Assemblies, . . . . .	12
The "Tabernacle" and the "Abbey", . . . . .	32
Sabbath "Observance" in Continental Europe, . . . .	40
Religion in Germany, . . . . .	45
Letter from Leipzig, . . . . .	53
Through St. Gothard Pass, . . . . .	62
Italy and Popery, . . . . .	70
Mont Blanc, . . . . .	79
The Evangelical Society of Geneva, . . . . .	86
<i>Biblical and Theological Topics.</i>	
Bishop Wheelan's First Commandment, . . . . .	100
The Doctrinal Contents of the Westminster	
Confession of Faith, . . . . .	119
An Exposition of Acts 17:23, . . . . .	143
Exposition on Romans, Chapter 7, . . . . .	147
On Allegorical Interpretation, . . . . .	156
Of Expounding the Parables, . . . . .	159
The "New Theology", . . . . .	170
Bible Psychology: <i>Dichotomy</i> vs. <i>Trichotomy</i> , . . . .	181
Baptism for the Dead, . . . . .	184
"The Holy Ghost Was Not Yet," . . . . .	188
The Oblation, . . . . .	195
The Hazards of Indecision Towards Things Eternal, . .	201

Concerning Conceit, . . . . .	215
Swear Not!, . . . . .	227

*Ecclesiastical Issues.*

The Danger from the Accumulation of Wealth in Ecclesiastical Hands, . . . . .	236
The Most Fashionable Church, . . . . .	249
The Necessity of Christian Education in our Mission Fields, . . . . .	260
Building Up the Church's Walls, and Unifying the Church, . . . . .	270
The New State-Church, . . . . .	275
Incurable Misconceptions, . . . . .	280
Presbyterianism or Prelacy?, . . . . .	284
Presbyterianism and Lay Preaching: <i>Sufficient yet</i> <i>Underutilized</i> , . . . . .	301
Against the Use of Organs, . . . . .	311
"Instrumental Music in Public Worship", . . . . .	322
The Sphere of the Sabbath School, . . . . .	335

*Secular Topics.*

The Earth's Population, . . . . .	346
Popery and Republicanism, . . . . .	350
Mob Law, . . . . .	361
The Atlantic Monthly, . . . . .	365
A Mother's Crowning Glory, . . . . .	373
Ancient Roman Wit, . . . . .	385
Capital and Labor, . . . . .	388
Popular Education as a Safeguard for Popular Suffrage, . . . . .	396
Woman Suffrage, . . . . .	421
Sterrett's "Power of Thought", . . . . .	425

*Historical and Biographical Writings.*

The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, . . . . .	434
--	-----

Dr. Dabney's Reply to General Early, . . . . .	461
Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, . . . . .	468
Sketches of General "Stonewall" Jackson, . . . . .	475
Reminiscences of John Randolph, . . . . .	483
Thomas Carey Johnson, . . . . .	493

*Poetical Work.*

Christology of the Angels, . . . . .	500
--------------------------------------	-----



---

Letters  
from  
Europe

---

## From New York to Glasgow.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, June 16, 1880; vol. 59:54, pg. 1.)

---

The voyage by steamer to Europe is now too common to permit any novelty of description. But its commonness may invest it with a livelier interest to many readers, because it is an enterprise to which so many look forward. There is nothing to tell, new to experienced voyagers. But the multitudes who now look forward to making the voyage may derive from the statement of that which is old, a warm personal interest.

The starting of every passenger steamer presents, probably, the same features: the steady and accelerating stream of passengers and trunks, as the hour approaches; the be vies of friends "to see them off," all far more excited than the voyages concerned; the rush of sailors carrying in the last freights of goods, the quiet and almost unobserved signal of the whistle; the speedy repetition; the hoisting in of the gangways; the hasty farewells, and huggings, and kissings; the invariable delay of the tardy ones, who are never ready when the last plank is gone and the ship is moving. How like this is the delay in preparing for the last starting over the cold river! No matter how many the warnings, some are still not ready; and death, less complaisant than the good-natured sailors, does not replace the way plank for them. The last line is unwrapped and thrown aboard; and the tie to the Western continent is sundered. How quietly! The first motion is unappreciable; no quiver of the ship nor clash of machinery accompanies it. But none the less the parting is complete. With every revolution, the propeller moves faster

until the ship begins to rush through the water; and that mighty throb is set up, which never ceases until after eleven days she is bound to the banks of the Old World.

Of course, all the passengers are on deck, gazing at the harbor, the countless ships, the pragmatistical little tugs rushing about as though they felt they were doing all the business of commerce, the Brooklyn suspension bridge, that splendid, unfinished folly, hanging like a light skein of silk thread above the ship's masts, the receding shores, the light-houses and Sandy Hook, and the glittering plain beyond inviting us on so smilingly. Everybody is bright and gay. The new voyagers all secretly expect to be dreadfully sea-sick, but all try to think nothing about it until it cannot be helped; and all pretend not to fear it, even when they laughingly predict it. Before nightfall, even if there be no "blow," many will learn how just is the phrase, "Smooth, deceitful sea." Whether it be dead calm, or whether the light breeze be just enough to awake what Æschylus somewhere so inimitably calls the *anarithmeton gelasma thalasses*, "the innumerable laughter of the sea," still there is the everlasting groundswell of that "troubled sea which cannot rest." Is it the stroke of the giant's ceaseless remorse for all the lives he has devoured? For the feeble folk, this swell is enough to be the beginning of woes; and as we pass farther out to sea, the stronger ones also succumb to the freshening gale and the incipient waves; and leave the breezy decks to the old sailors.

But as they go below, what is that dim, yet subtle odor which pervades their berths? It suggests always moldy cheese; it is compounded probably of the fragrance of bilgewater and of the cook's galley, with its innumerable phases of grease, dirt and burnt gravy. By the way, why should a huge cooking range be called a "galley?" Who can solve that? Are the cook and his myrmidons the "galley slaves?" Or does that name belong more properly to the unfortunates who have to take the food of eleven

days from that unsavory craft? When one gets the stale cheese smell fairly into his nostrils (and into his brain, lungs, stomach, blood and mind, as he speedily does) then sea-sickness has him.

This odorous, puffing, rolling, plunging ocean steamer, if properly studied during the solemn leisure and confinement of sea-sickness, makes one an adept in its pathology. It is undoubtedly not a disease of the stomach, but of the brain. This master organ of the nerves being locked up in his bony prison cannot groan, nor in any wise utter his anguish, except in such supreme despair as he expresses in apoplexy or coma; and as his grief is not thus desperate, he calls upon his humble handmaid and servant, the stomach, somewhat as the sergeant in Bleak House did his faithful wife, "To express his sentiments for him"—sentiments in this case of profound disgust at his treatment. What this treatment is may be understood by any one who, when a child, was made giddy or sick by a "see-saw." The heart, that powerful pump of living muscle, drains the venous blood from every part, and propels the arterial blood in its place through every part of the body; and this with the unfailing regularity of the steam engine. But when the head is alternately rapidly elevated, and then as rapidly lowered towards the earth's center, the force of gravity disturbs the even working of the pump. While the body is descending the recoil sends the blood rushing back in too full a tide to the nerve center. Hence the brain is violently disturbed; and the next great nerve center, the stomach, sympathizes. The proof is, that every man is giddy before he is sea-sick; in many cases an obstinate headache attends the beginning, middle and end.

Now, let the novice imagine a mighty see-saw, three hundred and fifty feet long, swinging remorselessly day and night, and also rolling and rollicking on its fulcrum, as though it would delight to spill the children off sideways, while it is sending them up, up, up, and down, down! It will not stop; and there is



no way to get off it, except to get into the bottomless sea! The only palliation is to get as near the middle of the see-saw as possible, because there the oscillation is least, and to cling to your tormentor, and suffer. Reader, if one ever tells you, at such an hour, of remedies for sea-sickness (pickles, lemons, brandies, physic, or what not) spurn him as a heartless mocker of human miseries. There are no remedies save a pair of "sea-legs," or the land. The only palliations are a berth as near amidship as may be, a horizontal position, and a stream of sea-wind upon the abused brain. One passenger remarked: "The only solace I have, is to count off the days as they bring me nearer to the end of the voyage." I thought myself: What of that sickness of the soul which the lost must feel while sailing the billows of the fiery lake; when the weary counting off of the days of misery will bring them no end? How well that we should lay this to heart in these short and bearable seasons of pain here!

The reader of voyages will be surprised at the general solitude of the ocean. What he has heard of the "ship's highway" near the great Banks, with frequent meeting of neighbors, will not be verified. The moving things, except the waves, are strangely few. Now and then a ship skirts the horizon. Rarely a long banner of black smoke streaming over the horizon advises us that an ocean steamer is not far off. Twice a whale shows his back fins, and blows off his spray a mile away. Mother Cary's chickens pay us rare visits. What the sea monsters may be doing beneath the dark green waters we have no signs.

But are they green? Or are those waters blue? Or are they black? This is a question hard to answer with confidence. Down, right under the shady side of the towering prow, you are certain that they are nothing but blue-black. In the sunlight the snowy spray which the prow throws off is underpaid by true emerald green as delicate and pure as ever flashed under the

Peri's cave. But again, under the general light of the sky, one is sure that the sea is bottle-green. Yet, when the sky is overcast with storm-films, as that of the North Atlantic usually is, the whole surface, except the "white caps," is a vicious, treacherous-looking slaty-grey. This sea is in character, in wearing so many colors. For is it not a thing as uncertain and treacherous as it changes?

## Impressions of Scotland.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, June 16, 1880; vol. 15:46, pg. 1.)

---

### *Climate and Agriculture.*

*Messrs. Editors;*—I reached here last night from Edinburgh, somewhat the “worse for wear,” by reason of the bleak gales of the North Atlantic and the scarcely less bleak breezes of this hyperborean region. I am reminded that I am, indeed, on the latitude of Labrador. In Edinburgh the other evening I read very well at my window at 8 o’clock, the twilight was by no means gone at 10, and it began again before 2 A. M. They say that at midsummer night is still shorter. I think Don Phœbus must then conclude that the time for going to bed is scarcely long enough to make it worth while to take off his clothes; so he just lies down for a short nap, with all his toggery on; and as this is described as very “shiny,” we have here a truly philosophical solution of the fact that it never gets dark. The people here say: “It is very fine” —meaning of course the weather; and the sun does shine, right cheerfully, most of the day, (with from one to three showers between times, to lay the dust.) But the wind—and it is their *good* wind, from the West—is precisely such a one as would make the old Virginia farmers say, in the afternoon: “Well, all the peaches must go to-night;” and would send him to covering up his tobacco-plant beds from the frost. But somehow, the frost does not quite come. The temperature of the ocean around protects them from that; and while we mortals from more genial climes button up our heaviest greatcoats to the chin, the grass, oats, and potatoes grow a little still. The country

is generally very green; but not a bit more so, to my eye, than our own limestone lands are in June. An Edinburgh paper, two days ago, congratulated the country upon the fine weather. He said it gave promise of an early and good harvest, though rather too dry and warm for a good hay crop. The thermometer for a week had ranged between the extremes of 35° and 61°! I see that when the attempt is made to till any summer crop, every expedient is made to get the utmost of what little warmth the earth has. The soil is ridged very high, as high as a two-horse plough can bank it up, in very narrow ridges, and the seed potato is put in the very top.

### *The Labor Question.*

They say: First impressions are not to be trusted. My first impressions are, that British agriculture is a harder master than our old Virginian was; and that commerce and manufactures are unspeakably harder. One can only note what his eyes see. The potatoes are now, in a multitude of places, receiving the first hoeing. Women have been in the majority in every hoe-gang I have seen, but always with a man to lead and boss them; and I assure you they work "like fighting fire." The farm-laborers to whom I have been close are not as clean as our Negro laborers on well regulated places, not a whit better clad, nor one whit less stolid looking and subservient. In walking a few squares on the "High Street" of Glasgow, (the street leading to the cathedral, the Barony church, and the fashionable cemetery), I met six women bare-footed, and at least a hundred bareheaded. My friend and I, mind you, had our winter overcoats buttoned up carefully. The next morning I found myself in the compartment of the car with an American also going to Edinburgh. He asked me if I had seen much of the squalor of the Glasgow poor? I replied, that I had not looked for it. Ah! said he, "It is disgusting." He then added: "It's the whiskey does it." I was

not qualified to affirm or deny. But *I thought*. If so, then we see one of the advantages of our old system: that the main results of the labor of the poor *could not* be wasted on whiskey, because they were authoritatively directed into the more useful channels of shoes, clothing, bread and meat, shelter, and religious instruction for the poor; by hands effectually influenced for their good, not only by conscience and family affection, but by interest. Our system was, for the laboring people, the best temperance society the world ever saw.

### *The Furnace Room.*

While on the steamer, I explored its very bowels, being as it were, in Jonah's phrase, in the "belly of hell," in the furnace room itself. There were the stokers, working exceedingly hard in an atmosphere of about 120°, black as the pit except for a few smoking little miner's lamps, bathed in perspiration and grimy as coal dust could make them. The avocation is simply horrible. But "the interests of commerce necessitate it! No stokers, no steam: No steam, no grand commercial wealth." Just so. But none the less is it true, that the most unreasonable master I ever knew in Virginia never set his bondsman to any toil half so horrible and unhealthy. Had a single one of them done so, Fanueil Hall would have gone into spasms of virtuous indignation over it. But, what would have been more to the purpose, the man's slave-holding neighbors would have so rebuked his cruelty, that he could not have held up his head among them. I well remember that, under our kind and merciful system, "hiring a hand to the coal pits" (at Deep Run or Tuckahoe) was sometimes resorted to, in the case of a peculiarly insolent and profligate Negro, who persisted in stealing, fighting his overseer, and spending his Sundays drunk—as a punishment, and not in any other cases! Yet the coal pit work was so light, and so thoroughly healthy, that these Negroes usually became

fond of it. But that was the "barbarism of slavery;" and this power, which shuts up white men in these portals of hell is 19th century philanthropy! Ah well, I am an old foggy.

Afterwards, seeing one of these young cyclops on deck during his respite, I asked the mate of the ship, who was conversing with me: "Is not his a very hard and repulsive employment?" He answered with a grin: "Pretty bad!" Said I, "I hope then, that their pay is correspondingly liberal?" "Oh no," he replied; "much lower than of any hands on the ship." But, I rejoined, "this is unjust, to exact the most trying work for the smallest pay." the mate turned on me, as if he thought my folly was very shallow, and said: "What good would that do? They would just have that much more for whiskey; they would never get any real good from their pay." "Why?" answered I. "Is there any needs-be for their being men of such worthless habits?"—"Yes," he said: "If they were any above that grade, we should never get them to do such work. A fellow has to be real low down to live for stoking." This mate's philosophy is: that the degradation of a part of the servants of free society is necessary to her triumphs. I wonder if it is a true philosophy? If so, then our old system compared with it as day does with night; for our system elevated and civilized *all its lower class*, to some degree. But then, I am an old foggy.

I have sent you by this mail the copy of the "*Scotsman*," containing the end of the famous Robertson Smith case. When you read it, I know precisely what scrap of our school-boy lore will rise to your tongue. . . . "*Parturiunt montes; nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

But don't you say it, you naughty fellow! Remember your manners. *The Scotsman*, whose editor in chief they say, is not a Scotchman at all, is in Edinburgh very much what the *Herald* is in New York, able, unscrupulous, employing the spryest reporters, veiling a secret enmity to the gospel under an

affectation of high liberalism. Doubtless the picture he gives of the debates is as faithful as graphic. Such manners in an ecclesiastical assembly, would look very queer to us Southerners, who were habituated to the "Barbarism of slavery." But we shall learn in due time, and reconcile ourselves to this higher model.

Yours faithfully, R. L. D.

## The Scotch Assemblies.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, June 23, 30, & July 7, 1880; vol. 59:25-7.)

---

When I say that I was in Edinburgh during a part of the sessions of the Established and the Free Kirk Assemblies, you will naturally desire to ask what I heard of the more important proceedings of those two bodies, and what was the first impression of an American Presbyterian concerning them. The newspapers and speakers here very plainly manifest their unanimous feeling that the prime subjects of interest were the following: The Free Kirk movement for the disestablishment of their rivals, the Old Kirk; the fixing of new terms of subscription for the eldership of the Established Kirk; and the final issue of the heresy charges against Prof. Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen.

### *Disestablishment in Scotland.*

It is very obvious that a heavy part of the great vote with Mr. Gladstone and his party received in Scotland was prompted by the hope of the Free Kirk and United Presbyterian men that he would use his official weight for disestablishment in Scotland. The wily old man did not, indeed, promise it, but he hinted that his fellow citizens knew that one rule of his policy was to do what the sentiment of the country demanded. Then it was he who had disestablished the Irish (Episcopal) Church. His main argument for doing so, was that Episcopacy ought not to be supported by the State in Ireland, because it was the creed of only a small minority of the Irish people. Well, thought the Scotch voluntaryists, must not Mr. Gladstone apply the same



argument to the Established Kirk of Scotland, seeing its creed is also that of the minority of Scotchmen?

Hence, Principal Rainey, who had apparently succeeded to Dr. Candlish's leadership in the Free Kirk, promptly moved the Assembly to petition this Parliament for disestablishment. Such a petition was obviously designed by him for a pivot of a great popular agitation. But his success did not answer his expectations. The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, more imbued with the spirit of early Free Kirkism, led a conservative party in dissent, and prevailed to have the subject referred to a committee to report on at next year's Assembly.

A part of his motives were expressed, and the remainder we can very clearly surmise. He reminded the Assembly that Chalmers and the original Free Kirk men had been no friends to voluntarism, that it was the offensive exercise of the right of patronage, and not the union of Church and State, which they attacked at the great disruption; and that the Free Kirk had been founded as a national Kirk, asserting in theory an equitable union of church and State, in which the State should liberally endow the Church, and yet leave its spiritual functions free, and only taking a dissenting attitude provisionally, until such time as the State should see its duty, and give the endowment without the spiritual oppression. Hence, Sir H. Moncrieff felt that it was not precisely a seemly consistency for the Free Kirk, in its ecclesiastical capacity, to attack the endowments of its rival. This decent argument prevailed.

To my mind it seems most obvious that the Free Kirk men ought to do only one of two things—either they should frankly acknowledge that they are no longer on the platform of 1843, that they have forsaken the principles of Chalmers, that they no longer have a particle of claim to the character of a National Church, but must rank themselves along with the United Presbyterians and Reformed, as one of the dissenting and

“voluntaryist” denominations of the land; or else, if they are really on the Free Church platform, then the consistent use for them to make of this “Liberal” turn in the civil government is this: To join the Established Kirk in demanding of the government *the reform of all the oppressive features of patronage*, and the *continuance of the Establishment* thus cleared of what their leaders regarded as its only abuses, and to offer their full return into the bosom of the Established Church on that condition. This would be thoroughly consistent with their original position as Free Kirk men.

You may remember hearing me say, in those days so long ago, when you were among my pupils, that if Dr. Chalmers really valued the principle of a (free) Church Establishment, as he so ardently avowed, then he had committed a great practical indiscretion in the disruption. Because my knowledge of human nature showed me that *time* would be sure to teach his Free Kirk to adopt fully and finally that voluntaryist position, which he took only under protest. This prophecy has been nearly fulfilled already. A few of the old conservatives like Mr. Moncrieff hold the Chalmerian doctrine; the progressives, the great body led by Mr. Rainey, have really forsaken it, and are as utter voluntaryists as the United Presbyterians whom Dr. Chalmers used to resist so passionately.

### *Disappointments.*

But at this time they are really bridled by certain very sore considerations which do not suit very well to be uttered “out aloud.” They are sorely afraid that in selling themselves to the “Liberals” and Gladstone they are going to be badly “sold” in the worst sense by that Napoleon of political tricksters. They begin to see that their politics are going to “make them strange bed-fellows.” For instance: they see in the ministry (in a subordinate place) Sir Chas. Dilke, a radical so ultra as actually

to have proposed, in a serious printed book, the absolute communism of an abolition of all land tenures! They see the blasphemous atheist, Charles Bradlaugh, returned to the Commons from Nottingham; and when he comes up to the bar of the full house (as all the new members, by solemn law, must do) to swear fidelity before Almighty God, he intimates that he can take the oath as a form; but that it cannot mean any obligation for him, as he believes neither in God nor his rewards. Thereupon this atheist is sent to a committee, in order that some expedient may be invented by the "Liberal" wisdom to enable him to "flank the law," as we Americans express it. And the pending question is; Whether he shall be permitted to mock God and the law and the Church Establishment, and the British constitution, which expressly makes Christianity one of its foundation stones, by swearing in the name of a God whose existence he indecently flouts; or whether he shall come in like the Quaker, John Bright, on his "affirmation?" One way or the other, he will get in; and be a "bitter pill" to honest British Christians.

The Liberal Idol has given his Scotch worshippers another grievous check by selecting the Marquis of Ripon as the viceroy of India. This Marquis of Ripon is known to be so pronounced a Papist, that the populace suspect him of being a member of the Jesuit Society. Hereupon Mr. Gladstone is most inconveniently reminded, in Parliament even, of his famous pamphlet against the Vatican decree of Infallibility. You remember how conclusively he argued there, that this decree must cause every sincere Romanist to put his loyalty to the Queen below his allegiance to the Pope. Mr. Gladstone's language was as pointed and positive as possible. He expressly (and correctly) affirmed that if, after this the Pope should declare against any right of the British Government, as within the sphere of wrong doctrine or morals, it would be the religious duty of every

consistent Romanist to practice treason to his country, and that under the most awful sanctions of redemption.

When Gladstone is now asked, if this is the sort of man he sends to represent the Queen's majesty in India, it is, of course, a hard question. But the administration professes to brave it through with an affected, lordly contempt. It assures the country, superciliously, that the report that the Marquis of Ripon is affiliated with the Jesuits, is a ridiculous canard. It scornfully rejects the charge of a self-interested policy, and affirms that he was chosen exclusively on grounds of administrative fitness. It scornfully reminds objectors, of the Catholic emancipation, the admission of Jews and Papists to Parliament, and the absence of the test oath in the civil and military service, as long approved in the country.

Of course, the well informed conservative can show that these answers are as flimsy as arrogant. Upon Mr. Gladstone's representation of Vatican Popery, whether a given Papist is or is not affiliated with the Jesuits, is precisely the question upon which he cannot give the country any safe assurance; because, if he is thus affiliated, then one of the privileges, which his membership secures him, is the right to conceal, deceive and deny, *pro gloria sanctae ecclesiae majore*. It is indeed according to the spirit of the Liberal reforms referred to, that citizens of all opinions shall have place in the ordinary legislation and executive details of the country. But none the less have all the parties held that the men who filled the *first* places must represent the dominant principles of the country. So that if England is a Protestant country still, the putting of a Papist into this post of prime importance is wholly another thing from permitting a local popish constituency in Ireland to put a popish member in the House, or a Jew to continue as post office clerk or excise man, after the fall of the ex-Jew, D'Israeli.

Here is the point of this refutation (most strangely

overlooked by the Conservatives) that Lord Ripon is not only made the head ruler of three quarters of the whole empire, but *viceroy* of the Empress of India. A viceroy is *in vice regis*. He impersonates the identical majesty of the Queen to India. Now, if the Queen's majesty is not everywhere distinctively Protestant, it is expressly unconstitutional; for the very law of 1688, by virtue of which alone this dynasty holds, limits royalty to Protestants. Again, when it is understood that the popish third party holds in its hands, in Parliament, the life or death of the Gladstone administration, every sensible man who remembers the known tactics of the Premier, feels that it must be a very weak credulity indeed which fails to see that the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon is doubtless a party of the price paid for the support of popish votes, and a very discreditable price it is!

### *The Power of Expediency.*

By the way, the tone of discussion on these points, with the leading men and journals, furnish an excellent illustration of the *animus* of British politics in high places. This *animus* is, that a decent expediency must be supreme. *Les bienséances* must be held far more important than formerly avowed principles—must in fact dominate over everything *except* the present prosperity of trade. The man who would have influence must not make any fuss or trouble about his most solemnly avowed principles when the smooth conveniences of the present are at stake. He must not demand full logical consistency. If he is, he is politely adjudged a nuisance in odious bad taste; one of those dangerous and impractical people who are afflicted with a logical monomania.

For instance, should expediency conclude it would be more convenient to allow the blatant atheist, Bradlaugh, to be seated by swearing in a name he despises as a myth, rather than give his venomous little party the partial advantage of a pretext for

setting him up as a sham martyr to his convictions, then he who should sturdily insist in pressing the argument that, according to the law of Christian England, this transaction would be a sinful, a dishonorable mockery; that according to old English common law, the avowed atheist is not competent to testify in court, he would be generally voted a logical monomaniac. High politics would cry fie upon him, and hustle him off the stage, as in "wretchedly bad taste." Of course this perpetual triumph of present expediency saves present trouble. But at what cost in the future? Of course if wrong principles have any practical power of mischief, somebody is going to pay the penalty of this truckling hereafter. Of course the conservatism which yields to this expediency, ends with yielding everything to erroneous principle, and is worthless to conserve anything.

But to return to our topic. The revival of the discussion about the Establishment in Scotland revives the old arguments with new phases. The Rainey men say that the Kirk should be disestablished by the same argument which decided against the Irish Establishment, that it was the Church only of the minority. The Kirk replies: How do you know that we are the choice only of the minority? The honest mind would deem that the fairest way to settle that question, would be for each of the people to say for himself which he preferred. But when the Established Church men went to the government, and asked that a column should be inserted in the approaching census of Scotland for recording that fact, they were violently opposed by the Free Church men! It seems the latter preferred not to get the truth, but to have a darkness in which to boast irresponsibly.

Again: Principle Rainey says that the Established Kirk should be disestablished, because it teaches loose doctrine. The Kirk rejoins: Where is any looser doctrine taught than that of Prof. Robertson Smith, whom the Free Church cannot discipline, after three years' pother? Says Principal Rainey: Establishments

produce subserviency to the powers that be, and a time-serving spirit. The retort of the Kirk is: It is notorious in Scotland that the Free Church sustentation scheme fosters a most odious subserviency; not, indeed, to a secular gentry and magistracy, but to the ecclesiastical managers of the Free Assembly, on whom the ministers have to fawn, with all the real obsequiousness falsely imputed to patronage. Such are the representations of the two parties.

*Subscription to the Standards.*

In the Assembly of the Established Kirk, the chief novelty was the formal introduction of a motion to provide a looser form of subscription for the ruling elders of the Kirk. The proposed measure goes, perhaps, farther than the mode of subscription known among us, as taking the Confession "for substance of doctrine." The elders, it is proposed, shall be required only to adopt the Confession so far as they view it as teaching the fundamental doctrines of redemption. It was argued (an argument betraying a singular ignorance of the Bible office of elder) that he is not a teacher, and, therefore, need not be bound to an exact orthodoxy; that many men, excellently adapted for the elder's duties, are kept out by the terrors of strict subscription, while many others, of more pliable consciences, find in their subscription only a tuition in disingenuousness.

The principal significance, however, of this measure, is in the declarations of influential men which attended it; and in its tendency toward other changes. The so called "Liberal" papers in Edinburgh did not scruple to treat it as an entering wedge. They said they rejoiced in it because it was obviously the next step to modifying the subscription of ministers. And really, such a construction appears most reasonable in view of statements made in high quarters.

Rev. Dr. Storey, in advocating the measure, said it was time some such relaxation was made, in view of the well known fact that extensive dissent from some doctrines of the Confession prevailed, not only among elders, but among ministers. Why keep up the show of strict subscription, while everybody knew that there was no such strict adherence to the Confession? Said he: "If you will point out in the Establishment a well filled church, you will be sure to find in its pulpit a minister who does not preach the Calvinism of the Confession!" Dr. Storey's remarks appeared to the plain mind to have this drift: that old-fashioned Calvinism was so thoroughly a thing of the past among them that it was high time to terminate the farce of its profession, at least in part.

Principal Tulloch, of Saint Andrews, also spoke. He stated that it was well known that he did not profess to hold the Westminster propositions in all their "details." What he meant by details, he did not say. He is known as the most influential advocate of "broad churchism," which is euphemistically called the "theory of comprehension," in the Established Kirk. He advocated this relaxation, as to the eldership, he said, because he was, as gentlemen well knew, the advocate of "comprehension" in the National Kirk. He did not believe that an Established Church ought to exist, or could be perpetuated, except on the theory of comprehension; for by acting on the strict theory, it must, in an age of free inquiry, become a minority, and thus must lose its very *raison d'être*. Every hearer's mind must have added, "And by the same logic it is precisely as proper to relax the subscription for the ministers also; yea, more proper, as it is their teachings which must mainly give this 'comprehensiveness' to the Church."

It may be true that, upon the present "expediency" theory of Church establishments prevailing among British Liberals, an Established Church ought to be Broad Church. If its only reason



is in the preference of a majority, then it must manage to please a majority. And if free inquiry means intellectual license—which seems to be the Broad Church conception of it; if the legitimate result of modern criticism is to ascertain nothing final, but to authorize scholars to differ about almost everything; if it is uncharitable to believe that there is such a thing as an ascertainable code of divine truth, which is not error, which cannot be something else, but is itself only, then, of course, Broad Churchism is the thing.

But again, the practical common sense of the world will ask; “if these things be so, why need there be any Church at all, either Established or Independent?” In fact, then, the Church ought not to be established, because it ought not to be “broad.” If it has no ascertained code of divine truth to give men, it does not deserve to exist at all. If it professes that it has, then it is bound, in common honesty, to teach all it honestly holds. The Scriptural conception of the Church is that it is a witnessing body for Christ. If it has a conscious testimony for him, it is solemnly bound to utter the whole of it. If it has none, it is no witness. Its witness bearing by its officers is an organic function, and not personal merely. It cannot, therefore, consent that contradictory or defective testimonies be organically uttered from its own body. To do this is disloyalty to truth.

And yet again, a Free Church constitution is, on the human side, a voluntary and an intelligent compact of the Church-rulers with their God and between each other, by which they say and pledge in effect, We have agreed in finding, after intelligent and adequate inquiry, these doctrines the truths of God, and in this constitution we now covenant with him and each other, to teach them as saving truths. Hence, to fail to teach them on proper occasion, or to authorize such failure, is bad faith. And to talk of this simple view as a tyranny over free thought, is simple nonsense. The proper place for the exercise of free thought was

in acceding to the covenant. If the minister now repents his own engagement, let him cancel it, relinquish its advantages and responsibilities together, and resume his individual position. To claim more than this, under the pretext of mental freedom, is more moral obliquity.

The reader may judge for himself how much Calvinism has to hope for in the day of trial in the Established Kirk.

*The Case of Prof. Robertson Smith.*

Are the prospects of Calvinism any better in the Free Kirk than we saw them in the Established Church? The history of the Robertson Smith case, by which the Free Assembly has just been convulsed, may throw some light on this question. Let it be explained that this gentleman is the Assembly's Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exposition at Aberdeen, of high repute for learning and propriety of character; that having been selected by the Encyclopedia Britannica to write the article on the Bible, he there expressed his disbelief of the Mosaic authorship and inspiration of parts of Deuteronomy; that an attempt to discipline him for this heresy, begun three years ago, led to appeals to the Assembly, and a complicated controversy which has greatly agitated the Church; that the last Assembly formulated charges against him on which it ordered the Presbytery of Aberdeen to proceed to try him; but that that Presbytery, dominated by a majority (led by Dr. Laidlaw) favorable to the accused, evaded that duty on the technical plea that the charges, as tabulated by the Assembly, made a new case over which the Presbytery was entitled to original jurisdiction. And that thus the matter came back to this Assembly on complaint of the orthodox minority, with all its complications and exasperations. It may also be added that the main point of Professor Smith's skepticism about Deuteronomy is this: He believes that the enactments now found in that book for a single

sacrificial center at the Tabernacle for the twelve tribes, are an after-thought intruded into Deuteronomy centuries later; and he asserts this on this ground: that he finds Samuel, for instance, offering sacrifices at other altars than the one at the Tabernacle. And this, by the way, is a very fair instance of the shallow, worthless logic of this pretended "higher" criticism ("higher" only in the sense of being up in the clouds of fancy). The adoption of conclusions on these flimsy grounds against the current testimony of Jewish literature and Apostolic teaching at once betrays the fact that it is love of skepticism, and not force of truth, which actuates these "higher" critics. The plain reader of the Bible easily sees, in the light of common sense, the solution.

As late in the history as the reign of Ahab, Elijah offered on a separate altar, on Mt. Carmel, and that with unquestionable divine sanction. What then? Does this ground the inference that down to that late date the law of a single central altar for all the tribes had not yet been written in the accepted code? This is utterly absurd, in view of the prior history of David's removal of the sanctuary to Jerusalem; of Solomon's temple; of Jeroboam's curse for violating that very law, and of a thousand familiar incidents of the history. It would be precisely as reasonable to say that at the date of the beheading of Lady Jane Grey, the statute of treason had not yet been known in the English law. What then? How are Elijah and Deuteronomy to be reconciled? Obviously just thus: Elijah had the prophetic, direct, divine authority as truly as Moses. The same God who instructed Moses to fix the altar customarily at one exclusive place, also authorized Elijah to make a rare exception (for a peculiar and exceptional purpose) by this sacrifice on Carmel. The same solution is as good for Samuel's sacrifice at Bethlehem. These higher critics may be assured that the plain good sense of Christians had not at all overlooked these facts, on which the

new criticism so pretentiously builds; but Christians, applying the good old rule, "Interpret Scripture by Scripture," had learned this lesson from the facts: that the law of a central altar written by Moses in Deuteronomy was meant to be customary, but not absolute; binding on all church rulers, but capable of being temporarily suspended for temporary purposes by an inspiration equal to that of Moses.

*The Course of the Assembly.*

But to return to Professor Smith. This Assembly, finding his case again before them as an appellate court, resolved to make an end. Its constitutional rules authorize the Assembly to formulate and issue such a case. The first resolve then was to table charges against Professor Smith in this court; and they were tabled. In their technical language such charges are called "a libel." He was indicted under several counts for uttering propositions contrary to the teachings of his Confession of Faith upon "Inspiration of Scripture." But in two days thereafter his faction developed such strength that it became a question, and a most anxious one, what to do next. The different plans took shape in four motions. Dr. Begg, with that manly and consistent good sense which characterized him, moved that the Assembly proceed to hear proof of the libel tabled against Professor Smith, and to issue the case, either by acquittal or by ecclesiastical censure, according as the evidence of innocence or guilt justified. Of course this was the only action the Assembly now could take with logical consistency. But so many of the professed friends of orthodoxy feared the strength of the Smith faction that their nerve failed them. Hence Sir H. Moncrieff (supposed to be in this, the mouth-piece of Principal Rainey) proposed a middle action, that the Assembly should leave Mr. Smith's ministerial standing untouched; but should, in the exercise of its guardianship powers over their college in

Aberdeen, remove him without further judicial process from his professorship. It was supposed that this would sufficiently testify against him the Church's disapproval, and would be a short way to cut the Gordian knot; it would also deprive him of his power to mislead the Church's candidates *ex cathedra*.

Of course the Smith faction availed themselves of the pretext to cry out that this was hanging a man without trying him. Messrs. Moncrieff and Rainey showed very conclusively that this outcry was groundless, because the right to teach the Church's candidates is not a common franchise of presbyters, but a mere privilege conferred by special contract during good behavior; that the curatorial power of the Assembly over its colleges, clothed it with full discretion to judge for itself whether its servants were teaching to edification or not, that the Assembly's Committee on the College had so judged, having pronounced Professor Smith an unsuitable person for his trust, that hence it was competent for the Assembly to act in his summary removal. This argument is legally good. But the plan was attended with two capital disadvantages which the opponent pressed with fatal effect. It disclosed its moral timidity; it was after all an evasion of the fundamental issue, whether, according to the Confession, the proposition of the full inspiration of the Scripture is *de fide*. And, second, it was obnoxious to this objection that it proposed to leave Professor Smith entirely free to teach from the pulpit what was error when taught from the chair.

Professor Rainey, perhaps, did as much as any one to defeat his own plans when he expressly said that he had adopted it because he knew he could not be supported in a square verdict against the skepticism of the accused. This was inviting overthrow from an arrogant adversary. I wish the reader to note it, as Principal Rainey's testimony of unsoundness against the majority of his own Church.

Dr. Beith moved that process against Professor Smith be dropped, and he be left in his chair and in the ministry, but with a formal, public reprimand from the Moderator.

Dr. Laidlaw, going still further, moved that the whole matter be dismissed, with a resolution of the Assembly, admonishing the accused to be more cautious, and to study the peace of the Church. After long and eager debates, the several motions came to the vote. First, when Dr. Beith's came into competition with Dr. Begg's, the vote was: For Dr. Beith's, 287; for Dr. Begg's, 256—majority for Beith's, 31. Second, when Dr. Beith's came into competition with Dr. Laidlaw's, the vote was: For Dr. Beith's, 244; for Dr. Laidlaw's, 51—majority for Dr. Beith's, 198. Finally, as between Dr. Beith's and Mr. Moncrieff's motions, the vote was: Dr. Beith's, 299; Mr. Moncrieff's, 292. So that, at last, among almost six hundred votes, the culprit was, by a majority of seven votes, gotten rid of in a way marvelously like the old Virginia process against petty larceners, who were "whipped and cleared."

### *Its Doctrinal Bearings.*

On this narrative I would make three remarks. The event is, indisputably, a virtual victory for the latitudinarians. All their representatives, like the Scotsman, gloat over it as such. It means, in substance, that the holding of that view of inspiration which once distinguished the Socinians and then the Neologians, does not disqualify a man for the highest posts in the Free Church. The usual attempts were made by Professor Smith's partisans to confuse the point by imputing to the orthodox a theory of "verbal inspiration," using the phrase in its reproachful sense. All well informed critics know that the real issue is this: That whereas orthodoxy says, "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," rationalism denies this, and admits that the Scriptures contain a revelation from God. That is, imbedded

amidst the merely human elements of the canonical books, there is a truly inspired disclosure from God. This is virtually Professor Smith's ground. He says he does not impugn the inspiration of the Pentateuch as a whole. But he did teach that it now contains passages which were introduced into it from human sources. This is not the doctrine of the Confession.

This scheme of inspiration is virtually no scheme at all. As has been so often said, and so justly, when once the question is raised, "Who is to separate the inspired from amidst the human in these writings, and by what rule?" The only answer is, the "higher criticism." But is this infallible? Let its own wild vagaries answer. So we have no longer a divine rule of faith; the scheme breaks down into a baptized Deism like the Socinian's. Since Presbyterians profess to make revelation the authoritative source of our doctrinal system, an error as to inspiration is the most fundamental of all heresies. But this fact is clear to a plain mind: Professor Smith's friends denied it and Principal Rainey did not assert it. He seemed tacitly to admit their claim that the Professor was only erroneous and not heretical. That is to say, Professor Smith says that he is still a firm believer in the five points of Calvinism, for instance. But he cannot consistently say so in the Presbyterian sense. Presbyterianism believes those points on authority of inspiration, not on authority of Professor Smith's, or Calvin's, or Luther's, or Augustine's philosophy. Now, Professor Smith knows that every Socinian gets rid of all the texts supporting the five points of Calvinism by means of his "higher" criticism, just as he gets rid of the passages in Deuteronomy which he does not like. Will he take this ground: "My 'higher' criticism is infallible; but the Socinian's is fallible?" Hardly. Then, while his mind may happen to embrace some truths which the Socinian refuses, after all, the method of his belief is Socinian; he is not a Presbyterian.

He was admonished? Yes, but only for imprudence and lack of clearness in his utterances. The Moderator did, indeed, tell him that he must understand all parties—those who voted for the lenient and those who voted for the strict measures—as holding him blamable? But blamable for what? Indiscretion in disturbing the peace of the churches, and for lack of perspicuity in his statements. In every other respect, the censure was as purely nominal as the famous rebuke which Speaker Andrew Stephenson, of Virginia, in the old Congress, pronounced on General Samuel Houston for caning a foul-mouthed defamer from Ohio, who, after slandering him in debate, refused all satisfaction or reparation. It was very well understood that the Speaker was personally in full sympathy with Houston's measure of redress. Hence, when the House ordered the Speaker to reprimand Mr. Houston, there was much curiosity to see how he would extricate himself consistently with his usual dignity. The culprit was marched up to the desk between the sergeants-at-arms. Mr. Stephenson administered the rebuke in these words: "Sir, it is the will of the House that the Speaker pronounce a reprimand to you. You will, therefore, consider yourself as reprimanded, and return to your seat."

Nor did Professor Smith's response really confess anything, or promise anything to reassure the orthodox. He confessed very frankly that he had not been perspicuous; he promised that in future he would be perspicuous. Whether the promise means that he will now assert his error more perspicuously, we are not informed.

Second—The air around the Assembly was rife with the usual sophisms, with which we are familiar, from the most unscrupulous advocates of error. The offensive nick-name, "Heresy Hunter," was freely hurled at Dr. Begg and his friends; although the fact was that Professor Smith and his faction had not left any room for any hunting, so obtrusively have they



paraded their defection, leaving, it seems to me, no option to self-respecting and conscientious friends of truth, except the appeal to law expressly appointed for such cases. On all hands, Professor Smith is defended with this absurd plea: That a man's being a minister or teacher does not stop his right of intellectual inquiry and judgment. Hence, if a learned man, in the pursuit of those investigations which are so much for the honor of his chair, meets new critical views which command his assent, it is the inalienable prerogative of the mind to hold and advocate them. The host of sympathizers, therefore, affected to uphold Professor Smith as the impersonation of the cause of intellectual freedom, and to resist the orthodox as putting a gag-law on the mind.

But when we record a few plain, old fashioned facts, the real worth of all this appears. The Presbyterian minister or professor, when he receives his ordination or his teacher's chair, is rightfully held as meaning and avouching this: That he professes to have examined and settled the points of the Confession he asks leave to swear to, so that he has already, in his own full mental freedom and intelligent spontaneity, accepted them as true on adequate evidence. If he does not mean that, then his application is premature, and he is remanded to his studies. He is justly understood also, as vouching that he is aware the presbyters, whose ranks he aspires to join, have already rightfully exercised their mental and spiritual liberty in associating themselves for the express purpose of upholding and propagating these agreed truths. He asks to be admitted to that work along with them. Being accepted, on these express terms, he then solemnly swears before God that he can intelligently and freely, and will faithfully uphold these very truths. To crown all, he then receives recompenses in the form of honors, dignities and money, for keeping this oath. And after all this, having changed his mind about some of these truths, he claims

that his inalienable mental freedom authorizes him to attack them from his present position!

Nay, say common sense and honesty. The utmost he can claim is, the leave to retrace his ill-considered steps, recall his ignorant vow, resign all his dignities and salaries, and then exercise his "mental freedom," if his conscience will let him, in attacking what he formerly professed, at his own private, individual standing, and at his own cost. In view of this plain, self-evidencing statement, the claim made so freely for Professor Smith must appear nothing short of moral obliquity, or else—profound silliness. It should be sternly reprobated, not only by every friend of orthodoxy, but of common honesty. It is as though I had asked a lawyer, "Sir, do you profess to be sufficiently learned in law to tell me certainly whether a certain position as to a land-title is the doctrine of the courts of our country?" He says: "Yes, sir, I do; and I affirm that your position is law." "Then," say I, "I retain you as my paid counsel, to defend a right to real estate based in that law, which an adversary is assailing." He replies: "Sir, I accept your trust." But in the course of the litigation, I hear him arguing the opposite doctrine. His excuse is, that farther learned research and legal criticism have taught him that my doctrine is false; and his mental freedom is inalienable. Every lawyer knows that such an abuse of his new opinions is a shameful breach of faith. Or, it is as though I were a manufacturer of woollens; and I tell my chemist that I choose to have my wool dyed blue, with a certain mordant and coloring matter. He takes my employment and my money. After a time I find him, as I think, destroying my wool by experiments with new mordents. But his plea is, that he is extending his chemical knowledge, and that his inalienable mental freedom forbids his preferring my old-fashioned dyes when he believes he has found better. The actual business man would dismiss him, with the advice to go and try

his own wool at his own cost, and corrode as much of it as he please. It is high time that such nonsense were rebuked.

Third—The accessories of the closing scenes disclosed, at once, an almost universal popular sympathy with the errorist, if one could judge by appearances, and a style of manners very extraordinary, to say the least, for a sacred assemblage. Spectators were admitted only by paid tickets. The galleries seemed to be filled by divinity students, visiting ministers and ladies, in large part; and the galleries were clearly and noisily for Professor Smith. When Principal Rainey entered to advance to his seat in the Assembly, he was indecently greeted with hisses! Professor Smith's entrance was the signal for loud applause. The speakers for the truth were interrupted from the galleries and floor, by calls or words, whose derisive character was some times very clear. The votes in the culprit's favor evoked a storm of applause which the Moderator's protest was impotent to curb; and the demonstrations at the close were little short of riotous, to an unsophisticated eye.

Can the Free Church be relied on, any more than the Established, to stand by Calvinism in its time of trial?

## The “Tabernacle” and the “Abbey”.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, July 14, 1880; vol. 59:28, pp. 1-2.)

---

Spurgeon's Tabernacle, on “London Road,” south of the Thames and Westminster Abbey, may fairly stand as the representative of “Anglicanism” and “Dissent” in England. Around the former more Protestant influences are centered than around any other non-established place of worship. The latter is the Mecca of English Episcopacy; more even than St. Paul's, the virtual cathedral of the metropolitan diocese, being in the heart of the inhabited city, and beside the “Palace of Parliament,” or, as we should call them, the “capitol buildings” of the Empire. Westminster is, moreover, a fair type of Anglicanism, because its “Moderate” and “Broad Church” Dean, Dr. Stanley, keeps out the excesses of ritualism, and directs his worship along those medium lines acceptable to the average churchman. It is proposed to let the experiences of an attentive observer on the same Sabbath, as he passed from the one to the other sanctuary, tell their story plainly and simply, touching the two types of Christianity.

### *The Tabernacle Building.*

Mr. Spurgeon's person and preaching have been too often described to need painting. The visitor finds the “Tabernacle” simply a very large and seemly church of stone without a steeple, separated from the street by a plain, strong railing of iron, with an area of ten yards breadth, and then a portico of simple Greek architecture, much like that adorning the Tabb

street church in Petersburg, Va. Within he finds a large but not vast audience-room, with plenty of windows and no stained glass, every foot of room economized skillfully, and two commodious galleries circling around the whole, one above another. The seats are fairly good, the interior sufficiently solid, neat and tasteful. One's common sense tells him that here the most has been made of the money given by God's people to provide worshipping-room for the most souls possible. Already at three-quarters of an hour before the beginning, a few of the regular attendants are in their pews; and the strangers are beginning to line the folding-seats in the aisles and the benches against the wall. But at one quarter of an hour before, the regular inflow begins with a tide continually increasing. At five minutes before 11 o'clock a signal is made by a deacon from the farther end by a simple clapping of hands; whereupon the strangers by a universal invitation, enter the pews and fill up every vacant seat. The places they leave are at once refilled, and floor and both circuits of galleries are a solid mass of human faces, waiting with an expectant look for the beginning of the services.

### *The Services.*

Precisely at 11 o'clock Mr. Spurgeon hobbled into his platform, betraying by his gait and by his leaning upon every object along his way—the infirmity under which he has suffered, a species of rheumatism in his feet. It is unpleasant to see that his enforced inactivity has increased his corpulency. Otherwise he is the same figure with which engravings have made the Christian world acquainted, with a beard covering his massive chin, but without a gray hair, and with his natural force not abated, nor his eye dimmed. After an instant of silent worship, he began his prayer of invocation, which was much longer than ours. Then followed a hymn, sung by the whole

mighty throng, like the voices of many waters with no instrument of any kind and no guidance save that of a purely nonprofessional preceptor.

That hymn, proving what the simple congregational singing of our fathers can be, was enough for the writer, and ought to be enough for every man of correct taste, forever to decide the debate against organs in divine worship. No mechanical sound could possibly have been added to that chorus of sentient voices without marring the real effect both as an act of worship and an act of noble art. Then the Scriptures were read at length and expounded briefly. There were two more hymns divided by a long but seasonable and appropriate prayer, and then the sermon and the benediction. The devotional services occupied forty-five minutes, and the sermon fifty. Those who chose to partake of the Lord's Supper then went to the basement lecture-room, and joined in that ordinance. The Church is a Free Communion Baptist Church, and all Christians were invited to partake.

But the sermon? It was quiet, fluent, sensible, scriptural, Old School, boldly Calvinistic, dignified, edifying—just such preaching as one hears in many Southern pulpits, with here and there a little gleam, quickly repressed, of the tendency to humor native to the man; usually classic in its orthoepy and grammar. The only word in which the English plebeian enmity to the *h* was betrayed, was when he told us that it was 'Ospital Sunday in all London churches, and that the collection would be for the sick. Spurgeon's voice is a clear tenor, sustained without straining, on a rather too equable pitch, with the perfection of deliberation and distinct articulation, but with a marked accent of those vivid, *staccato* emphases, which are so characteristic of our American extempore preachers. Every syllable was audible from the beginning to the close by every man. On the whole, the characteristic of the whole performance was not brilliancy, not genius, but robust, good sense, scripturalness, and sustained

propriety. The experienced hearer cannot well avoid raising the question, Is there that in these performances which accounts for the sustained throng? And he cannot avoid answering, There is not. It is a good performance; very good, but in no sense better than our good American preachers who never draw more than their few hundreds.

*The Secret of His Success.*

Whence, then, Spurgeon's thousands? Perhaps the solution he would prefer to have given, would be, "from God's answer to believing prayer, blessing customary exertions." I conceive that under this higher solution the instrumental ones are these: First, London has four millions of people, and many hundreds of thousands of church-goers. Hence it does not require a very great relative elevation of one reputation above others to collect at one spot enough of these multitudes to make a great crowd. In an ordinary dish, filled with liquid, a change of level by one-tenth of an inch would remove a few hundred drops to the point of depression. But in a lake of many acres' extent, that same change of level limited to one-tenth of an inch, would displace a great mass of water; there is a large surface from which it would flow. Secondly, good preaching is so scarce in England where the Dissenters, who are animated, are too often rough and offend good taste, and the Anglicans, who have scholarly culture, are usually utterly ruined by their "intoning" whine and doctrinal indifference, that a little excellence counts for a good deal. Thirdly, Spurgeon's executive ability, tact and strength of will evidently serve him greatly in sustaining his ascendancy. He is as much of an organizer and general as preacher.

But on the whole, here was true, living, edifying worship and proclamation of God's word in the Tabernacle. Here are more than three thousand communicants and five thousand worshippers every Sunday. Here is the "Pastor's College,"

which is really a theological seminary, giving instruction for the pastoral work to one hundred and ten young men at a weekly expense of \$590. Here are two orphan asylums, one for boys and one for girls, continually enlarging themselves. Here is a great printing work spreading sermons, religious newspapers and tracts as far as the English language is spoken. This is what Spurgeon has done. Doubtless there are blemishes in his work. Doubtless, like all other works of promise, it presents more flowers than fruit. Some of its blemishes are obvious to the sensible spectator. For instance, of the five thousand worshippers and more than three thousand communicants, not more than four or five hundred at most, joined in the Lord's Supper. Nor, indeed, did the pastor seem to expect more, as he held the service in a room which could only contain that number. Nor was there all the reverence and tenderness which one would desire to see in this sacred ordinance. But after all deductions, there is visible a mighty energy for good.

*Westminster Abbey.*

At 3 o'clock P.M., the afternoon service is celebrated with a sermon in Westminster Abbey, for the general public. The pile is hoary, venerable, vast, full of impressive reminiscences, with every second slab on which the worshipper treads, the grave stone of one who was famous in history; and every compartment along nave and aisle crowded with the monuments of statesmen, warriors, artists, poets, wits, actors and fiddlers. It occupies, with its deaneries, canonaries, college and chapels, whole acres of ground in the heart of London, which would now cost millions of pounds. In its lofty naves and towers, its countless pinnacles and buttresses, its labyrinths of corridors, courts and crypts, it contains probably enough cut stone to build ten (possibly twenty) such Tabernacles as Spurgeon's. Its lofty vastness so utterly surpasses the possibilities of vocal worship



by any human voice, that some small part only is used at any one time—on Sunday afternoon only the transept and choir. The main nave presents this sign that it also is sometimes used for the liturgical worship, that having, like the popish churches, no pews nor seats, it is supplied with a vast thicket split-bottomed chairs one ever saw in an old Kentucky slave cabin (and not a whit cleaner), not bottomed indeed with “white oak splits” or cords of twisted corn-shuck, but with a species of coarse flag, for England is not blessed with Indian corn, and her oaks are all far too “snarly” to make a “split.”

Punctually at 3 o'clock I went, and was shown by a circuitous way into the western transept. I secured a chair about half way to the pulpit. About a thousand people were present; a few apparently wrapped in the ecstasies of aesthetic devotion, the major part patient and decent, and a large minority walking about the vast outer spaces of the church, and going and coming precisely like the Negroes at one of the “big meetings.” Everything was chanted or intoned, except the lessons of the day. I was about as near the choir and pulpit as the average half of the audience, and being blessed with at least ordinary hearing, I made every effort which close attention could contribute. But what, with the solemn reverberations through “long-drawn aisle and fretted arch,” and the disgusting whine of the “intoning,” and the profane, mechanical rapidity of the chants, and the despicable school-boy reading of the Scriptures, bred of intoning and ecclesiastical starch, absolutely not one whole sentence of the service was audible to me or those around me. In most sentences not a word was audible. My practiced ear, almost as familiar with the words of Scripture as though they had been memorized, caught barely enough of the “lessons of the day” to surmise that the first was from I Samuel (about Samuel and Eli), and the second from James. But I am persuaded that the ordinary laymen near me never guessed even what portions of

Scripture were read. The "priests" conducting the liturgical service imitated the indecent haste of the chanting boys usually "cutting in" with their rattling "intone" upon the responses, some syllables before the latter were completed, notwithstanding the worshippers, who had prayer books (and knew their places), did their best to go at a hard gallop and get out of their reverences' way.

Of the sermon, which speedily became quite declamatory, we were able to hear some sentences and a number of words, but no consecutive paragraph. I caught enough to learn that the text was, "The poor ye have always with you," and that the preacher was endeavoring to accommodate this fact to the demands of Hospital Sunday in London. When all was over the beadles, most impressively draped in surplices, were stationed at the doors who obtruded gorgeous, massive gold plates two feet broad, to receive the alms of the retiring worshippers. A few shillings and six-pence had begun when I passed, to dot the lustrous surfaces with a decidedly sordid look. I had cast in the little I felt I could contribute for the sick in London hospitals, among Spurgeon's people in the forenoon; where the cheap wooden boxes were receiving apparently, an eager and universal tribute. Utterly discouraged and repelled by the splendid dishes of gold, I passed them by, saying inwardly to myself, "If you would sell the female garments which disfigure your manhood, and sell those useless gold dishes, and give to the suffering poor, then I will gladly add my humble mite."

So far as the audible voice is ordained by God as an instrument of worship and instruction, this service might as well been, like the popish, in a dead language. A few drew edification, I hope, from their Psalters. A few evidently mistook the mere aesthetic impression of ecclesiastical architecture and "man-millinery," and the pealing echoes of harmonic sounds, for spiritual edification. To the most it was evidently but a

ceremony, decent and dreary. And this is what Westminster is doing to save souls, with her immense real estate, her princely revenues, her battalion of deans, canons, priests, deacons, organists and choristers.

The Sabbath began with me happily, cheerily, devoutly; it ended with a chill, like chat of the crypt-corridors, surrounding the scene of the ghostly pantomime.

## Sabbath "Observance" in Continental Europe.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, August 4, 1880; vol. 16:1, pg. 1.)

---

Letter from Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney.

*Messrs. Editors,*—Your visits to Germany have made you as familiar as I am with the way the German Protestants keep, or rather fail to keep, the Lord's day. As you know, it is, except the early morning service in church, the holiday, and not the holy day. Theaters and concert-rooms are then gayest and fullest. The soldiery at all barracks have a special inspection and dress-parade. The bands play the loudest in the evenings. The beer gardens are the fullest. The shooting matches take place when there are rifle companies. The horses and hacks are all hired for pleasure excursions. And in all this, there is little difference between religious people and preachers, and the world. But still we must not judge good people here, as we, with our theory of the Sabbath, would deserve to be judged, were we to do the like. The Lutheran (and to a degree the Swiss) Reformers expressly taught that the Sabbath was only a judicial and ceremonial institution, and *was abolished by Christ*. This great error still stands in their creeds, and is firmly held and taught by their divines. Hence, when they thus commit what our creed makes desecrations of the Sabbath, they are acting consistently with their creed. The thing of which they are guilty before God is, not that sin of inconsistency with known duty, which so many Americans, orthodox in profession, perpetrate: it is the sin of neglecting and studying amiss the testimony of God

in making up their creed. Hence a German Christian here can do these things, to us so very wrong, without its implying a deadness of conscience and rebellion against duty, such as the same acts would imply in us. Even the saintly Neander, when explaining the practice of a theological professor in going to the Sunday-night plays in the theatre, said: He also condemned it, but only because the theatre was not the right place for a Christian on any night; but that he should feel free to use any amusement on Sunday, which he could use on Monday!

But none the less do I believe that this false doctrine of Luther and Melancthon, with its consequent loose usage of Christ's holy day, is the grand error of their reform, and the grand blight and curse of European Protestantism. I do not expect to see the chill of spiritual death broken, which practically reigns over the most of this land, nor the gospel bearing its proper fruits: until this heresy is refuted, confessed, forsaken, expunged from their venerable confessions of faith, and amended in practice. Our view is, that God's omniscience saw, that, for a moral creature such as man, a stated day, consecrated by divine authority to religious duties is absolutely essential to man's continuing a religious being; and that for this reason God did consecrate one seventh part of our time for all ages and dispensations, even including the sinless one of paradise. Compliance with this command is a vital part of the efficiency of all means of grace. So that, in a true sense, it may be said, where there is no Sabbath, there are no adequate means of grace. The gospel cannot reign without its Sabbath.

This is terribly verified here. One natural consequence is, that there is very little family religion. I cannot hear of any such institution as family worship. I doubt if there is a parent in Germany, outside the pastorship, who ever catechizes his family. It is left to the official routine of the state schoolmaster and "*pfarrer*." What else can one expect? As the world goes,

the six days allowed by God for worldly duties, will offer no opportunity for religious, parental duties. These days, with the poor, must be occupied with continuous labor: parents and children must be separated by their imperious tasks. With the rich, the equally imperious demands of mammon, pleasure and society make the same separation.—Now, if the consecrated afternoons and evenings of the Sabbath may be properly given to the rural excursion, picture-gallery, concert, and beer garden; parents and children never come together religiously at all. There is *no* family religion. But where there is no family religion there is no spiritual prosperity. Burns' inimitable poem, the "Cotter's Saturday Night," sets forth a deep philosophy here. The poet places the sacred rites on the evening of Saturday; but it was because the Scotch Presbyterians had the Sabbath, that they had such a Saturday night. I do not make the sweeping charge, that there is no family religion in Germany. Doubtless in a small minority of families, there is a beautiful and deep, if an unobtrusive, family religion. God teaches it to the hearts of his chosen few, in spite of the heresy of their creed on this point. But none the less, is the general tendency, and general effect of that heresy ruinous.

If these views of the practical results are just, then, *the Sabbath argument* needs to be re-discussed, and re-discussed, and made prominent with the utmost clearness and logical force. We must remember that the thing which needs to be done is not merely to remind our continental brethren of a confessed inconsistency. They do not allow that it is one. They think they have a very good, critical argument to prove that the Sabbath is abolished. Their consciences are precisely in the state, as to their shocking delinquencies, of a Presbyterian's conscience among Episcopalians, when they should berate him for going rabbit hunting on Christmas day, instead of going to the communion. You could not make that Presbyterian see any sin

in himself simply by berating him; or by lauding “our venerable liturgy and canons;” or by urging the authority of the “Church.” The Presbyterian, would sturdily rejoin, that the “Church” had no business with any such act of authority: that he did not believe Christ was born on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December at all: that if he was, neither He nor the Apostles had commanded Christians to solemnize his birth-day as a sacred one. The only difference is, that we are certain our anti-Christmas argument is authentic. Well: the German Lutheran (erroneously, yet) honestly thinks his anti-Sabbath criticism equally solid.

Now, with such a case, mere hortation; or boasting of our “scriptural church order;” or of our pious ancestors and how they kept the Sabbath; or mere charges of sin unsupported by demonstration; or pious outcries about America’s having her old Sabbath, counts for nothing. To the Lutheran trained in his creed, it is silly and insulting. The thing which needs to be done, is to *meet and refute* the false exposition of Luther (and of Calvin too) and of Neander: even as the great Calvinistic divines of Great Britain met it in the 17<sup>th</sup> century, and convinced the mind of British Christians impregnably, that the continental reform was totally erroneous on this point; and established the opposite doctrine, (a doctrine which Calvin himself renounced with contempt as mere judaizing) like a great rock in the Westminster Standards. And I, for one, believe, that this striking contradiction between the Westminster and the Lutheran Confessions, gives us the practical, instrumental cause of the grand contrast between English and German Protestantism in their outcome. It explains why the latter has been at a standstill nearly since Luther’s death, hemmed in by State lines and popery to its original area; paralyzed by Rationalism; while Westminster Christianity has leavened a new continent, and is filling the world with missions.

How many of our people really know the difference of the two doctrines? How many of them know the nature of the arguments by which the true doctrine was run against—the commanding authority and astute sophisms of the great reformers? This battle of truth urgently needs to be fought over again; and fought until there is no longer a foe in the field to assert the blighting error.

What one sees here teaches him that it was a great privilege to be born an Old-School Westminster-Confession-Presbyterian, and also a great privilege to be born a citizen of a truly republican commonwealth, such as Old Virginia *was*. Of this last point I will give you some discussion in my next.



## Religion in Germany.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, August 4, 1880; vol. 59:31, pp. 1 & 2.)

---

Every American Christian who has lamented the eclipse of faith in Protestant Germany will be ready to ask of the traveler in this land, "Watchman, what of the night?" A tour through the country cannot, of itself, put any man in position to answer this question solely from his own observation; if he invited his readers to trust in such first impressions alone, he would mislead them. I am not giving my own first impressions, but the statements of residents, several of them Germans themselves, who have abundant opportunities to know whereof they affirm. My inquiries lead me to this conclusion: That there is in progress constant doctrinal change, as there has been and will be; that this change is just now somewhat in a hopeful direction; but that still the friends of truth must expect the same unhealthy state of things, in the main, as long as *the causes* continue.

### *The Causes.*

The most useful thing that I can possibly do for American orthodoxy as affected by German doctrinal and philosophical vagaries, is to give, in a sober, common-sense way, the causes thereof. When these are understood, I think the friends of the truth at once feel that these vagaries have little significance, that they are much nearer akin to sorry jests than practical realities; and that with serious honest-minded lovers of the gospel, they should weigh very much as works of historical fiction do with historians.

First, we shall give due allowance to the fact that they are usually the product of a community and individuals who, while Protestant in name, know nothing of the vital powers of godliness. We must remember that theirs are State churches. Although Kaiser Wilhelm is said to be an evangelical man, yet the wing of State patronage and power proves here, as everywhere else, a leaden one. As Christlieb has confessed and substantiated ("Modern Doubt and Christian Belief"), a cloud of spiritual death broods over the land. The people, as a mass, do not worship God, keep his Sabbath, or go to church. I can hear of no such thing as family worship.

In the cities, where influence and public opinion are generated, the people could not go to church if they wished; there are not churches for them to go to. For instance, Gottingen, a town of twenty thousand people, has four parish churches, which might accommodate about two thousand four hundred people, and one German Reformed, where the usual attendance is fifty. Berlin, with a million of people, has thirty churches--about one fifteenth of a supply. Such a thing as a revival is utterly unknown, and would not be understood.

Again, it is not necessary for a man to be a minister at all, or even what we understand by a "professor of religion," in order to teach theology in any State university. Every one is baptized in infancy. Every one is confirmed at about eighteen years, whether drunkard, duelist, or what not, as a preparation for going into the army, the university, or an apprenticeship. Then all are members of the State Church for life, and are as eligible to a theological professorship as to an office in the army or civil service. Many eminent theological professors are no more ministers of the gospel, and have no more idea of being, than the postmasters.

Now, the Scriptures teach that "no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son revealeth him." They

teach that man's native depravity has blinded his mind to spiritual things. Spiritual discernment is needed to know truly what the Spirit teaches. His truths are repulsive to the natural, arrogant reason. If we believe these facts, we see that the misunderstanding and misrepresentation of gospel doctrines by such students is a matter of course. Then, the occurrence of such results should produce no surprise, as it implies absolutely nothing against the credibility of the gospel. Should certain spectators declare the outlines of a distant building to be confused, when we ascertained that they were near sighted people, we should all say, It signifies nothing, and it proves nothing whatever against the real accuracy and symmetry of the building.

To take a more exact illustration, let us suppose that such minds as Dr. J. W. Draper, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin or Theodore Parker should find their pecuniary interests in devoting their great powers to the criticism and exposition of the Bible. Would any Christian of ordinary good sense expect their expositions to be fair or satisfactory? Or would he think their being unfair, as they certainly would be, any sign that orthodoxy was erroneous? No; he would know that one "does not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." But the average speculative German philosopher does not approach revelation with any more loyalty than the men I have mentioned would. Indeed, many of them, like the second, are Jews by blood, and simply of no religion whatever by practice. Good, sincere people among us are under a hallucination when they hear of those *theologians* hacking and hewing God's word (as they do by their criticisms), as though these were the logical results of serious minds. Whereas the authors have no serious regard for the Scriptures whatever, but regard them much as the naturalist does the insect which he dissects.

*University Influence*

This leads me to another very important explanation. The German University professes to exist to teach students; but its real *raison d'être* is the breeding of professors. To this its methods are really adjusted. The instructions are not fitted, nor meant to be fitted, to teach the well established knowledge of the several sciences to the young, but rather to stimulate men to make attempted additions to that knowledge. They spur their pupils on perpetually to what they term "original work." The imperious condition in which an aspirant can be put in the way of promotion is this: He must profess to discover and prove something new--something which has not been taught, at least in the same forms, in other books. Now, in the physical sciences, this may work well; although, even there, it leads to a great deal of pretentious scientific trifling. The young man may distinguish some nice varieties of species in botany or entomology, and write a very scholarly book about the proper classification and nomenclature of them. Or he may find a new way to compound a drug, or reduce a metallic ore; or may form a new acid hitherto unknown in chemistry, with a long, learned name. Very well; he is slightly but usefully enlarging the boundaries of physical knowledge. After he writes his book, and is discussed in the scientific reviews, he is eligible as a sub-professor somewhere: the path is open before him. But until he does this, he is nobody; the door of promotion is not open before him at all.

Now, it is apparent at a glance how this rule will work with the aspirant for a philosophic or theological professorship. In these sciences there is little room for legitimate novelties. The whole *data* of philosophy ought to be found in the contents of consciousness, as they are common to all sane men. The *data* of theology are given in the propositions of the Bible, which is but one book, and receives no inspired additions. Hence, when the

aspirant for place and salaries is told that he cannot be even considered at all until he has "done some original work," what room has he? There are no more *true* doctrines to be detected, like a new variety of bugs or weeds, by the young man's industry. There is no help for it; he must hatch some new heresy in doctrine or biblical criticism; or probably remain unpromoted. But if he does this, and supports his crotchet ingeniously with a parade of linguistic and antiquarian learning, he has "probably made his jack," he gets a professorship and salary and can marry his sweetheart and settle in life.

The question with university authorities and scientific critics is not whether his crotchet undermines the hopes of a lost world for salvation, or whether his new view is really and solidly *proved*, against the wisdom, learning, piety and logic of all the Christian ages; but whether his essay is scholarly. If so, he has "done original work," he is admitted to the literary guild. Here is a practical reason why these mischievous vagaries of doctrine and criticism will continue to succeed each other in Germany. But it also shows that their birth signifies nothing whatever as to the real faith of God's people. When some aspiring *privat-docent*, or young doctor in philosophy, startles the Church with a new criticism to prove that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, it does not mean, at all, that any real evidence has been found, not weighed and found wanting by such previous scholars as Calvin, Melancthon, Michaelis, Bengel, Lowth, or Alexander. It only means that somebody wants a salary, that is all; or, if it comes from a higher source, a professor in one of the smaller universities, the meaning is that Dr. Philip Dorner, or some other big man, is getting old and infirm, and is going to vacate a very big place before long, which the aspiring author would like to have.

*No Effect on Preaching.*

Hence, it is apparent that we are not to hope for an entire cure of the unhealthy state of German philosophy and theology, while the causes continue which have produced the disease. Our wisdom will be to appraise these ever-varying speculations at their real value. For us, they are entitled to have no serious significance. Indeed, from what I learn here, they are allowed to have no serious significance at home. They serve their turn, attract attention and secure places and salaries for their authors, furnish the intellectual amusement and discussion which the literary world craves, give temporary scope to the restless activity of the book-making world; have their day and die into forgetfulness. The Germans knew all the time that they were going to die; it is understood that the fashion is to keep changing, in order to satisfy the restlessness of an over-crowded literary class; just as the fashions of bonnets are certainly to change, to please the fashionable world. But all the time, they have almost no influence on the actual preaching of German pastors, who are all University men. They did not preach Strauss while Strauss was fashionable, nor Baur while he was in fashion; nor do they preach the prevailing craze of the day, be it "Wellhausen's Historical Criticism of the Pentateuch," or what not. They go on preaching old-school Lutheranism. They would be excessively amused at learning that American pastors took these novelties in any other than a "Pickwickian sense."

It may be added, also, that the highest teachers in the universities, and those of most established reputation, give least weight to the novelties. The old fable is realized, the few frogs make far more noise than the great herd of bullocks in the meadow. Thus, English materialists parade the names and words of the naturalists, Haeckel and Carl Voght, as great theistic lights. But the men who really lead here, Virchow and Helmholtz, and such like, make no account of their views; and

one hears currently such declarations as this from well-informed men--that this materialistic physics is mere sciolism in a scientific point of view, the ventilation of which has justly consigned these men here, to an insignificant place. They count for very little in Germany.

Now, it should not be assumed that there is no vital piety in Protestant Germany. There are, doubtless, the "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal." It is to be hoped that there is much unobtrusive piety, especially among the women, who excel in the domestic virtues. But, on the other hand, it should not be supposed that the theological vagaries described have failed of their poisonous effects on the German mind. The educated young men all know at the time that the fashionable phase of theological rationalism, whatever it may be, is not to last, but none the less is the total result of the changes this: to make them feel that the professed friends of the Bible do not believe in its real authority, but dread it as a "nose of war," to be twisted for their interest, or vanities.

There is little real reverence for the Bible or the worship of God. It is common to hear university students ("confirmed" members of the Church, bear in mind) boast that they have not been inside a church in a year. Sunday is their holiday. Gottingen has a thousand students, probably a hundred students of theology. The University church is opened only once a fortnight, and the attendance of students then varies from six to twelve. Couple this with the retiring, undemonstrative nature of German piety where it really exists, and one easily sees that the palpable religious atmosphere is one of spiritual frost, almost of spiritual death.

#### *Caution to Americans.*

It is a fearful trial and peril for any Christian, especially for a young one, to breathe this air for many months. As for myself,

the thought of having to live in it for two years would make me shudder, not merely at the privation of Christian enjoyment, but at the danger of spiritual decline. No man has a right, no man ought, in common prudence, to subject himself to this chill of the heart, except from a missionary motive. The foreign missionary may venture into the miasm of death which is to surround him in a pagan land, if he truly goes there to save souls, because the Christ-like motive will be made by the God he glorifies, the means of keeping his soul in health amidst the poison. Otherwise his own soul would be poisoned.

It is my deliberate conclusion that our candidates for the ministry should not subject themselves to this peril. The fact that so many young Americans have causelessly braved the risk, doubtless accounts, in part, for the decline in ministerial piety in our country. They get scholarship here, undoubtedly, *if they study*, which a *few* probably do. But they carry back with them a chilled heart, a relaxed conscience, a loosely-kept Sabbath, a familiarity with professional insincerity and clerical skepticism, which stick to them when they become American pastors.



## Letter from Leipzig.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, August 25, 1880; vol. 59:34, pp. 1 & 2.)

---

The countries in which I am, are too familiar to Americans, by the writings of previous travelers, to bear description by me. The scenery, cities, cathedrals, works of art, have been described a thousand times; what a wayfarer like me would say more of them would be scarcely more fresh than the familiar paragraphs of the guidebooks. Hence I have not attempted to tread this road, already beaten so hard; but I have thought I should make myself more useful to your readers, if less entertaining, by telling something of the true nature of that German mental activity, especially in divinity, which has been so influential in America.

I may say, however, that Leipzig is a town both very old and very new; the inner heart, or middle age town within the walls, being a genuine old German affair, close built, steep roofed, densely populated and unsavory. Where the walls were is now a promenade all around, fringed with grass plats, shade-trees, pools and flowers, an annular park. The newer city outside has spread until it is about six times as large as the core, and is a new town, built after the conjoined models of Paris and Berlin, with many lofty houses, delighting inordinately in stucco; but alas! also rather unsavory. The whole is in a large plain, like an Illinois prairie, on the little, torpid river Elster, which we should call a "creek." Still, there are two features of noble quality in the two parks, which are really grand primeval forests. Their oaks and maples enable one to believe in Tacotus' picture of the

forest-clad Germany of his day, notwithstanding the naked, prairie-like appearance of all the rest of the plain.

*Three Notable Things.*

Leipzig is noted for three things: It is the greatest book mart and book factory in Germany; it is the seat of the biggest university in Germany (and the only Saxon); it is the center of several of the most important battles in history. Lutzen, where Gustav Adolph, of Sweden, fell, in the "Thirty Years' War," is to the north six miles. Napoleon's great battle against the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia is, I may say, all around the city, marked, at perhaps a dozen points, by little, unpretending stone monuments. The center of Napoleon's position is a slight rise in the prairie, a few miles southeast. The poor fellow was badly outnumbered, having about one hundred and forty thousand men to their three hundred thousand; but he held his own during three days of battle, until his artillery ammunition ran short. The fourth day was a mere scramble for a way of retreat. In the west part of the town, in the midst of tall houses, two little monuments show where the French engineers prematurely blew up the bridge over the Elster, catching about a third of his surviving army on the wrong side. They say Marshal Poniatowski was here drowned, with hundreds of horses and thousands of Frenchmen. The creek is about twelve feet wide now, and hardly deep enough to drown a hundred cats. Was the Elster then rather an extensive lagoon than a river, since hemmed in by walls and houses? Or is this a specimen of the way in which history "romances?" I confess that I have been always skeptical about these figures in European wars. I know that an array of fifty thousand men is a huge, huge thing. With that number Gen. Lee, at Fredericksburg, covered a line of battle seven miles long, strongly enough to beat every onset, and had reserves beside.

The allied lines, then, should have been six times seven, or forty-two miles long! However, it was a terrible, a bloody battle, and really the one that decided Napoleon's fate. These Germans still love to describe it as "*die volkes-schlaght*," the battle of the nations.

### *Self-complacency Rivaling China.*

But I must remember that the atmosphere here is not now military, but literary. My purpose to-day was to redeem the promise of my last letter, and tell you something more of the "true inwardness" of this capricious, troublesome German theological literature. You will remember that I did not concur strongly in the common opinion that German thought was returning to the right paths. I stated the cause of its obliquity, which exist in full force; and reminded you that we must expect to see "like causes produce like effects." I may add that I cannot think the promise good, while German scholarship is so contemptuous toward the mental labor and work of all other nations. "Pride goeth before destruction." "With the lowly is wisdom." Their self esteem is immense, and their consequent actual *ignorance* of other scholarship than their own almost incredible. Their calm, familiar declaration is, as one of the most learned and pious uttered it to me in his attempted English, "Yaas, Shermanny ist de school-mistress of de worltdt," which was said as quietly as though he had said Germany has more people than Patagonia.

They condescend to give some attention to the doings of the English universities, whose schools of Arabic and Sanskrit they cannot well ignore. But I see no sign whatever that they deign to cast a single glance at the philosophy and thought of American doings in philosophy, theology, etc., they condescend to know absolutely nothing. As famous a divinity professor as any in the whole firmament of these *Dii majores* answered to me

that he knew nothing whatever of Dr. Charles Hodge's theology. Yet the editor of that work now lives here! A philosopher, second to no man in this country in his German reputation answered to my inquiry that he was aware there was an author in America named McCosh, but he had never seen any of his books, and had no knowledge to what school he belonged. What makes this case the more pungent is, that this very professor has been, for the last thirty years, making a national reputation here, by laboriously working himself up from a false German philosophy into a sounder one, which is virtually the Scotch!

*Instability but not Progress.*

I asked one of these scholars to take a reasonable view of that feature of *instability* in the German philosophy and theology, of which I spoke to you in my last letter. I cited him to the fact that not only does each professor's system supplant his predecessor's, as a matter of course, but that the very foremost of their great men contradict themselves, and that on points which ought to be settled corner-stones of their beliefs. The pre-eminent and aged *Hase* of Jens, gives up, after forty years of assertion, that now he believes the Apostle John did not write the gospel of John. The venerable *Delitsch*, in his separate commentary on Genesis, contradicts some of the most important conclusions of "Keil and Delitsch on the Pentateuch." And now, while discussing the destructive criticism of *Wellhausen* on the Pentateuch, he makes concessions of points which we should think vital to any man's faith which he was wont to assert. I asked my new acquaintance thus: "Truth is immutable, is it not?"

"Yes."

"The proper object of scientific thought is to establish truth, is it not?"

"Yes; that must be conceded."

"Can the thought, then, which *settles* no system of truth, but keeps all our beliefs in continual insecurity and mutation, be really scientific?"

"Oh," he answered, "all German scholars think that the method for mental progress is for every man to canvass *all* the postulates of human knowledge, and to hold all points mutable until he also has tried their foundations."

I asked, "Is that *progress*, or a useless turning around; the advance of the car, or the rotations of the weathercock? Is it leading mankind to any good goal?"

Oh, he thought these facts should show that the German was the proper, the enlightened method of mental progress; that the human mind was an *imperfect instrument* of intelligence; and therefore its supposed attainments of truth are to be presumed to contain more or less elements of error. The proper way to approach absolute truth, by the successive elimination of these partial errors, is to hold the whole contents of science all the time subject to new criticism.

My answer was, in substance, two-fold. First, That the German method, in fact, went far beyond the strength of his own argument. If it had any fair application it could not avail for more than this: that the science evolved by such a method should, as time went by, show a smaller and smaller ratio between the portion still held subject to criticism as possibly still containing error, and the portion finally ascertained and settled. Now, confessedly, German thought does not result this; but it still, after ages of pretended scientific activity, holds, not a decreasing fraction in the series, but a vast and ever mutable part of our beliefs, open to skeptical criticism and overthrow. And this, I insist again, is a signature of radical vice and unhealthiness. True science certainly ought to *settle some things*, and a truly progressive science ought, as it continues, to settle an increasing proportion of the known contents of human

opinion, reducing the part which contains the erroneous elements to a smaller and smaller ratio.

Let us borrow an illustration from that singular result taught by geometry, that the tangential asymptote to the hyperbola must always approach the curve, yet never actually meet it. Let the straight line be the truth—absolute truth. Let the curve be the healthy progress of the imperfect human mind; not like the line, unerringly straight, characterized by curvature, deflection, yet ever approximating the straight line, even if never destined absolutely to reach it. And, as we follow the curve and the asymptote in their progress forward, we find that this is the law of the relation in plane-space; that while the curve never absolutely loses all deflection—never reaches the place where there is absolutely no *verse-sine*—yet the “verse-sine” is all the time bearing a less and less ratio to the original separating space. The curve *tends* more and more to be a true parallel to the absolute straight line, and a parallel less and less separated from the absolute line. So ought any true, scientific progress, although subject to deflection—although not the straight line of absolute truth, to approximate thereto. But the German mind travels in curves forever irregular, and leading in no fixed direction.

And, second, its method is peculiarly unhealthy in the divine science. For it has utterly overlooked the fact that God, in Revelation, has professed to give us a code of truth, which is not the imperfect human science, but the perfect, infallible truth of omniscience; not the curve, but the straight line. God also undertakes to reveal and demonstrate this absolute truth, in all its essential points, by such credentials to the right reason as shall end criticism—shall end criticism so effectually as to make the rational man entrust his all—his soul, his irreparable immortality—with confidence, to this code of truth.

Now, deny either of these positions, and we can no longer hold consistently to the Bible as a "rule of faith." Give up either of them, and we are on virtual Popish ground as to a rule of faith; or else, are at the mercy of the infidel. But the method of the never-ending German criticism virtually rejects both these positions. Here, doubtless, we have the logical solution, the *rationale* of the result, that, though so many of these scholars are Protestant divines, their method has filled Germany with infidels. On the theory on which they are working, we never can have a true rule of faith. To change the figure, the temple of truth can never be built unless the builders can agree, finally, that the foundation stones, at least, are stones, and are in the right place, and let them rest where they are.

*No Expectation of Permanency.*

I meet here one very unstable symptom of this unsettled state of thought. Nobody's work stands, and *nobody's work is*, in fact, *expected to stand*. The symptom is that they always speak of a man's influence, no matter how the literary idol of his day, as, of course, destined to die with him, or not long after him. I ask, "But will not \_\_\_\_\_'s system remain?" "Oh, no; it is already passing from the post of influence; P. is the coming man now." "Why?" I ask. "Why, because \_\_\_\_\_ is now an old man; his books have been before the German public now for twenty years." I reply, "But if \_\_\_\_\_'s books teach the truth, ought not his system to live on, just the same, after his death? Grant that P. is the coming man, why may not P. do his work for truth simply by confirming and completing \_\_\_\_\_'s system of truth? The answer to this is simply a shrug and a look as though they think me a natural fool. The German idea is evidently this: What is the use of an author's being a "coming" man at all if it is not to overthrow what came next before him, and be the author of a new system? The man who employed his learning

and abilities, no matter how grand, is simply sustaining, defending and perfecting the truth, already possessed by the German people, would be to them a nobody. It is only the ingenious innovator and destroyer whom they admire.

*Tokens of Improvement.*

Still, there is improvement here, and the friends of the Bible have cause for thankfulness. Several changes are for the better. I was assured, by the highest authority in German philosophy, that Hegelianism is now never heard of among German scholars. It is a dead thing here. "Schleiermacher," said he, "was a man spirited and eloquent; his life has left no results on German thought. If he still has any representatives here, among a clique of younger divines about Berlin, they count for nothing. Soon they will be heard of no more. Indeed," he added, "as a general thing, German divines are not posted in philosophy, and know but little about it. Their philosophizings about theology are not entitled to weight. Real philosophers know," said he, "that philosophy ought not to have much to do with revealed theology. Philosophy is not the ground of faith; but the testimony of God. Happily the faith that we live and die by, has a firmer foundation than the best human philosophy."

It is also a good thing for Germany that the criticism of Strauss, long a thing of the past here, "ran to seed," as it did, in the blank, disgusting atheism of his last book. This ghastly result has had a practical effect to open many eyes to its peril and unsoundness, and to inspire in many a more sober and honest temper in dealing with the sacred history.

One of the most wholesome signs is the commanding weight now enjoyed by the philosophy of Herman Lotze, Professor in Gottingen. He is, in the main, a noble champion for truth, a man of Roman simplicity and Christian purity, and imbued with the soundest temper of research. His example is the more



remarkable, because he had to emerge from a false school of opinion. The profession of his youth was that of a physician, and his earliest distinction was as a physiologist. A distinguished follower of *Herbart*, he was deeply imbued with the system of that writer, which virtually referred all mental actions to the molecular functions of the brain for their explanations (whether for their source, also, Herbart possibly did not decide). But Lotze was led by his own observations to the conviction that the changes known in consciousness could not come from any such origin. He reviewed the system he had held, rejected it, and constructed, by careful examination, a solid demonstration of the spirituality of man's nature. He is now accustomed to argue the existence of soul, as a distinct, true, spiritual substance, capable of disembodied and independent existence, by the very same reasonings (with the added lights of his masterly knowledge of physiology) which you heard in your seminary. Rising above the semi-skepticism of Kant, and the idealism of the subsequent schools, he has constructed again the true system of rational psychology, in the form most friendly to evangelical truth. The friends of Gottingen tremble, while the friends of truth rejoice, that Lotze is probably soon to be transferred to the noblest academic field in Germany, the University of Berlin. The chair of philosophy is vacant there now, and it is very well known that it has been informally tendered to him. All that is necessary to bring the definitive offer is for him to signify his willingness to remove.

## Through St. Gothard Pass.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, September 22, 1880; vol. 59:38, pp. 1 & 2.)

---

*Reverend and Dear Brother*—I promised not to abuse the patience of your readers by giving descriptions of European scenery described a thousand times by others, and, in these days of tourists, even seen for themselves by many of your patrons. Hence I have said very little about places and scenes, as I have so much in the beaten track of European travel. But I propose to depart for once from this rule.

I have just completed a journey, which, I surmise, no reader of yours has made. Leaving Zurich last Thursday by railroad we came to Zug. Thence we took a little lake steamer on the Lake of Zug, to the foot of Mount Rhigi; and thence ascended that strange mountain by that strange, steep, startling railroad whose trains come so near looking as though they would next climb a tree. But it is not so much of Mount Rhigi with its hotels perched on its peak in the clouds, and its feet girded by its four lakes, and its wonderful horizon, including a hundred and fifty miles of the snowy Alps, that I propose to speak. For to Mount Rhigi everybody goes who goes to the Alps; and near as its hotels and their lawns are to the clouds, they were as familiarly and populously furnished with London and New York cockneys as any other of the tourists' haunts.

It is of the sequel of this trip I would speak. Descending the steep southern slope of Rhigi, I reached that wild, irregular lake of sky-blue waters, which Englishmen call "Lake of Lucerne;" but which genuine Swiss persist in calling the *Vier wald Statter*

*Lak*, ("The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons"). It lies in the very heart of the Alps, surrounded by the wildest and most rugged of these mountains. Into its southwestern bay pours the river or torrent Reuse, which descends from the watershed of the great St. Gothard. It was by a graded road over this pass that I proposed to enter Northern Italy and take a glimpse at her beautiful lakes and cities.

Over this lake, towers to the southeast, Mt. Pilatus, that enormous pyramid of shivered granite where Popish tradition says the unjust judge of the Savior ended his life by suicide; and over the southwest, Rutli, with its glaciers. Around this angle, amidst the vast, heaven-kissing precipices, cluster the richest traditions of Swiss patriotism.

In these savage gorges, Swiss liberty held its last refuge. Here is the village of Altdorf, the home of Tell; where his authentic statue stands, as I saw. Near it is the Tell chapel; and a few miles north, the cliff down which he escaped from the Austrian satrap to his boat.

At seven o'clock yesterday the diligence set out, drawn sometimes by five, sometimes by six horses along a paved road, ascending the valley of the Reuss. As we advanced, the meadows grew narrower, and then disappeared; the valley became a gorge. The gigantic mountains pressed us more closely, the turnpike, though still perfectly smooth, found no longer any field to traverse, but was excavated across precipices or through galleries in the faces of the cliffs. The river became a torrent, and sometimes almost a cascade. We left behind us first, the forests, then the bushes, and at last even the grass; for there was now no earth to sustain even the grasses; but only splintered pinnacles and fields of granite, with the glaciers sweeping down within plain view of the pass. At length, where the naked rocks met the cold, gray clouds, we passed the summit between two little lakelets of snow-water enclosed in basins of

solid rock; and we were south of the main Alp, and on the Italian slope, on the verge of another world.

As we approached the dividing ridge, we saw the gray stones everywhere patched over with squares of brown. These were plugs of peat-moss, cut from the sour, cold patches of morass a little below (where nothing better than peat-moss could grow) and laid upon the rocks to dry. The poor mountaineers would then carry them a weary way down the mountain, to their chalets, for fuel; many of them, perhaps, on the backs of women! So do the prosaic and even squalid necessities of man intrude into the grandeurs of nature!

Our last stage up the mountain had required six horses: so that our diligence looked very much as though it were following, in some hap-hazard manner, a drove of horses. But on our first stage down the Italian side, our team was reduced to two; and those had nothing to do but to guide the pole of the vehicle. Down a smooth descent of a half mile we glided from the hospice, when the visible end of the road seemed to shoot over into an abyss, awful in its vastness, immeasurable in depth; for although we looked down endless slopes of granite and dark green turf, the curvature of the mountain side forbade our seeing any bottom. But just as we seemed on the verge, the road turned back on itself by a sudden curve. Looking down, six or seven of these zigzags appeared, coiled like serpents, one beneath the other; and how many others were concealed in the gulf below we could not tell. At each approach to the outer curve of one of these infoldings, we graze the very verge, and at the critical moment sweep around again, looking over into depths where the breaking of one bolt in the brake of the vehicle, or the stumble of a horse, would have hurled diligence and passengers down, where their course would not have ended until the very iron of the wheels would have been in fine splinters. But fortunately the good horses did not stumble; and evidently they had no more

desire to try the fearful leap than we had. So at last, after our hearts had twenty times stood still with solemn awe, the bottom was reached at the little Italian town of Ariolo, the southern mouth of the St. Gothard tunnel.

But it must not be supposed that at Ariolo one has done descending. Three stages still followed, in which the road passed through a series of profound and rugged gorges, following the *Riviera*, another rushing torrent, towards *Lago Maggiore*. At Biasca the cars are reached, and forty miles of railroad, still through romantic mountains, place the traveler at Locarno, on the northern end of this grand mountain loch.

### *The Mount Gothard Tunnel*

In going towards the summit of Mount Gothard pass, I saw everywhere the works of the great railroad which is to connect Zurich with Milan through Mount Gothard tunnel.

This gigantic work rivals, in the dimensions of its audacity, at least, the grandeurs of nature. When I say that it pierces the great water shed from Goschenen on the north side to Ariolo on the south, by one tunnel, already finished, of nine miles in length, I have mentioned but one of the obstacles it overcomes. Nearly every mile presents a miracle of engineering boldness, and of labor and expense. It passes, for instance, for miles along the eastern bay of the Four Cantons lake, by tunneling a path through the perpendicular granite cliff of a thousand feet height, which here pitches sheer down into the fathomless waters. Finding then a little respite in the narrow but level meadows of the Ruess, between Fluelen and Altdorf, it begins again to struggle with the gigantic obstacles of the pass, twenty-three miles, to the beginning of the main tunnel. It bridges the main torrent and its lateral affluents, times beyond counting—tunnels, side-spurs and crags too numerous to remember, fills enormous side-ravines, and shelters itself from avalanches, not only of

snow but of rock, by solid vaulted arcades of cut stone. Unable, by any grade practicable for a train, to ascend to the level of the main tunnel at Goschenen, it resorts to a complicated system of zigzags, by which it advances and retreats through these enormous difficulties. On one mountain side, seamed with vast corrugations, I saw three tracks, the one above the other; and each presenting tunnels, bridges and gigantic embankments. Beside this enterprise of modern commerce the great works of the ancients are dwarfed into trivialities.

A gifted lady in North Carolina has described its mountain regions under the title of, "The Land of the Sky." This belongs more correctly to the pastoral regions of the "Forest Cantons." Let the reader conceive a land of the richest bluegrass fields of Central Kentucky, about five miles in length, but divided laterally by mighty ledges of rock and crosswise by ragged ravines dotted over with fruit and walnut trees, and the whole then apparently set up nearly upon its edge, so that the upper margin, far, far above, meets either the cloud, or the glacier, or the awful altitudes of the everlasting naked granite. Then let him imagine the chalets sprinkled everywhere, up, up to the edge of the glacier, until they become specks amidst the verdure, or the crags; and he has a picture in his mind of these Swiss pastures. Wherever there is any soil at all, it bears the richest award.

The steepness of the pastures is almost incredible. Its populousness is equally surprising. Wherever there is next, the sky, a lap of pasturage between the ledges which looks as large as a carpet, there is also a chalet. But "the eye" is so confounded by the vastness of the scale, that what appears a patch would probably be found on ascending, a large though rugged field. There is almost no tillage, and next to no grain. I passed on the Rhigi, one wheat field six yards broad and fifteen long, with one or two of rye a little larger. The only wealth of

the people is the rich, short grass and the cattle and goats which it maintains, with the nuts of the trees. The flour for the bread they eat, is carried, mostly on women's shoulders, up the steep and almost endless ascents from the valleys below.

This feminine duty of burden bearing received an authentic illustration the other day. A lady whom I met at Milan went last summer to a villa residence in Italian Switzerland. The hotel was "two hours" up the steep mountain side. For her ascent a saddled donkey was provided. She, however, woman like, asked how her trunk was to reach her. The hirer of the donkey answered, "In either of two ways: By another donkey, at the cost of two and a half francs, or by a woman's back, at one franc."

The very name of Swiss chalet carries something romantic; rich, aesthetic ladies build their costly villas in the supposed shape of the chalet. But if my reader wishes to preserve his romance he had better never approach the actual chalet. What is it? A log cabin, or a stone basement, which is half now stable and half sordid human habitation. The eaves project, and the shingles are kept in place by rows of great stones upon the roof. The hinder gable burrows into the overhanging declivity. The floor of the human stable is earth, as of the brute compartment; and the lofts of both are filled with hay. The wood-pile adorns one side of the door, and the dung-hill the other. The inmates are as far from the reader's ideal of Damon and Phyllis, as pack bearing up steep mountains, hard poverty, dirty quarters, and sallow, smoke-dried faces can make them. I speak of the common chalets of the peasantry. Some of the well-to-do yeomen, especially in the Protestant cantons, have cottages in chalet form, which are almost tasteful homes.

Another thing to understand is, that there are by no means as many families as chalets on the mountain. One family owns several, and inhabits them in turns at different seasons of the year. This frequent removal of their *penates* is the method

adopted by them to meet the difficulties of transportation on their steep lands without roads. To collect all the forage for the cows, or all the fuel for their long winter, at any one point of the farm, would be an almost impossible labor. Hence several chalets are built, some higher and some lower, and the portion of fuel and hay nearest to each is stored in it. The family then shoulders its household goods, and driving its cows, goes to one chalet, which it and the cows then inhabit until the supplies there stored are consumed; when all remove to another. As the mountain (of hay, etc.) cannot come to Mohammed, Mohammed goes to the mountain.

My awakening at Locarno this morning has shown me a new world. I am, politically, still in Switzerland, in the Italian canton of Ticino; but geographically, in Italy—sunny, warm, gracious Italy, with its Virginian sun; its blue lake set around with mountains, usually soft and vine-clad, yet still opening back, here and there, vistas to the rugged grandeurs of the Alps; with its grapes and melons and peaches; its valleys covered with Indian corn, the snap-beans running on the tall stalks; and the peasants even curing the “crap-grade hay” plucked from among the rows. Piedmont Italy is, in climate, precisely Piedmont Virginia. It will not be long, I trust, before our sunny mountain slopes will also be vine-clad, and studded with gleaming homes, peeping out from vineyards and orchards and chestnut groves; instead of waving with the fruitless, primeval forest.

But never may the day arrive when our Southern land shall be blighted with the religion whose curse upon Italy met me as soon as I opened my eyes on her sunlight. The first object which met my sight was a profusion of floral decorations and triumphal arches, scattered over the town, but all now sere and yellow. After a little search, a great placard, still affixed to the wall, gave me the explanation. August 13<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> had been the fourth anniversary of *Madonna del Sasso* (“My Lady of



the Crag”), a local idol of Locarno, who, they say, four years ago, made a miraculous appearance to the priests of her fane, a church built above the town on a rocky promontory of the mountain, and who has since been working many miracles. So a Romish Archbishop came to celebrate this fourth year of her divine reign over the Locarnese by a three days’ festival, with sermons, masses, processions, fire-works and military music; and Pope Leo XIII, sent her a golden crown, which was then placed formally on her head. The whole devout population was climbing the hill to her temple by many hundred stone steps. I climbed after them. The interior of her sanctuary was blazing with pictures, curtains, crimson and gilding. Beside the high altar, on a species of throne, was seated a wax doll of life size, dressed in blue silk, and crowned with gold; holding a wax infant on her bosom. The old women, after most solemn genuflections, were going up to this image, kneeling and kissing her toe. Each one’s countenance seemed to say, as she came away, “Now is my soul’s business settled favorably for this world and the next; for I have not kissed the holy wax toe?” In a little chapel beneath the church is a perpetual representation of the miraculous appearance. Six wax dolls, as large as life, impersonate the descending virgin and the five priests who (they say) saw her. Are not these dolls proof enough to the popish mind? Surely! So I found myself in a very pious population after a fashion. The afternoon of the Sabbath was spent by the people witnessing a long shooting match of the militia in front of my hotel!

## Italy and Popery.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, September 29, 1880; vol. 59:39, pp. 1 & 2.)

---

*Reverend and Dear Brother*—The incident with which my last letter (from *Lecarno*) closed presents popery in its worse aspects. But yet there is much that tends to reconcile the thoughtless Protestant to this false religion, who is travelling in these lands. Here I may say that the habit of the rich English of running so much to France and Italy goes far to account for the extensive defections in Great Britain from the Protestant faith. Here also may be seen the astute policy of Rome in encouraging the presence of these heretical tourists on her “holy soil,” where consistency should lead her to hold them accursed. She likes to have these “accursed ones” pollute her soil, and intrude into her holy places, and gaze at their *penetralia*, and, even saunter, around the aisles and look at the pictures in the midst of the highest masses; she utters not a word of rebuke for their irreverence.

Her priests and beadles are all obsequious politeness to them! For not only do these tourists sprinkle a great many *lire* behind them, but they witness Rome’s solemn pomps; they are familiarized with her idolatries; they are gradually affected by the aesthetic power of the pantomime, the skilful music, the noble architecture.

The partially instructed Protestant at home is usually, at first, in this state of mind: He has heard his teachers briefly and justly describe popery as a species of bald idolatry, and of outrageous doctrinal absurdity. He thinks that for such a system nothing

can be said; that ignorance is its only patron; that none but dunces can sincerely believe it; and that the educated people who profess to do so, must be the most sheer and repulsive hypocrites. With these notions he visits popish Germany and Italy.

He sees great cities of civilized and cultivated people who are all papists. The faith of many is unquestionably sincere. Their idolatry, seemingly, has not made them at all what he had supposed gross idolators would be; but they are, socially, very much like genteel Englishmen; they are very courteous to him; and instead of meeting him with the expression of a desire to burn him, as St. Dominic would have done, they avoid religious controversy and respect his feelings, with a most delicate tact. Apparently, all the social virtues and amenities have grown up among them which Protestantism is supposed to produce. These "idolaters and idolatresses" seem to be good husbands, wives and daughters, and as courteous gentlemen and ladies as any! And when he evokes a controversy, he finds, to his confusion, that they have a great deal to say in defense of their creed, quote much Scripture, and argue with a plausibility which his ill-furnished mind cannot unravel. He goes to their worship, and sees many things like real, Christian worship, especially as the borrowings of Protestant prelacy from this same popery have modified God's worship. He sees prayer books, organs, chants, prayers, sacraments, surplices, altar cloths; and there is enough resemblance to prelacy all through to make him forget that it is still idolatry, and most of the worship is addressed to creatures and graven images.

So this Protestant, by the help of habit, growing familiar with the new religion, feels himself undergoing a great change of sentiment. He feels that his old horror of popery must have been a blind prejudice—so his very courteous new acquaintances intimate—and he concedes a recognition of popery as an old and

venerable form of Christianity, with some blemishes, indeed, to amend, but with much to admire about it.

Now, this man is half proselyted already. The mistakes he has made in his new, mild view of popery are manifold. He has overlooked this vital rule of moral judgments: that while our verdict against the individual ought to be mitigated by every personal feature of his case, our estimate of a *system* ought to be rigidly formed in view of *its whole tendencies*; that the real tendencies of popery are to be judged, not as they now appear in civilized Europe, restrained, modified, half reformed by the competing influences of Protestant free opinion, but by the horrors, corruptions and murderous oppressions of the "Dark Ages." This man never deserved to be called a Protestant; for he was ignorant of the real arguments for Protestantism; had he not been, he would have been able to show that this plausible popish argument is, after all, a miserable sophism in every point, receiving its only appearance of force from his ignorance of Scripture, and its advocates' reckless imprudence. He ought to recollect that it is the genius of popery to mask the vices of society, so that the courteous decencies of the surface are no index of the festering corruptions beneath. Above all, he overlooks the vital fact that whatever domestic virtues and social graces this popery may permit, it fosters a state of spiritual death. As a general rule, these populations are strangers to regeneration, to heart-religion; to true communion with God; the whole glittering scene is still a frozen valley of death to souls.

And this remark leads us back to that great historical fact, that the question between popery and Protestantism is (what Luther found it) the question between formalism and spiritualism. We need never expect any man, not even the nominal Protestant, to appreciate the real nature of that contest, who is not actuated by the Holy Ghost. And we need never expect the Church to conquer in that contest save as she is

animated by the Holy Ghost. The Reformation, so far as it was a real revolution for good, was such because it was a true religious revival. Lutheranism in Europe, now, is impotent to gain any ground on popery, because Lutheranism knows nothing of true revival. (I speak, of course, of the general body, not of the few pastors like Harms, Krummacher and Rinck.)

*The Priest Excluded from the School Room.*

Yet one finds, in a great Italian city like Milan, that the statesmen of the country have appreciated the enormities of popery in at least one point. They are determined to ostracize it absolutely from the education of the country. Italy, as your readers all know, is now united from the Alps to the extreme end of Sicily, under a free government, a constitutional, limited monarchy, the work of the good but unfortunate Charles Albert, of Piedmont, of the able Cavour, and the honest, "*galant, homo*" king, Victor Emmanuel. The new government plainly sees these things: That only an intelligent people can sustain a free government; that popery, which is now simply one with Jesuitism, can only educate a race of bigots and slaves. They know that if the Jesuits have the forming of the characters of the coming generation, constitutional government is impossible in the future Italy. Hence, on the one hand, the government has set on foot a liberal and energetic system of popular schools; and on the other, it sternly excludes the priest and the monk from having anything to do with them.

Hence results the thorough secularization of the present Italian education. It is a schooling without God. That this is a defect, and possibly a fatal one, many others than the few Italian Protestants are free to admit. They confess that a non-Christian culture is clearly synonymous with an anti-Christian one. They acknowledge that the present experiment may result in giving Italy an atheistic generation of citizens, and that it may be found

such a people will be even worse than a Jesuit-taught generation. But even the Protestants say, What else is Italy to do? She must educate her people. She simply has not the men to give her people evangelical education. She must not let the Jesuits meddle with it, for they would surely ruin all. So she must, perforce, content herself with giving her young a good secular education, and even take her chances for the future.

The priests, precisely like their brethren in America, cry out against this godless training. Abstractly, they are correct; and were they really able and willing to give a *Christian* education, their accusation would be well grounded, and would leave the State without excuse. The justification of the statesmen is in the apostasy of popery from the truth. However, the priests urge their people not to permit their children to attend the godless schools. They create gratuitous schools, in which, of course, popery is assiduously taught, and they do all they can to allure the children into them.

The few Protestants also are doing their best to supply the State's lack of service in the Christian training of the young. American Protestants are now brought by three explanations to the proper point of view for understanding the vast importance of the epoch for missionary labor in Italy. This is the golden opportunity on which the history of many future generations must probably turn. Her statesmen have determined that the next generation shall not be Jesuits; whether it shall be Christian or atheistic must depend on the timely activity of the Protestant churches. And the Christian school is as important as the Christian Church for the regeneration of Italy. When one sees the adults steeped in popish prejudices, when he sees the stolid confidence with which the grown woman kisses the toe of the virgin's image, and considers the vast fund of consecrated sentiments and habits which that woman would have to overcome in order to adopt Protestantism, he feels that, humanly

speaking, her case is hopeless. True, "with God all things are possible;" yet the hope of the land is with the young.

### *Our Mission in Milan.*

Hence it was that I regarded the modest but wise and energetic work of our only missionary in Italy, Miss Christina Ronzone, with peculiar satisfaction. It was my happiness to make the acquaintance of this lady, and see her in her home and in her school. She occupies, by rent, a commodious though simple dwelling, where she conducts, with admirable economy of money and labor, both a boarding and day school. Her boarding scholars during the session just successfully closing numbered eleven, and the aggregate was nearly fifty. Without compromising her strict Bible principles in any way, she has lived down prejudice, won confidence, and gained pupils from Romanist families. Her work is rapidly growing on her hands. One of its most cheering features is the accession of one of her own early pupils as a competent and pious assistant. This young lady was for five years under Miss Ronzone's care, and for two years in the normal school of the city, where she won the first honors. I hope that this permanent enlargement of the school is to prove the beginning of an indefinite expansion of the enterprise. Certain it is, it deserves the liberal support of the Southern Church.

### *The Waldensian Church.*

It was also my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the Rev. G. D. Turino, the pastor of the Waldensian church in Milan, and to receive from him and his house kindnesses which will ever be gratefully and pleasantly remembered. His congregation is a flourishing one, and is about to migrate into a noble and commodious house of worship near the great Duomo,

or Cathedral, which is the very center of the population and movement as well as the area of the city.

*A Plea for Protestant Unity.*

The history of the Waldensian Church, its persecutions, and its noble consistency for fifteen centuries, with the fact that it is a primitive and an Italian Church, even more native to the soil than popery itself, give it a grand advantage with the people. Even papists respect it as they do not the Protestant Churches, the offspring of the Reformation. The Waldensian Church was not reformed; it had no need of reformation, having always been what the apostles left it, a primitive Presbyterian Church. Its existence in a vigorous and healthy old age appears to me the most striking and hopeful of all the dispensations of Providence towards Italy. Has he not preserved it until this new seed-time for truth to furnish the seed-corn for a new harvest? To me it seems plain that the Waldensian Church ought to be the Church of the future for Italy, and that the results of all other Protestant efforts ought to crystallize around it. I was glad to find that all the converts of Miss Ronzone's school join the Waldensian church in Milan. So should all the converts of all the Protestant missionaries join the Waldensian church next them.

One great gain of this course would be that Protestantism would then present a united front to a united popery. Every intelligent person knows the adroit use which the popish polemic makes of the divisions of Protestantism. Their argument is as plausible as it is short. Christ is one and his Church one. Popery is one, but Protestantism is endlessly divided; therefore Rome is, and Protestantism cannot be, the true Church of Christ. Nowhere is this argument more telling than in Italy. Near Milan; a young lady was heard to ask a priest at the dinner table what this so much talked of Protestantism was. Said he: "My dear young lady, it means this: That if



Protestantism enters a family of five persons there shall be in that family five religions, and each hostile to the other four."

In view of these facts, the attempt at present going on to propagate in the Italian missions all the denominational names and differences which exist in Britain and America, is senseless and wicked. The grounds of those distinctions existing in the home Churches have no significance in Italy, in most cases. Instead of having Established Church, Scotch Presbyterians instituting a State Church Presbyterian denomination there, and Free Churchmen a Free Church Presbyterian denomination, and American Presbyterians an American Presbyterian church, and Methodists a Methodist church, and Immersionists a close-communing "Baptist church," and Anglican Protestants an Episcopalian church, all ought to labor simply to convert souls, and all ought to direct the souls into the one primitive Church of Italy, the Waldensian. Especially is the reproduction of these alien denominational names in Italy a most useless mischief. Why could not all, even if they do preserve their denominational distinctions and usages, satisfy themselves with announcing themselves simply as "Evangelical Churches?" This title, equally applicable to all the orthodox, and fairly descriptive of their grand peculiarity, is thoroughly understood and respected in Italy. It is the time-honored distinction also of their own Waldensian Church. This use of a common appellation would of itself almost make the truth present a united front in Italy, where it now appears to papists so ridiculously divided.

Why is it that the missionaries have overlooked a view so obvious? The solution is humiliating. I am told they give this answer: "In order to create interest at home, and elicit money, we find ourselves obligated to tickle our people with the thought that we are transplanting their own cherished religious partisanship to the new soil." We may well ask whether it is Christ or party for which such Christians are zealous. For my

part, I wish our Southern Presbyterian Church had a hundred missionaries in Italy, who should convert hundreds of thousands of souls, and never organize a single congregation of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Italy, but send every convert to build up the glorious, blood-stained witnessing Church of the valleys.

MILAN, ITALY, August 24, 1880.

## Mont Blanc.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, October 13, 1880; vol. 59:41, pg. 2.)

---

Nearly everyone knows that Mont Blanc is the highest mountain in Europe, and the king of all the Alps. More people go to see his majesty than any other mountain in the world. So we could but go with the current, and take our seats with a crowd in one of the “diligences” which ply between Geneva and Chamounix, along the valley of the Aaroe. One of the things which the observant excursionist perceives, is the signs everywhere visible of the practical and pecuniary importance of the flocks of tourists to the Swiss and Savoyard. Their barren mountain peaks yield them a richer harvest than the Western prairies give their cultivators; or, to speak more accurately, the curiosity of the tourist world yields the Swiss better crops than the richest lands.

### *Elaborate Provision for Travelers.*

This accounts for the costly and elaborate preparations made to attract the tourists—or their money. The turnpike from Geneva to the head of the valley of the Chamounix, sixty miles, is as perfect as engineering can make it (and the French are building a railroad in addition), with solid bridges of hewn stone, and rocky precipices excavated at vast expense. The little valley contains about twenty hotels, some fine enough for a pompous city, and offering the traveler every luxury of Geneva or Paris; others perched among the clouds at suitable points of view. There is Montanvers, for instance, half way up Mont

Blanc, far above the famous glacier of the "*Mer de glace*," amidst the clouds, to which there is and can be no highway but a mule path; a hotel of hewn granite, four stories high, where the all-important tourist can dine *a la table d'hote*, with French cookery and wines (and find the prices rise with the geographical altitude). There is a hotel gleaming away up next the sky, on *La Flechere*, across the little valley, that the dear tourist may have a good, square look at Mont Blanc in front. There is a stone hotel on the top of the *Col de Balme*, as one goes north toward Martigni and the Rhone; albeit there be nothing but a frightful mule path to it. So, wherever there is a cascade to be seen, or a valley, or a glacier, or a lake, the tourist is elaborately provided for. Switzerland evidently regards him as her best crop, most worth cultivating.

Well, it is not to be wondered at that the vale of Chamounix and Mont Blanc should pique the curiosity of the travelling world. There are the beauty of the strange valley itself stretching for ten miles eastward along the northern base of the giant, with its rushing torrent of river, all of ice-cold glacier water, nearly as white as milk; its meadows ever green with the mists of the snows; its yellow patches and stripes of wheat and oats; its white village and its gray *chalets*. The vale of Chamounix, seen in the contrast of its green, its cultivated smoothness, and its bustling life, against the horrid grandness of its eternal snows, and the granite pinnacles far above, can never be forgotten; it is a bright picture that remains framed in the memory as a life long treasure.

### *The Mountain and the Glaciers.*

The tourist who is as ignorant as we were, also finds that the giant mountain is not, as he had supposed, a peak, but a ridge of many miles in length. The best idea of its structure may be gained by imagining two enormous mountain ridges, each armed

with lofty and sharp peaks of naked granite, as ragged and horrent as the wildest fancy can conceive—they call them “*aiguilles*”—pressed together, until the valley which should have been between them is almost filled and obliterated, and the teeth of the two *sierras* which should have been in two ranks, are so approximated that one doubts whether they are now two ranks or one irregular rank. Then all that is left of cavity between the two ridges is heaped up with snow—the snows of four thousand years—full and more than full; so that it rises in grand swells and domes, the highest at the west end, and no mortal will ever know, until that day when the “elements shall melt with fervent heat,” its depth; nor how much of the grand curves are borne up by the upheaved rocks beneath, or how much of them is the accumulation of four thousand winters. And along the north and south edges, or sometimes in the midst of this world of everlasting winter, jut out the granite “*aiguilles*” like sentinels, too steep and sharp even to retain a softening mantle of snow.

Another thing we learn—that the men of the mountains do not include under the name of *glacier* all the snows of the mountain. The eternal, central mass they call the *neve*; the glaciers are, so to speak, the gigantic icicles, which depend, between the gaps of the *aiguilles*, from their drip. And the curious thing is, that these icicles, a mile wide, and how many hundred feet deep nobody knows, hang themselves down in the side ravines, miles below the region of the perpetual snows, almost to the edge of the green meadows and the stripes of wheat! To change the figure, although of solid ice, they are rivers, which slowly flow down from their sources in the vast central *neve*, rolling great stones and whole embankments of gravel with them, until the lower ends are melted off by the summer heats.

*Cloud-caps*

The monarch is reserved also about showing his august visage to his courtiers like other potentates. He usually keeps his head wrapped in veils of mist or cloud. The explanation of this vexatious concealment is natural. All the parts of the numerous glaciers, which descend below the line of perpetual congelation, must be in a state of thaw during the summer months. Thus the sides of the mountain are clothed with the humid atmosphere of one of our days of spring thaw; and as the morning advances and the sun rarefies the air and the vapors, the latter ascend, condensing themselves into clouds, and envelop the head of the mountain. Hence, he who would see the main domes in their glory, must rise with the sun. On one of the days of our stay at Chamounix, our only glimpse of them was for a half hour after sunrise; on another, his majesty deigned to let down his robes of mist from his brow until eleven o'clock, and then, as usual, donned them.

But what are these snow-clad heights like? So like the whitest clouds bathed in sunlight that the one is hard to distinguish at a distance from the other. Often the spectator has to watch long to satisfy himself where the *neve* ends and the cloud begins. Or to speak more accurately, the *neve* is more like a heavenly thing than any other earthly thing; having the luminous purity of the sky, combined with the solidity of earth. As for the glaciers proper, they are, like all other earthly things, tainted. At a distance they may glitter against the sky like great rivers of pearl and crystal, tinged with faint green. Nearer at hand they are—well, to use the plain word, dirty; their heavy surface not only cleft and wrinkled by the most numerous and agonized fissures and twists imaginable, but plentifully begrimed with clay and gravel from the *aiguilles* which bound them, and the dust sprinkled on them by the blasts.

*Deceptive Appearances Analyzed*

People usually say that the great "purity of the air" on these mountain altitudes disables one from estimating aright dimensions and distances among them. The disability doubtless exists; but the wrong cause is assigned for it. So far as vapor of water is concerned, the atmosphere around them is not usually pure—much the contrary. The explanation is doubtless this: The estimation of magnitudes and distances seen by the eye is not, with us, an immediate, sensitive process, but really an inferential one; to which we have accustomed ourselves by long practice. Our judgment of the magnitude of an object, reflected on the *retina*, is dependent on our estimate of its distance. If the gnat which is buzzing ten inches from our nose is, from some cause, supposed to be hundreds of feet away, we infer it to be an eagle sailing above us in the sky. Now, when we come among objects so unwonted to us as these great Alps, the eye and mind, inexperienced of their real spaces, are confounded in the judgments of distance and size. Neither dimensions nor heights can be appreciated, until one passes over the spaces and his feet correct the errors of eye sight. The greatness of the Alps will then gradually grow upon him. One result of these facts is, that the inexperienced tourist is always making rash undertakings in pedestrianism; he thinks he can ascend or descend that slope very easily—he can do it in an hour! Why, it is not far! He has walked up steep hills before now! Perhaps he is as much out of his reckoning as to descending as about ascending. Every Latin reader remembers the familiar lines of Virgil:

*"Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare  
Gradum! hic labor, hoc opus est."*

Virgil had never walked down Mont Blanc from the *Mer de Glace*, or the *Col de Balme*; else he would have changed these

words. At least, after going up, the coming down is still harder and more tantalizing. You have, say, ten thousand feet of perpendicular descent. Think of having to go down a stairway, and a very rough one, of twenty thousand steps! The careless school girl skips down the three pairs of stairs from the attic to the ground floor, and thinks it a joke. The tired mother finds it more fatiguing, perhaps, to descend than to climb them. So with this over-confident tourist. When he began his descent, it was a very pleasant relief to his muscles to step down instead of prizing himself up. But twenty thousand stair steps are a great many more than he had bargained for. The weight of the descending body must be sustained and arrested at every step. This becomes as hard as the lifting was. The "pregnant hinges of the knee" have had to bend so often that he finds very little "thrill" in bending them several thousand times more. Meanwhile, he flatters himself it will soon be over. Does not the green meadow and yellow stripe of wheat below him look very near? Cannot he see the children in the yard of the chalet, and plainly hear the bleat of the goats and the tinkling of their little bells? Oh, he will soon be down now, and taste once more the inexpressible pleasure of walking on level ground. Deceived wretch! His half hour passes wearisomely, which was to have brought him to the meadow; and yet he can scarcely perceive that the altitude is diminishing. And after some half dozen of such half hours, after he has become perfectly desperate, and has ceased to promise himself when, the wearisome descent will be over, he at last reaches the edge of the smooth level with trembling and aching limbs, and finds that it is not a level either—it is only less steep. He decides, if he is a wise man, henceforth to admire at a distance, and to leave the scaling of glaciers to that species of folk who are of such little account to their fellow creatures that they have to give scope to their



wasted energies in forming "Alpine clubs." GENEVA, Sept. 3,  
1880.

## The Evangelical Society of Geneva.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, October 20, 1880; vol. 59:42, pp 1, 2.)

---

What intelligent Presbyterian has not heard something of the Evangelical Society of Geneva—the society of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, of Gaussen, of the theological seminary, the oratory, and the European mission and colportage work? We had heard something of it, and accordingly, when the Sabbath day came, we (a cluster of three ministers and a lay brother from the Southern Presbyterian Church) began to inquire after the home of this society. The answer was: "The Oratoire is in No. 7 Rue Tabazan." We sought Rue Tabazan, and found it on the hill in the old city of Calvin, not far from the university which Calvin founded, under the modest name of an "Academy."

The sanctuary and the apartments of the theological school adjoining are good instances of the rule that God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. Rue Tabazan is a little oblique street about twelve feet wide and fifty yards long. On one side of the entrance to the oratory are two livery stables, on the other side dwell some washer women. The entrance is through a plain door and up a plain wooden stairway. This leads to a chapel, with plain pine unpainted benches and wooden galleries, without organ, but with a good old-fashioned sounding board over the pulpit, the whole about as fine as a decent country church of the last generation among the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Virginia or Kentucky. (Even the country Scotch-Irish have since become much finer with their new churches and reed organs.) The whole place may seat four

hundred people. Here has been done the work which has made itself glorious throughout Christendom, which has almost regenerated Protestant Switzerland, which entirely eclipses in influence the rich and pompous State Church; which is beginning even to shake great popish France.

This State Presbyterian Church of Geneva, though founded by Farel and Calvin, and consolidated by Beza, Pictet and the Turretins, had become at the end of the eighteenth century almost entirely rationalistic and Unitarian. In the earlier part of this century God had blessed the visit and teaching of Robert Haldane to begin another reform toward godliness and a true revival of vital religion. Of this the young divinity student, Merle D'Aubigne was the most precious fruit. He and a few others, among whom was the venerable but eccentric Caesar Malan, on entering the ministry, began to preach the evangelical doctrine again, and were resisted and persecuted by their brethren. That is to say, the men who were occupying the very posts founded by Calvin, and enjoying the salaries and dignities procured by him as compensation for teaching the truth, persecuted these young brethren for daring to preach the very doctrines of Calvin! Such is the tolerance and equity of this exceedingly philosophic, tolerant, genteel Rationalism, which is so very refined that it regards it as quite vulgar to be zealously affected for the truth. The friends of the gospel then concluded that the time had come for a declaration of independence. They resigned their State salaries, became dissenters from the State Church, and organized in 1832, the "Evangelical Society of Geneva." This society held its forty-ninth annual meeting in the Oratory the 17<sup>th</sup> of June of this year. A brief outline of its structure and work will be given.

### *Structure and Work of the Society.*

It elects an executive committee of twenty-five members, who serve for ten years, and who meet monthly. The object of their existence is declared to be to promote solely the kingdom of Christ among men. This they pursue in four branches; the support of a theological school, Bible and colportage work, home evangelization, and mission labors in the other States of Europe. There are five sub-committees into which the main committee divides itself—one for each of these works and a fifth for finance. The whole reliance for money is on the voluntary contributions of Protestants, both in Geneva and abroad. Their income for the year just closed was 208,126 francs (about \$42,000), of which a fourth came from the little canton of Geneva and more than a fourth from Great Britain. The theological school has six teachers, under the presidency of Prof. De La Harpe the virtual successor of D'Aubigne, and thirty-two students from eight different nations. The colportage department employed fifty-seven colporteurs, chiefly in France, and sold 37,000 francs worth of Scriptures and tracts. The department of exterior missions supported seventeen ministers and teachers, chiefly in France. The home mission department seems to have aided ten pastors in Switzerland. My examination of the affairs of this society convinces me that the best way for Christians in America to help on the redemption of popish Europe is to contribute their aid to this agency. It is in the center of the field. Its managers are well informed of the wants of that field. They need only larger means to fill France and Italy with colporteurs and pastors native to those lands.

### *Cheering Signs of Progress.*

Prof. De La Harpe, the President, opened the sessions with a discourse, parts of which are so much more striking and instructive than anything I can add, that I shall beg leave to

translate those passages. After giving a brief outline of the year's work, he said:

Now that I have , I hope, given provisional satisfaction to your first and entirely just curiosity by making you know the general state of our affairs, I would beg, leaving the care of special detail to those who will speak after me, to claim your indulgence while I endeavor to offer you some considerations, which seem to me to have a useful application to the labors we here undertake in order to the advancement of God's kingdom. Last year our President from this place endeavored to turn your eyes backward, to make you contemplate the noble company of our dead: those honorable men who have devoted themselves without reserve to the service of the Lord in the different departments of your society. To-day, changing the object of view, I wish to concentrate your attention especially upon the present moment, and to mark to you those distinctive traits of the epoch, which show us that so far as persuading ourselves that we have finished our task, duty the rather calls us to redouble our activity and to make new exertions in our holy cause as yet unknown to our feeble experience.

I sum up in one word the thought I would wish to present, in saying that in my view, our zeal is inadequate.

Let it be well understood, that I by no means disparage the zeal which may exist among us: I ought, I wish, to be just, and to recognize good wherever it is found. But it appears to me, that the measure of our zeal in the past is not adequate to the needs of the present and will become still more insufficient in the near future: and that if we wish to be faithful to our holy calling, it is necessary that we learn to make, in our thoughts, our affections and our life, a

much larger place for the interests of the kingdom of that Savior who died for us.

And the reason which I wish to give is, that now the time is short, that events hurry, and that the signs of the times warn us, the present economy is hastening towards its end.

We all know and feel that we have no ability to render the least service to the cause of the Lord: which can only advance by the direct and merciful action of the God who "giveth the increase." We are nevertheless his "workmen," charged to "sow" and to "water"— not that this is indispensably necessary to God, but because such is the good pleasure of him who deigns to employ us in his service. Now this fact, of itself, gives our labors an importance which, relatively to us at least, cannot be exaggerated. If we are bound to labor for the Lord, we are bound, by the very obligation to labor, to do it with all our might, and to put forth in his service, which is our supreme honor, all our intelligence, all our courage, and all our perseverance.

If we were angels perhaps it would suffice for us to know, in a general manner, that we are doing the will of God. For them, doubtless, obedience brings in itself its perfect reward. But the Creator, knowing of what we are made, and judging that palpable motives are necessary for us, has himself commanded us to pay attention to the "signs of the times." By means of these, according as God gives us understanding of them, the spiritual man can estimate, with a relative justice, the progress already attained by the counsel of the Father concerning the work committed to his Son Jesus, as well as the consequences affecting this world and its destinies.

*Changes in Sixty Years.*

For my part, I am struck by the rapidity with which events are accomplished and follow each other in our days: and I see many things whose realization I should not have dared in other times to expect. I know that we often deplore the sad religious state of the present epoch: and I sympathize with those feelings; still, I must in a measure define my view. Doubtless, there is room for much sadness; we sorely lack many things. But shall we forget from whence we have come? Shall we forget the previous condition out of which God has brought us? Sirs, he who now speaks to you, questions his own memory, which goes back to 1819 and even higher; and certainly, though he should be termed "optimist" for saying so, he must say: Glory! Yes, glory to God for the changes which he has seen! About that time, sirs, in this France where we are laboring we had scarcely a Bible, and when we wished to read it, we had to buy copies from Basle. Twelve years later I was present when a professor of Montauban, in his lecture room, counted upon his fingers four evangelical ministers in Southern France, and looking over his students with a mocking sneer said to them, "Could any of you tell me a fifth?" And at that time the other half of the country was no better off. True, controversies were then less frequent, but it was rather because, in the words of the poet, "The battle paused for lack of combatants." Modern negations were not asserted as boldly as they are today, but they already existed in full substance: only more modestly because they were then hunting for the formulas in which they have since expressed themselves. The names were different, the things were the same. The main difference is that the battle field was very limited, because at the end of the long commotions of the Revolution and Empire, the religious

element had fallen into absolute atrophy. Hence, while mourning over the controversies which daily agitate us, I cannot but rejoice at the sight of every sign of life, and I willingly say, anything rather than the lugubrious peace of the tomb!

*Encouraging Features of the Present.*

I have made you view the extent of the road traveled over; let us consider a little the point at which we are arrived. Perhaps all the facts I am about to indicate would not be so striking if taken separately. But the thing which is most striking and significant is the evident concurrence of these facts. The truth is that all these particulars combine to give our epoch a character wholly special.

Never has this world which is destined to become the field of the preaching of the name of Christ, been opened, explored and traversed by travelers and missionaries as it is in our days. It is all ready for the moment when "they that proclaim the gospel shall become a great army."

Never has the Bible been translated into so many languages, renewing under our eyes in a manner the miracles of Pentecost; never printed in so many millions of copies, carried into so many countries, spread by so many hands received into so many families. And we have contributed to this our feeble part.

Never has the work of gospel missions been pushed with so much vigor, and one can say, even in the midst of diversities and contrasts, with so much real unity. If the old world, as formerly, closes its heart, the gospel, ever young, goes forth in quest of new worlds, where its blessings are received with acclamations.

"Never have Christian works of every species the fruits of the "Spirit which is given to us," been so numerous, diverse



and adapted to the varied temporal and spiritual wants of man."

Never, in time, has the liberty of preaching the gospel been so complete as it now is in a great part of the world, and, as we may hope, it soon will be in all regions of the earth. We have seen the time when Italy was so hermetically closed to all entrance of the Bible, that when we went to Chamounix (in Savoy, then a part of Italy); we could not carry our own Bibles in our pockets; and a poor Savoyan was there condemned to penal labor for having been caught carrying a New Testament. And how many of other similar facts? Ah, well! Italy is open, just as though the question were of China or Japan; and the gospel is freely preached with open doors in the face of the Vatican. Who believed that we should see that? But we do see it. It is the same of Spain, that reserved park of the Inquisition, where, in the public squares of Madrid, the pavier's pick brings to light the ashes and bones of the martyrs of Jesus. The gospel is preached there, and Geneva has a committee of Spanish missions. In France, as in Germany, the Pope's affairs are going badly for him; in Belgium, they are not going any better. That arrogant power, which during twelve centuries has resisted the propagation of the gospel, is compelled to bow its head with the triple crown, and let things take their course. Is not this a sign that the prophetic times, the two thousand five hundred years, are closing?

But this sign leads me to another; this is the State of the Papacy itself—that proud power, before which the most arrogant sovereigns were formerly compelled to tremble; who is there that would now think of trembling before it? There are things which people forget that one ought not to forget! This Pope, this omnipotent, this depository of an eternal and supreme power, we have seen in our times first

prisoner in the person of Pius VII, then restored, then later, a fugitive in the person of Pius IX. This Pope, in the strange *eclat* of his reign, in which contrasts so abound and are so striking: how has he effaced the reproach of his Liberalism and his flight, in which it is said he abandoned his capital in disguise, and then waited long months for his beloved Rome to receive him again in her walls. True, he entered it. But behold the irony of his lot! Deprived of his temporal authority, reduced very much in spite of himself to be only a spiritual ruler, he calls himself a captive. Then he could not get into Rome; now, according to his word, he cannot get out! And to leave nothing lacking in this unheard of comedy, when he poses himself as a victim, and exclaims against the martyrdom of his captivity, nobody believes him! A *role* well calculated to amaze to the end, even up to the moment when the angel shall cry through the heavens, "She is fallen, is fallen, this great Babylon."

There is another which must also fall, and which also seems to be bending to its fall. This is the power of Islam, at least for the place it occupies on the prophetic territory of the four great monarchies. So far as I can understand the prophecies, these two obstacles to Christ's reign appear to have a common destiny; to rise and fall together. The date usually assigned to the Reformation is A. D. 1517; and that is the blow from which Rome never has been and never will be healed. From that moment dates its decline. It was twelve years later, in 1529, that the Mussulmans, who had reached the zenith of their glory, were beaten under the walls of Vienna, which they were besieging; and since that time they also have constantly declined. It was in 1870 that the Pope saw his temporal power vanish, the patrimony of St. Peter. I would avoid rash assertions; but it is ten years since, and if there is any reality in the parallel which I have

just indicated, it may well be that within a few years, something decisive may happen at Constantinople, something like an end to this interminable Eastern Question, with which the re-establishment of the Jews in Palestine must needs have a close relation. But I must pause there, and restrict myself to saying: "Let him who has eyes keep them open, so as to see the work of God when it shall appear."

But let us not be absorbed by those magisterial phases of God's government in the world, however attractive. Let us raise the grand and for us the master question. Amidst these things, what prospect does the spiritual state offer us? Is the harvest whitening?

Well, it is perhaps upon this point that the facts give us the most astonishing reply. Yes, the harvest is whitening; and perhaps signs so unexpected have never before come to announce it. It will remind you of the mission of Mr. Moody in the United Kingdom, where alone, without name, without position, unknown, a stranger, he saw all doors open before him, a whole people run to his call, and conversions effected by hundreds and thousands. Or, shall I recall to you the equally extraordinary work of Mr. McAull in Paris and France, the reception he has met with there, the work he has done, the results obtained, and which are self-propagating and extending day by day?

Or, shall I speak to you of the work of the Rev. Dr. Somerville, no less surprising, who, speaking only English, his mother tongue, has become universal missionary, and has traversed half the globe, preaching in English to Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Hindus, and I know not whom else? And everywhere he is received, heard by crowds who run to his voice, not to admire the eloquence of his words, but to hear the simple interpretation of his

discourse into their proper tongue, without exhausting the interest, without wearying the attention. I ask you: "Would you have believed this possible? Is not this a sign of the times?"

Yes, sirs and brethren, the barriers are falling, the way is open. Ask our brother, M. Reveillaud, and all the evangelists, who labor like him in France; ask our fellow worker, M. Dardeir, present with us who visits this field of holy seeds with as much assiduity as love. All will tell you, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." And allow me to add this other word of solemn application: "I say unto you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things which ye hear, and have not heard them."





---

Biblical  
and  
Theological  
Topics

---

## Bishop Wheelan's First Commandment.

(Appeared in the *Watchman And Observer*, Feb. 5, 12 & 19, 1846; vol. 1:25-27 {n.s.}.)

---

Mr. Editor,—I was amused by a notice which appeared last week, in one of the newspapers of your City, stating that Bishop Wheelan would explain, the next Sunday, that part of the *first* commandment which relates to images. Although the subject is serious enough, the emphasis on the word *first*, is amusing; because it shows that the Catholics are feeling the evil effects of the wicked liberty which they have taken with the word of God, in erasing the 2<sup>nd</sup> Commandment from the list, and making it a mere appendix to the first. The notice of this is obvious enough; for the words of this commandment were too explicit to yield to that critical rack, on which they often torture the word of God, as severely as their material racks do the bodies of us heretics, when they get us into their power; and therefore it must be degraded to a less prominent place in the Decalogue. In speaking of it so emphatically as part of the *first*, I suppose Bishop Wheelan wishes to clear himself of the charge of having expunged it from the Decalogue; as has been done in some of the popular Catechisms of the Roman Catholic Church. But stand where they may, these words, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them;" are utterly opposed to the authorized practice of the Papists with regard to images. In attempting to reconcile



them, Bishop Wheelan has undertaken a work, to which the twelve labors of Hercules were a trifle.

*Image Worship.*

It will not be amiss, to address an argument from the origin of image worship in the Romish Church, to one who respects general councils as much as the Bishop does. His reverence for them has doubtless led him to the knowledge of the fact, that the worship of images was decreed by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Nicene council, which was called together, and partly directed by Irene, Empress of Constantinople, who among other pious acts, had poisoned her own husband. He also knows, I suppose, that in this council, two miserable and illiterate monks were made to act as the representatives of the Patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria, by means of forged credentials, in order that the church might be duped into the belief, that these two prelates approved of its decrees. But is he also aware, that the Council of Constantinople, which met about 30 years before, and which contained 338 bishops, while the Nicene Council contained only 350; condemned all image worship, and all use of images in the churches; defending their opinion by the Scriptures and the Fathers? Does he know also, that eight years after the Nicene Council had promulgated its unscriptural decrees, another council consisting of 300 bishops, met in Frankfort on the Maine, to condemn those decrees, and to express their disapprobation of image worship? It seems to me that if we were to take Bishop Wheelan's mode of fixing our faith, put our own consciences and reasons into our pockets, and submit to the opinions of the universal primitive church, the decision would still be against images. For here we have three councils in the same age, of which two decided against, and one for them. Against images were the 638 bishops of Constantinople and Frankfort, while for them were only the 350 bishops of Nice. To

this the Papists would answer, the council of Nice was a *general* council, while the other two were not; although they cannot, for their lives, tell us, in what the *generality* consists.

But Protestants are not accustomed to satisfy themselves with the opinions of fallible men, concerning the truths which God alone can reveal; and, as the mode in which he is to be worshipped acceptably, is one of these questions we must take the liberty of searching the Scriptures concerning it.

While the first commandment states the one proper object of worship, and claims for him all our service, the second (or as Bishop Wheelan will have it, the appendix to the first) proceeds to limit the mode in which this worship is to be rendered. It forbids us to offer our worship to him, as well as to any other being through the medium of any likeness, or graven image. The words of the command are most comprehensive and express, forbidding us to make, for the purposes of religious worship, any graven image or likeness, of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; thus excluding the whole of created nature, without exception. That this is the true scope of the precept, will appear from its design. What is its true design may be seen from the reason which is assigned for it, viz. God's jealousy for his own honor; and from the address of Paul to the Athenians, (Acts 27:29.) "Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." The eternal, spiritual, and self-existent, Jehovah, the creator both of matter and spirit, cannot be represented by any material figure, without the grossest falsification of his real nature, and degradation of his attributes. Hence we may safely infer, that all attempts to represent the Godhead, although not for the express purposes of worship, are impious. All those engravings or pictures which represent the Father and Spirit, whether in books or churches,

are breaches of this commandment. The case is clearer with these two persons of the Trinity, than with the son; because he has possessed, ever since his incarnation a *true material* body. In the Catechism of the Council of Trent, published by Pius 5th (Part 3 ch. 2, question ii.) it is said, "It is plain that the majesty of God is grievously injured if any one endeavors to fashion the form of the divinity, by any artifice, as if it could be beheld with corporeal eyes, or be expressed by figures or colors." And yet to Question 13, "Whether those violate this commandment who fashion the *persons* of the Trinity," they answer, "Let no one suppose, that any thing is committed against religion, and the law of God, when *any person* of the sacred Trinity is expressed by certain signs which have appeared, as well as in the Old as in the New Testament." This is indeed a distinction worthy of the scholastic doctors who could affirm a doctrine to be theologically true, and at the same time philosophically false. For, how is it possible for a rational man to conceive of a difference between making an image of the divinity, which they allow to be exceedingly criminal, and making an image of one of the persons of the Trinity; unless the divinity is something different from all the persons of the Trinity? But if the essence of the divinity is common to the three persons, as the Papists admit; if the divinity is not another God, a fourth person, different from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, to make an image of one of the latter *is* to make an image of the divinity.

We admit that it is obvious, from the design of the commandment, and the defining clause: "thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor worship them," that pictures or statues of created objects not made for the purposes of worship, are not forbidden. The statues and pictures of saints however, used as they are by the Catholics are breaches of the commandment. If they say that they are valued merely as historical paintings, we ask, why then are they placed in the church, and over the very

altars? Why are the people taught to kneel before them, to offer them adoration, to sing hymns to them, and to make petitions to them? Why do they select these modes of testifying their admirations, for them as historic objects, which people regard as signs of religious worship, on all other occasions? These facts, together with the openly idolatrous state of the populace in Catholic countries, unchecked as it is, by the priesthood, proves that they *do not intend* to limit the people to such a respect, as may be properly paid to the memorials of a good man. For when whole multitudes “worship these images as God, and believe that there is in them some divinity or virtue on account of which they are to be worshipped,” etc., things which their own formulas profess to forbid (See Romish Catechism Part 3 ch. 2, Ques. ii.), there is not the tithe of the ecclesiastical censure, which would be aroused, if one man should deny the supremacy of the Pope. We fearlessly assert that any man, who was not living in such a state of disregard to God’s honor and right worship, as amounts to a habitual breach of the second Commandment, would be induced scrupulously to remove all such objects far from the house of worship, and to discourage strenuously all such signs of respect for them, as resemble the forms of devotion, when he considered the tendency which, all history teaches us, men have to fall into idolatry.

In defense of the images of the persons of the Trinity the Papists use several subterfuges. One is to plead the figurative language of the Scriptures which speak of God as having parts and members and as appearing as Prophets in visible forms. I suppose that when they claim the right to represent the Holy Spirit by a dove, because the divine person saw fit to represent himself by that symbol, they present the first instance, in which men have been hardy enough, to claim to do whatever God does. Common sense would teach, that feeble man should not attempt to imitate infinite wisdom and power, in all its acts; that the

standard of our duty is not what God *does*, but what he directs *us* to do. According to this preposterous plea, Bishop Wheelan may claim to burn up the heretical city of Richmond with brimstone and fire, because God saw fit to consume Sodom and Gomorrah. To all such subterfuges, it is sufficient to oppose the express word of the command, *"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water beneath the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them."* Another subterfuge is, to plead that they worship not the image, but the God whom the image represents; that the image is not the ultimate object of their devotion, but a visible sign to excite and direct it. And by this plea, they assimilate themselves to Idolaters, and by their own confession, bring themselves under the condemnation of Idolaters. For let us not suppose, that the Heathen are so stupid to imagine, that the block of stone or wood is the very God. They worship the image, not as the God, but as the visible sign of the God, just according to the definition of the Papists; and it is this identical use of the image which is forbidden by God. This we may prove sufficiently, from the history of the first idol worshipped by the Israelites, after the giving of the Decalogue; to omit all other instances. In Exodus 32:4, after the golden calf was made, we are told that the Israelites said, "these be thy Gods, oh Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." And in 5:5, Aaron made proclamation, "to-morrow is a feast to *Jehovah*, (as it is in the Hebrew.) And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play." Let us remember that when the Israelites say in 5:4, "These be *Elohim* oh Israel," they use the common name of *God*, and in the usual form, and that the word JEHOVAH, in the Hebrew scriptures, is never, in any instance, applied to any false God. It is also to be noted, that Nehemiah

(Chap. 9:18) in speaking of this same transaction, states that the Israelites said, "*This* is thy God (thy Elohim) which brought thee up out of Egypt," using the singular number of the demonstrative pronoun. The only mode of reconciling these to inspired writers, is, to suppose, what is certainly true, that, because the word translated God, is plural in form, although it means the one only God, the words construed with it may be either singular, or plural; while the single, true God is still meant. The Israelites therefore did not intend, in hailing the calf, to avow another God than Jehovah, but they worshipped the calf as the representation of Jehovah. They meant, "This calf *represents* thy Elohim;" just as the phrases—"The seven lean kine *are* seven years of famine," "This cup *is* the new Testament in my blood," "That rock *was* Christ," means, *represents* seven years of famine, &c. This can be made perfectly evident by a little consideration. The Israelites surely did not mean, by saying "These be thy Elohim oh Israel," to avow any idol of Egypt as their God, in place of Jehovah. The God Apis, the one represented by a calf, or an ox, they had lately seen humbled before Jehovah, his priests foiled, and his worshippers destroyed by a miracle. The words "which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt," follow immediately, plainly showing that they still had Jehovah in view; for he had manifested his agency in leading them out of Egypt, in such a manner as rendered unbelief in it impossible. And in the next verse, Aaron proclaims the feast of the calf as the feast of JEHOVAH; a name which, we have said, never means any other than the one true God. No, the Israelites did not intend to depart from the worship of Jehovah, but only to do what the Catholics profess to do; to worship him through the medium of a visible representation; and it was this which God regarded as a heinous sin, that he would have consumed them, but for the prayer of Moses. It is to be noted also, that in condemning them, Moses

says not a word about the unsuitableness of the representation; but only blames the simple act of making them an *Elohim* of gold, (verse 31.)

In the 17<sup>th</sup> chapter of Judges, a case of idolatry is recorded, which was evidently of the same nature. (See verses 4 and 5.) When Micah's mother found that the eleven hundred shekels of silver were in his hand, she told him that she had *wholly devoted it to Jehovah*, to make a graven image, and a molten image. And when the money was restored, she proceeds to appropriate a part of it, to her original purpose. The images were therefore evidently intended for the worship of Jehovah. This is confirmed by the fact that after Micah had fully organized his idolatrous rites, by consecrating a Levite as a priest to minister before his images, he congratulated himself upon the protection of God, saying, "now I know that Jehovah will do me good;"—It is also confirmed by the fact, that this idolatrous priest, when required by the Danites (ch. 18:5) to divine the probable result of their adventure, gave them a response from Jehovah. That this response, although given from God, was obtained by idolatrous rites, is shown by the fact that the Danites were much pleased by those rites, when the adventure resulted favorably, that they stole the images from Micah, and instituted the worship of them in their own community. The inspired historian expresses his sense of the irregularity of the mode of worshipping God, by his remark in the 6<sup>th</sup> verse of ch. 17; "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did what was right in his own eyes."

But images are the books of the people! In calling them so, the Papists do, in reality, accuse themselves of being "teachers of lies." For these "books of the people," as far as their nature can represent any thing, represent God as material, instead of pure spirit, as the production of human art, instead of self-existent Creator; as bounded by figure, instead of the

omnipresent God, filling all space, and upholding all things by the word of his power.

If these remarks seem to the reader to convey any thing of bitterness, they do not express my feeling or intention. I have not wished to rail, but to speak freely and earnestly, as becomes a man who believes that, in indulging in the use of images authorized by the Catholic Church, multitudes of his fellow men are committing a heinous sin against God, and incurring an awful risk of hell fire.

### *Saint Worship.*

The Roman Catholic Church is guilty of idolatry, not only in worshipping images of the persons of the Trinity, but in worshipping also, the saints. This I shall attempt to prove, not after the fashion in which the most holy Council of Trent attempts to prove the contrary—by quotations from Councils and Fathers—but from the Sacred Scriptures.

The first commandment is, “Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.” As a commentary on these words, I offer that saying of Moses, repeated by Jesus Christ in Matt. 4:10, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.” To have other Gods before Jehovah is to offer to any being besides Him, whether really existing or imaginary, that worship, or to regard it with that affection, which is due to God alone. That the sin of idolatry has this extent, is proved by the fact, that covetousness is included in it, in more than one passage of Scripture. Idolatry is so called (εἰδωλς λατρεία) because both in the age when the precept was given, and now, the worship of false Gods is almost always performed by means of images. The mere definition of the sin is sufficient to show, that the worship of saints and angels and their images or relics, as practiced by the Romish and Greek Churches, comes within its limits. Our argument would, therefore, be exceedingly short,—



indeed, it would be already completed, did not the Papists betake themselves to their usual distinctions and subterfuges. The artifice in this case is, to distinguish between the kind of worship paid to saints, and that paid to God, and to assert that the former is not of so high a grade as to be forbidden by the commandment. The former is called *dulia* (δουλεία) and the latter *latria* (λατρεία). If they mean by this distinction of *latria* and *dulia*, that they pay to the saints that kind of service designated in the Bible by *dulia* (δουλεία) and its kindred verb (δουλεύω), then by their own statement, they are brought under the accusation which Paul brought against the Galatians, because “when they knew not God, they *served* (the word is δουλεύω) those who by nature are no Gods,” and because after having known God, they wished to turn again to the same service (Gal. 4:9.) And if they shall disavow this conclusion, they must submit to the charge of endeavoring to mislead and deceive, by a distinction without a difference; for the word *dulia* (δουλεία) is currently used as well as (λατρεία) *latria*, in the same Scriptures, for the worship and service due to God. This may be seen by a reference to Matt. 6:24, Luke 16:13, Acts 20:19, 1 Thess. 1:9, *et passim*. And the word λατρεία also, as well as δουλεία, is sometimes applied to other things, besides the worship paid to God, and peculiarly due to him; as may be learned from the etymology of the word, and from its use in Hebrews 8:5, and 8:10.

But as the Catholics are not very much in the habit of appealing to the Scriptures, perhaps they object to this Scripture definition of *dulia*. Let us see then what definition they themselves give of it. What is their own practical understanding of it, as exhibited by the actual character of the worship paid to the saints. In examining this, I shall not appeal to the practices of the populace, which they may disavow, as being an unauthorized corruption of the true theory of saint worship,

although they might be fairly held accountable for this popular practice also, as well as for the authorized usage; since it can be shown that the popular abuses are natural and necessary consequences of the authorized theory. But I will go to the most authoritative source, and quote a few specimens of the prayers to the saints, and especially to the Virgin, from the Romish Breviary, "revised according to the decree of the sacred Council of Trent, edited by the command of the holy Pius V, and recognized by the authority of Clement VIII, and Urban VIII," in order that we may see the *practical* definition of *dulia*, given by those highest dignitaries and bodies of the Romish Church, in whom, if anywhere, infallibility resides. The single fact, that in this formula, the worship of the saints is associated in *time* and *place*, with the worship of God, that their images are placed in the Churches, and over the very altars, is not to be neglected. Why is this, unless there was some intention to associate, and to equal the worship of creatures with that of the Creator; or unless there was, at least, a most criminal indifference to keeping them duly distinct? Why does the Ave Maria immediately succeed the Lord's prayer, and *precede* the Creed and the Doxology, in that form which is so often in the mouths of Papists, unless it was intended to join the Virgin to the Father, as an object of similar reverence? It has been often remarked, with truth, that when men in various parts of the world, are taught to address simultaneous petitions to the saints, and to expect an answer, the Divine attribute of Omnipresence is given to them by implication. For how can they hear and answer the prayers offered to them at the same moment, wherever the Romish formularies are used, unless they are everywhere present, or else omniscient? It is vain to attempt to avoid this charge, by their fable of the *speculum Trinitatis*, in which the saints behold, as in a mirror, by the assistance of God, all their worshippers, and their necessities. Even if they could establish this doctrine, for

which there is not a line of Scripture authority, they would still be guilty of attributing omniscience to the saints.—For it would still be necessary for them to see and comprehend a vast multitude of particulars at the same instant. Does it require less power of vision to see a group of objects reflected from a mirror, than to see them directly?

But, besides this implied ascription of the incommunicable attributes of God to mere creatures, I will recite from the Romish Breviary, forms which expressly ascribe *equal honors* to God and to creatures, or which ascribe to creatures what the Scriptures limit to God alone. At the very beginning are two prayers, one to be said before worship, and the other after. Of the latter it is said, “The Pope Leo X granted an indulgence to those who devoutly recite the following prayer, for defects and faults contracted from human frailty, in performing it,” (viz. public worship.) And thus runs the idolatrous form, which according to the atheist, Leo X, has power to free us from sins contracted in the worship of God.

“To the holy and indivisible Trinity, to the *humanity* of Jesus, our crucified Lord, to the *fruitful chastity* of the most happy and most glorious *Mary*, ever virgin, and to the *community of all the saints, be everlasting praise, honor, virtue, and glory, from every creature*, and to us remission of all our sins, throughout the infinite ages of ages.” Can the effrontery of mortal man deny, that in this prayer the saints receive the same ascriptions of praise with the Holy Trinity. Again, the cases in which the saints are spoken of as interceding with God (the Father, not the Son only), and in which God is requested to be propitious, to forgive sins, or to bestow benefits, *on account of the merits* of the saints, are too numerous to be quoted. In the form for the 30<sup>th</sup> of June, is the following prayer:—“Oh God, who didst deliver to the blessed Peter, thy Apostle, the Priesthood of binding and loosing, when the keys of the kingdom of Heaven

were conferred, grant that *by the help of his intercessions*, we may be delivered from the bonds of our sins."

In the forms for March 19<sup>th</sup>, which is the festival of Joseph, the husband of Mary, is the following passage, which occurs in the hymn to St. Joseph: "Oh Supreme Trinity, spare us who pray; grant *to the merits of Joseph*, that we may scale the stars; so that, at length, we may be allowed to utter our grateful song to thee perpetually."

Again, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of April, the festival of St. Francis de Paula, the Papists are taught to pray thus:—"Oh! God, the excellence of the humble, who has exalted the blessed Francis the Confessor with the glory of thy saints, grant, we pray thee, that we may happily attain the rewards promised to the humble, by *his merits* and imitation." But it would exhaust the patience of my readers to quote a tithe of the petitions of similar purport, which are found scattered almost everywhere. It will require few words to show the contrariety of these petitions to the Scriptures. "There is one God and one Mediator, between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (I Tim. 2:5.) "For there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12.) In Hebrews 8:3, Paul says, "wherefore it is of necessity that this man (Christ Jesus) have somewhat also to offer." If Jesus Christ, although Divine and perfectly holy, could not act as a Mediator for us, without a sacrifice, how can the saints, who were sinful men, themselves pardoned only through the merits of Christ? And I would point attention again to the fact, that the saints are not mentioned in these petitions, as interceding *with Christ* for us by the virtues of his merits, but as mediating between us and the Father, with their *own merits*.

This doctrine is not only inconsistent with the Scriptures, but with other doctrines of the Catholics themselves. The doctrine of Indulgences teaches that all the superfluous merits of all the saints are cast into a common treasury, of which the Pope keeps

the key, and from which he alone can distribute. But, in these petitions, the saints are represented as having their merits with them in heaven, and dispensing them to the petitions of individuals, not according to the fiat of the Pope. When Infallibility thus contradicts itself, it is not for an humble "heretic" like me to attempt to reconcile them.

*Idolatrous Invocations and Hymns.*

I will now give a few specimens of prayers and hymns, in which divine attributes are expressly imputed to them.—Here is a petition which occurs frequently, and among other places, in the service for July 16, the festival of the Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

"Holy Mary, succor the miserable, aid the faint hearted, cherish the mourning, pray for the people, interpose for the Clergy, etc....let all feel thy assistance, as many as celebrate thy solemn commemoration." Here her succor and assistance is prayed for, as something distinct from that intercession, which she is entreated to exercise, in this, and in many other places; and it is a succor which only Omnipotence can render. Does not this position then ascribe to her Divine power?

In the lesser office of the Blessed Mary, is a hymn consisting of three verses, one of which is addressed to the Creator, one to the Virgin, and one to Jesus. The order of these petitions is significant, and their contents no less so. The only petition addressed to the Creator is, that he would remember that he once took the form of our body. The verse addressed to Mary is as follows: "Mary, mother of grace, sweet parent of clemency, protect thou us from the enemy, and receive us in the hour of death." The third verse is merely a doxology. The only practical petition in the whole hymn is addressed to the creature, instead of the Creator, and she is required to give us aid, which none but God can give.

In the celebrated hymn, *slabat mater dolorosa*, whose poetic beauty would command admiration, but for its impious idolatry, are the following petitions: "Ah Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the force of grief, that I may mourn with thee. Make my heart burn in loving Christ the God," etc. That is, Mary is to perform a part of that work of God, the sanctification of the heart, by which we are enabled to love Jesus Christ? Is it wonderful that ignorant Papists should confound her with the Holy Spirit, when the most essential and glorious of His functions are thus attributed to her?

Equally impious is another celebrated hymn to the Virgin—*Ave Maria stella*. In this hymn she is entreated "to loose the chains of the guilty," to "bestow light on the blind," to "make them, after being freed from their faults, meek and chaste," to "grant a pure life," and to "prepare a safe way for them." Mary is to usurp the Divine functions of forgiving sins, of sanctifying the heart and life, and of giving providential protection!

Nor is the Virgin Mary the only one of the saints to whom they attribute honors of which they have robbed God. In the service for the Lord's day, we have the following confession and prayer: "I confess to the Omnipotent God, to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, to the blessed Michael the Archangel, to the blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints," etc. Can these saints forgive sins? Are they present in our world, as well as in heaven, and in various parts of the world, as well as in heaven, and in various parts of the world, at the same time, so that they can perceive, and be offended by our sins?

Again—in the services of All Saints Day, the 1<sup>st</sup> of November, we find a hymn containing the following expressions. "Jesus, giver of eternal salvation, succor the redeemed: Virgin, parent of mercy, grant salvation to thy servants." And again, "May the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ,

and the porter of the highest heaven (Peter) with the rest of the Apostles, loose the bonds of crimes. May the triumphing cohort of Martyrs, the kindly choir of Priests, and virgin chastity wash away our guilt." Salvation, in the language of Scripture, includes forgiveness of sins, sanctification, and the bestowal of heaven. All this the Virgin is called upon to give! But what is meant by the Baptist and the Apostles loosing the bonds of our crimes? Does it mean that they free us from their penalties, or from their dominion, that they forgive us or sanctify us? It must mean one or the other. And, in either case, it is an idolatrous ascription to creatures of what belongs to God's power alone. "Who can forgive sins only but God?" "Except that a man be born of water and the *Spirit* he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Many of the saints whom the Romish Church worship never existed—many of them at this time are lifting up their eyes in torment—instead of interceding for their deluded worshippers. But how would the holy Apostles and a Prophet be shocked, if they could look down from heaven and see the impious attempts to dignify with Divine honors, which are torn from that Lord to whom they delight to ascribe glory, and honor, and power? How would their holy souls be amazed, if they were told they were required by our Lord God the Pope," to cease casting their crowns of righteousness at the feet of the Lamb, and enjoining with those ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands plus thousands of Angels who cry with a loud voice—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, riches, wisdom, and strength, honor, glory, blessing,"—to cease the rapturous ascriptions of all the honors of their own salvation to Jesus Christ, to stop between him and the throne of eternal justice, and to display the filthy rags of their own righteousness, which they have long ago repudiated for themselves, as the meritorious cause of our pardon?

It is not my object in picking these *morceaux* of idolatry from the mass of Popish corruptions, to disgust my readers. The list might, indeed, be extended, *usque ad nosium*; as, I fear, as has been already—but not but enough have been produced to accomplish my purpose. That purpose is, to show how the sacrosanct Council of Trent, the holy Pope Pius 5th, and the equally holy Pope Clement 8<sup>th</sup> and Urban 8th, practically understood that *dulia* rhymes with *julia*, the Church teachers may be rendered to the saints, without a breach of the First Commandment. In the examples cited, it was shown that this *dulia* includes the ascription of “Everlasting praise, honor, virtue, glory.” To the saint, in the same words, and in the same sentence, in which they are ascribed to God—the power of interceding with, the Father with their own merits, a power which the scriptures limit to the Divine Mediator; the power of rendering universal aid, not only to our bodies, but to our spirits—the power of Providential protection; of receiving the soul at death; of bestowing the graces of penitence of love; of pardoning sins; of giving sanctification and mental illumination; and of bestowing salvation. If this is *dulia*, what is *latría*—what is there left to be reserved as is peculiar to God? Not only are some of the attributes of God ascribed to creatures; these creatures are appealed to to bestow almost everything which men desire of God. We can now, see how deceitful the distraction between the two kinds of worship there is, and how completely it fails to exculpate the Church of Rome from the charge of Idolatry.

But to those who claim in theory, the same infallibility for the Church, as for the word of God and who, in practice, exalt the authority of the Church far above that of God’s word, a charge of inconsistency and contradiction between their own formularies will perhaps be more grievous than a charges of contrariety to God’s word. Yet this also can be established; for



the formulas from which I have quoted, authorized by the highest powers of the Church, are in the teeth of the decrees of the Council of Trent, and of the Catechism of Pius 5th, founded upon those decrees. For those decrees contain so much truth in them as to assert, that Jesus Christ is our only Redeemer and Savior; and yet we have the forms of the Church authorizing the pious to pray to others than Christ for salvation. Nor do they scruple, even in the decree authorizing the invocation of saints, to call Christ *the one Mediator*—and yet in another place they teach, that there is a multitude of other mediators, interceding, not secondarily with Christ, but primarily, and through their own merits, with the Father. The one of these contradictory doctrines was wrung from them, I suppose, by the express character of the Scripture declarations; the other was prompted by a desire to indulge the natural tendency of the heart to idolatry, and to reap the pecuniary and other advantages of saint-worship. In the Catechism (part iv, ques. 3) there is the following question: “Do we implore God and the saints in the same way?” The practical answer given by the Breviary to this question is, “Yes,” since they ask the same things from the saints and from God, and things which none but God can give. But the Catechism answers, “*minime*,” “not at all; for we do not implore God, and the saints in the same mode,” etc.

I have thus shown, that even upon their own definition of worship due to God and Christ, the worship of the saints as *authorized*, not as practiced by the ignorant, is condemned. How much more, then, must it be condemned by the spirit of the word of God, which forbids with the utmost strictness, the remote approaches to the sin of idolatry, and requires all its apparatus, and all its incentives, to be carefully removed? And should not those who have assumed the awful prerogative of legislating for God’s Church, have regarded the tendency of their institutions to excite that constant proneness to this sin,

which human nature has ever indicated? Or at least, after this tendency was practically developed, as the Papists admit it has been, should they not have attempted to set up some effectual defense between God's honor, and the encroachments of saint-worship? Why are the prayers to the saints placed in the same formularies with the prayers to God? Why is the apparatus of their worship placed in the house of God, and their rites celebrated at the same time with God's worship? Any one who will consider the practical spirit of Popery, as evinced in these things, will be convinced, without farther examination, that this spirit is criminally idolatrous. It exhibits none of that zeal for God's honor, which was required of the Jews; and which was exhibited by the Bible saints.

There is yet another form of idolatry practiced by Rome, even more shocking than the two I have attempted to discuss: the worship of the Mass. If the doctrine of transubstantiation be true—if every piece of the consecrated wafer be indeed converted into the very body, soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, then, I suppose, the propriety of worshipping it will not be doubted. But if this doctrine is false, then the Papists are guilty of a form of idolatry, as groveling as that of the old Egyptians, when they worshipped parsley, snakes, and kittens.

L.

## The Doctrinal Contents of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

(Presented to the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church {P.C.U.S.},  
1897, in commemoration of the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Westminster Assembly.)

---

First there is assigned to me the consideration of the doctrinal contents of the Confession, with its fundamental and regulative ideas. Should I attempt an examination of these heads of doctrine in the limited time allowed for these addresses, the result could be little more than a table of contents, dry and uninformative to uneducated Christians. The Shorter Catechism already gives us such a summary of most of the heads treated in the Confession, and superior to anything which one man could now produce. All admit that the Confession embodies that system of revealed theology sometimes termed the Pauline, sometimes the Augustinian, and popularly the Calvinistic. Should we question prevalent public opinion as to the peculiar and dominant features of that system, it would point us to what are popularly termed the five points of Calvinism. But these propositions are themselves consequences or conclusions drawn from more ultimate principles. It is among these, then, that the fundamental and regulative ideas of the Confession are to be sought. These I conceive to be two: the supreme end of God's dispensations revealed in Scripture, and the constitution and attributes of the Godhead.

*The Theocentricity of the Confession.*

The first principle is settled for us in the first question of the Catechism. If "man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever," then God's chief end in creating and governing him must correspond; it must be the promotion of God's own glory in the holiness, service, and blessedness of his rational creatures. And the same conclusion must follow, from the definition of God, as a Spirit, eternal and unchangeable in all his perfections. He who is before all other things, who is the Creator of all things, the absolute owner of all things, the sustainer of all being, must have found his intended end in himself alone; and being unchangeable, his supreme thought and purpose must ever remain what they were from eternity. But as the end must shape the means, it is thus made certain *a priori* [from the beginning] that every procedure of God in providence and redemption be shaped with controlling reference to its tendency to promote his glory. The covenant of works, the preceptive and penal law, the covenant of grace, the method of man's justification and sanctification, the agent and instrument therefor, with all God's temporal and final judgments upon men and angels, must be so selected as best to correspond with the divine perfections.

It has been debated among theologians whether the controlling point of view for the science of redemption is anthropocentric, Christocentric, or theocentric. Those who assert the first point of view seem to rest upon the maxim that the nature of the disease determines the nature of the remedy. This is the plan upon which Principal Hill constructed his excellent book upon divinity. The covenant of grace is God's remedy for man's breach of the covenant of works. Therefore the moral and legal state into which man reduced himself by his fall must dictate the nature of the gospel remedy. When the doctrine of original sin is settled, it must logically determine our views of the gospel. The history of doctrine teaches us that

there is a profound, though not ultimate, truth in this proposition. If the Pauline view of man's death in sin and condemnation is held, then the Pauline view of sovereign, supernatural regeneration will be adopted. If the Pelagian view of man's state since the fall is held, the Pelagian scheme of redemption will follow. Enfeebled conceptions of the office work of the Son and the Spirit, in and for man, will naturally introduce lower conceptions of the persons and nature of these gospel agents, until the fatal logical stress brings the theology down to mere Socinianism. All this is true, and it is most instructive. But it is not the ultimate truth of revelation. The prior question lies behind it: why must man needs be redeemed when fallen? As to the sinning angels, no such "needs be" operated. It does not seem that the Westminster Assembly adopted the anthropocentric as their dominant point of view.

As to the second scheme, the Messiah is unquestionably the Alpha and the Omega of our salvation, "the way, the truth, and the life," without whom no man can come to God, our prophet, priest, and king, in whom our redemption is complete, because all the fullness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily, and he is "the head of all principality and power." He is also the revealer of the invisible God, so that no man knoweth the Father except as he knoweth the Son. But these truths are not to be so pressed as to exclude from our view the parts of the Father and Spirit in the work of redemption. And this work, while all important to us sinners, and while the crown and glory of all God's other works, is not the whole of his providence towards his creatures.

The ruling point of view, therefore, assumed by the Westminster divines is theocentric. It is the constitution of the Godhead as a trinity in unity, and the august circle of the divine attributes which regulate everything in their system of revealed theology. And hence again it results, that every head in their system of doctrine must converge to God's glory as its ultimate

end. Why must the law be for reasonable creatures a rule of perfect righteousness? Because God is perfectly righteous. Why must he who breaks it be inexorably condemned? Because God is unchangeably just. Why are sinners, so justly condemned, redeemed at such cost? Because God's love and mercy are infinite. Why must violated law be completely satisfied before this infinite mercy can flow to the miserable? Because God's retributive justice is essential and immutable. How comes it that a daysman [mediator] can be found who has "a right to lay down his life for sinners, and take it again?" Because Messiah is as truly Son of God as Son of Man. Why must sanctification invariably follow justification? Because God is holy. How can man, dead in sin, live again unto God? Because the Holy Spirit, the quickener is an almighty agent. Such are a few of the instances which display the method which has regulated the construction of revealed theology in our Confession.

Dr. Archibald Alexander once made this statement: that the Reformed Protestant theology reached its zenith in the seventeenth century. The Westminster Assembly was convened near the middle of that age, and in the midday light of its learning and genius. Had we no histories of its members, and no record of its discussions, the contents of the Confession itself are enough to teach us that those profound and illustrious scholars were enriched with all the stores of sacred learning gathered from previous ages, and culminating in their glorious epoch. They knew the past history of the church, and of doctrine, and of philosophy, and had before them all the great symbols [creeds and confessions] of the previous ages, from the Council of Nice to the Synod of Dort. Providence thus qualified them for their important task to the most eminent degree, and set them in that historic epoch most favorable to success. In speaking of their work, I propose to signalize in the remainder of this address two

of its remarkable traits. One I describe as its scripturalness, the other as its moderation.

### *The Scriptural Basis of The Confession*

It is impossible to question the full acquaintance of the Westminster divines with the history of doctrine and philosophy. We find the treatises of the Middle Ages colored and almost shaped by the Peripatetic [Aristotelian] philosophy. Their authors justified this result by pointing to the intimate, and as they claim, unavoidable connections of philosophy with theology. Our divines knew all this perfectly well. They knew the tenor of the Platonic, the Aristotelian, the Sophistic, the Stoic, the Academic philosophies of the ancients. They understood the contests of Scotists and Thomists, of Realists and Normalists. Bacon had written a few years before, and the debates between Gassendi and Descartes were then agitating the scholars of the continent. The new physics and astronomy of Copernicus and Galileo were eagerly supplanting the scholastic, so that Rome supposed her theology was invaded, and was in need of the thunders of the church for her defense. And even a Turretin, a generation later than our Assembly, deemed it necessary for the integrity of Scripture to contest the heliocentric theory of the universe. But the Westminster divines more wisely left this physical debate alone, and in their whole system of doctrine not even a tinge of any human philosophy is apparent. Of course, since human philosophy had been so audacious as to attempt the decision of everything, secular and divine, sacred truths mooted by it had to be settled by the Assembly; but they are determined never on dialectical, but always exclusively upon biblical grounds. For instance, the Assembly was bound to contradict the materialism of Gassendi and Hobbes, by asserting that the soul of man has a distinct and immortal substance. The Bible doctrine of original sin and

effectual calling must conflict with Scotism and Pelagianism by teaching the determination of man's fallen will to ungodliness. But the Assembly relies upon Holy Scripture, not upon metaphysics, to support its positions. Nor does it borrow for the molding of its system the shape of any human school of theology. It is acquainted with all; it is subservient to none. When defining the hypostatic union in the Messiah, it translated into English the material part of the very words of the creed of Chalcedon. Yet it chooses these very terms, not on the authority of an Athanasius, a Basil, an Augustine, an Anselm, a Luther, a Calvin, or an Owen, but because they express the mind of the Holy Ghost in Scripture. So thorough and exclusive is this biblical trait of their propositions, that one might suppose they had bound themselves by the same preliminary rule which had been adopted by the Synod of Dort, when it forbade its members to argue from any human philosophy or ecclesiastical authority. And herein appears the wisdom of this Assembly. Church synods have ever erred, and may always err. Human philosophies are ever changing; consequently a system which builds itself upon these supports must soon appear to totter, and to require amendment or reconstruction. "But the word of God liveth and abideth forever;" the structure which is built exclusively upon this is, like it, permanent. In this we find the chief glory and value of our Standards. It is for this reason they remain as well adapted to the eighteenth and nineteenth as to the seventeenth century, to America as to Britain, to a popular as well as to a regal commonwealth. It is for this reason that the Confession will need no amendment until the Bible needs to be amended.

### *The Moderation of the Confession.*

The second marked trait of the Confession, its doctrinal moderation, presents the other reason for its permanent



adaptation. Divines so learned and able as those of the Westminster Assembly knew well that the body of doctrine which they taught is a *system* of truth. That is to say, the several parts must stand together, in order that the body may have stability. They are logically inter-dependent. The system is an arch, whose strength is perfect as long as each stone holds its proper place; but the removal of any one loosens all the rest and endangers the fall of the whole. Or, to use another similitude, our creed is like an organized living body in this, that the presence and healthy action of each part is essential to the safety of the body.

The Assembly, therefore, was too wise to attempt the conciliating of opposites by the surrender of any essential member of the system of revealed truth. They present us the Pauline, Augustinian, or Calvinistic creed in its integrity. But, on the other hand, they avoid every excess, and every extreme statement. They refrained, with a wise moderation, from committing the church of God on either side of those "isms" which agitated and perplexed the professors of Reformed theology. Let the following instances be considered.

The Confession firmly asserts the doctrine of a trinity in the Godhead, substantially as it had been taught in the Nicene and Athanasian creeds. It teaches that while God is one infinite, single, spiritual substance, there have been from eternity three modes of subsistence, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, whose distinctions are real, permanent and personal. It avows that this is a divine fact, presenting a mystery, insoluble for man's limited mind; and it attempts no solution. It contents itself with proving the august fact simply by God's testimony. Now, they well knew that there were attempted *rationales* current throughout the patristic, medieval and Reformation ages, upon which many theologians had labored, and with which the grandest human intellects, as that of Aquinas, had supposed

themselves satisfied. Taking the contents of the human consciousness as their pattern, they theorized that the infinite intelligence must have eternally and necessarily evolved the word from itself in the very exercise of its function of thought; and the Spirit, or practical subsistence, from the continuous exercise of its functions of appetency [desire] and will. They said that the unitary Godhead is *actus purus* [pure actuality]: its essential functions of thought, emotion, and free choice are identical with and constitute its substance. Hence its subsistence in the Trinitarian mode, said they, is obvious, natural and necessary. The Father is the eternal power of thought and choice. The Son or Word is but the eternal, continuous stream of thought-activity which the central power forever and necessarily emits, and the Spirit is the active emotion and free choice which the infinite thought cannot but evoke, as it is objectified in the divine consciousness. Now, does this metaphysic give us objects which satisfy the meaning of Scripture, where it testifies to us that the three subsistences, while each divine, are distinct and personal? Or does it give us mere abstractions in the place of persons? Does this theory, or does it not, destroy the fundamental distinction of the reason between substance and its powers? Is it not virtually that Heráclitic idealism revived in our age by Hegel? Does not the theory involve the monstrous assumption that to think is to create, so that God gives to the second and third persons, as well as to his created works, no other substantive entity than that which a human mind gives to its ideas by thinking them? And does not all of this set us on the high road to pantheism? The Assembly knew that popes and archbishops had sanctioned this attempted *rationale* of the Trinity (as they continue to do to our age). But the Assembly says not one word about it; it passes it all by in dead silence, neither approving it nor deigning to refute it. Why? Because it is wholly extrascriptural. Were it of true

value, the Assembly would have said the same, because its mission did not lead it a single step beyond God's word.

The issue between the supra and sublapsarian theories of the decree had been fully joined and debated before the days of the Assembly. Its prolocutor, Dr. Twisse, was a known supralapsarian. He and his party claimed that their theory was the only one which secured for the decree logical symmetry. Their opponents charged that it came too near making God the author of sin. Again the Assembly refuses to recognize the debate. It will not commit itself to this ultraism of the hyper-Calvinists. It asserts, indeed, that the decree is sovereign, and God's election of his redeemed unconditional; but further it will not go. Without naming or sanctioning the sublapsarians it adopts the mildness of their theory, while it refuses to raise or to approve the proposition that the several parts of God's infinite and eternal thought have or can have any real order of sequence in his own consciousness; for this is a proposition extra-scriptural, yet asserted in one form or the other with equal rashness by both parties. Therefore the Assembly will have nothing to do with it, but stops precisely where the word stops.

No divines have taught the doctrine of a sovereign, universal, and particular providence more firmly than they did. But again they refuse to press its *rationale* a single step beyond the Scriptures. They well knew that in human theologies there were burning questions just here. Does creative omnipotence confer any intrinsic being upon dependent existence, or is their apparent continuous subsistence merely God's perpetual recreative act? Do dependent beings possess any inherent power, or make any active emission thereof? Can even a created spirit emit any specific action except as enabled and determined thereto by a particular *praecursus* [prior direction] of the divine power? Is not this extreme doctrine necessary to sustain the certainty and sovereignty of God's providence? Or does it not

virtually make God the author of sin and supersede the creature's responsibility, and thus set us upon the awful verge of pantheism? Or, if we refuse it, how shall we define the method of God's control over second causes? Again our Assembly takes the moderate ground. The Scriptures, while asserting God's power and providence, do not define its method, neither will the Assembly. These divines knew perfectly well that the Aquinist school of popish theologians always asserted this extreme doctrine of divine *praecursus* with its attendant positions. They knew that a powerful wing of the Reformed (still supported by the great Turretin a generation later) asserted these positions as essential to the doctrine of providence. But again the Assembly will have nothing to do with them; it will teach that blessed doctrine just so far as Scripture teaches it, *and there it stops*.

All Augustinians, Romanists and Protestants taught that the race fell in Adam, and that this fall constitutes a permanent and decisive moral revolution, leaving man "dead in trespasses and sins." But what is this revolution? Is it a change of *attributum* [an attribute] or *accidens* [an incidental property] in man? Is his inability for the spiritual service of God physical or moral? Some Lutheran Augustinians, in their zeal, taught that the fall extinguished a part of man's *essentia* [essence]. The semi-Pelagians replied that if this were true, then it would be unrighteous in God to hold fallen man longer to his moral responsibility. The Pelagians continued to assert their old maxim, "*If I ought I can*," as a necessary intuition. Many of the Reformed felt it necessary (as Jonathan Edwards, a century later) to resort to the distinction between natural and moral ability, notwithstanding its perilous ambiguities. Behold here again the wise moderation of our Confession! It will not employ or countenance the extra-scriptural distinction. It carefully avoids the ultraism of teaching that the fall destroyed anything

in man's *essentia*. It firmly asserts our intuitive consciousness that we are always free agents while we are responsible, while rejecting the Scotist dream of the contingency of the will. It avoids, on the other hand, the Stoical extravagance of condemning all the social virtues of the unregenerate as merely spurious, because short of godliness. But it teaches just the Bible concept of the sinner's state of spiritual deadness with admirable moderation and accuracy, saying, "By this fall men have wholly lost all *ability of will* unto any spiritual good accompanying salvation." Sinners are dependent on sovereign grace for the new life of godliness. Still they are free agents, else they would not be accountable. The fall has not extinguished faculty, else responsibility would be extinguished to the same extent. The unrenewed have social virtues, but they have no ability of will to begin of themselves those actions of spiritual godliness which constitute the new life. There is the sad but authentic fact, as proved by experience and Scripture, stated with the utmost moderation, charity and precision at once.

Again, is the imputation of the guilt of Adam's first sin to his seed immediate and precedaneous [antecedent]? Or is it mediate and consequent in the logical order upon men's subjective depravity inherited by race-connection? This thorny debate was troubling the French, Holland and Swiss Reformed at the very time our Assembly was sitting. Joshua De La Place was asserting mediate imputation, and Garrisoles was denouncing him as a betrayer of the whole doctrine. The "Reformed National Synod" of France was admonishing De La Place, and he was explaining and disclaiming. Again our wise divines refused to follow this debate beyond the limits of express Scripture. They assert, as Scripture compels us to do, that the guilt of Adam's first sin is imputed and his corruption conveyed to all the race except the divine Son of Mary: for this sad and stubborn fact is taught by Moses and the prophets, by Christ and

Paul. But further the Confession will not go. The race sinned in Adam, and fell with him. But the Assembly will give no metaphysics, nominalistic or realistic, to explain the awful fact, because Scripture gives none.

Again, the Confession asserts with most positive precision the penal substitution of Christ, the imputation of our guilt to him, his punitive sufferings and sacrifice therefor, and the imputation of this satisfaction to all believers for their justification. It holds fast to the truth of particular redemption. Yet it carefully avoids implying any limitation upon the infinite value and merit of Christ's sacrifice. It carefully avoids confusing the two concepts of legal satisfaction for guilt with the consequent at-one-ment, or reconciliation, for the believing sinner. And it gives no countenance to the *quid-pro-quo* [tit for tat] theory of expiation, which affects, with a mischievous over-refinement, to affix a commercial ratio between the sins of the elect and the one indivisible and infinite merit of the divine sacrifice. It asserts, with the strictest Reformed, that saving faith is a divine grace, and establishes in the renewed soul a full assurance of gospel truth. But the Confession refuses to say, along with Luther and Calvin, that a divine and perfect assurance of one's state of grace and salvation is of the essence of saving faith.

Last, we note the caution of the Assembly concerning the millennium. They were well aware of the movement of the early Millenarians, and of the persistence of their romantic and exciting speculations among several sects. Our divines find in the Scriptures the clearest assertions of Christ's second advent, and so they teach it most positively. They find Paul describing with equal clearness one resurrection of the saved and lost just before this glorious second advent and general judgment. So they refuse to sanction a pre-millennial advent. But what is the nature, and what the duration, of that millennial glory predicted

in the Apocalypse? Here the Assembly will not dogmatize, because these unfulfilled prophecies are obscure to our feeble minds. It is too modest to dictate a belief amidst so many different opinions.

Such are some of the instances of the prudent moderation of our Standards. Because of this trait our Confession is worthy to be the creed of all gospel churches. And this quality shows us that it is a work which cannot be revised and amended without a breach in its organic integrity. Many are professing to say: Let us have a creed which shall teach the Reformed system in its substance, but let us retrench its ultraisms and excrescencies [unnecessary appendages]. The history of doctrine shows us that the Confession has no excrescencies. The Westminster Assembly has already pruned them off. The real effect of change will be an amputation of some essential member, endangering the life of the whole structure, not a cleansing away of useless accretions. Let us, then, be wise and hold fast this priceless possession of which a gracious Providence has made us heirs. Our supreme wisdom will be "to let well enough alone," and humbly teach our scriptural creed, instead of attempting vainly to tinker it.

### *The Necessity and Value of Creeds.*

The second branch of the subject leads to the consideration of the necessity and value of creeds. The word "creed" comes to us from the Latin *credo* [I believe]. According to an old custom, the fathers and Canonists named a religious document from the first word of its text. Thus the papal-bull *Unigenitus* [only begotten] is so named because that adjective is the first word of its first sentence: *Unigenitus filius dei* [only begotten Son of God], *etc.* In the Apostles' Creed, for instance, *credo* is the first word (I believe in God the Father Almighty, *etc.*), whence the whole document came to be called the "Credo." We thus learn

very simply what a creed means: it is a summary statement of what some religious teacher or teachers believe concerning the Christian system, stated in their own uninspired words. But they claim that these words fairly and briefly express the true sense of the inspired words. The church records several creeds of individual Christian teachers; but the creeds of the modern Protestant world are documents carefully constructed by some church courts of supreme authority in their several denominations, or by some learned committee appointed by them, and then formally adopted by them as their doctrinal standard.

The proper conditions for a just creed should be understood. In order to the reasonable defense of creeds, the conditions for which Presbyterians make themselves responsible should be clearly stated and considered. The Southern Presbyterian Church wholly disclaims everything except the holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as either an infallible or authoritative rule of faith and practice. It claims, therefore, for its Standards no rightful influence whatever over the consciences of either clergy or laity except so far as their propositions are sustained by holy writ. We hold, as did the Synod of Dort, that in constructing our Standards we are bound to build exclusively upon the sacred Scriptures, teaching nothing except what is expressly set down therein or what follows therefrom by good and necessary consequence, and asserting nothing upon the authority of any human philosophy, ethics, or of any uninspired theologians. Again, we utterly reject the right of any human authority, whether secular or ecclesiastical, whether orthodox or heterodox, to enforce by civil pains or penalties a profession of belief by any one, lay or clerical, in any creed whatever, whether true or false, or even in the word of God itself. We declare that God alone is the Lord of the conscience. While we hold that all rational beings are morally



responsible for erroneous religious and moral opinions, we teach that this responsibility binds to God alone, and not to any earthly authority or ruler, spiritual or political. While we disapprove and lament the holding of false and injurious opinions by our fellowmen, we declare that the only means proper to us whereby to amend them are charity, teaching, faithful admonition and holy example. God alone is the proper avenger of unbelief. Therefore, we have nothing to do with any persecutions or oppressions, or any invasions of men's just liberty of thought, of which some human creeds in the past have been made the pretext. We declare that our responsibility for all such abuses and injustice is utterly dissolved by our reasonable and scriptural position concerning the proper use of human creeds; inasmuch as our doctrine thereon, if faithfully followed, absolutely forbids and renders impossible all persecution for opinion's sake. We also hold that, inasmuch as Holy Scripture commands us "to receive them that are weak, but not to doubtful disputations," we are not to require of penitent believers asking admission to Christ's church any of the heads of our creed, except such as are fundamental to Christian redemption and holy living; but, upon their sincere adoption of the latter, the laity are to be admitted to all the privileges of the visible church. It is only of the pastors and the doctors of the church, and of such other officers as exercise spiritual rule therein, that we rightfully require the adoption of our whole creed, as containing the system of doctrine set forth in the Holy Scriptures. And such requirement of these is reasonable and lawful and absolutely necessary to the faithful testimony of any church unto that system of truth for which her Lord has made her a witness. But, once more, we expressly repudiate the claim of right or authority to dismiss, exclude or expel any person, lay or clerical, from the catholic or universal church of Christ on the mere ground of his dissent from or rejection of parts of our creed. All we claim is the right

to separate him therefor from among the teachers of our branch or denomination of the catholic church, leaving him free to join any other denomination whose creed he can heartily adopt. Should any dissentient from our doctrine refuse to us this method of self-protection, he would be invading our spiritual liberty and not defending his own. For when we have freely associated ourselves unto what we conscientiously believe to be a faithful witness-bearing to the testimony of Jesus, he who should claim to impugn our doctrinal testimony by our own authority would be only perpetrating a gross outrage upon our equal rights and liberty of conscience, and we accordingly declare that we do not limit the being and rights of "the holy catholic church" to that company of believers holding with us our Standards and scripturally denominated by the term Presbyterian. But we recognize as other denominations in the sacramental host all who teach the fundamental doctrines and uphold the morals of Christ's gospel. We believe that the visible unity whereby God is to be glorified is to be found in the faithful recognition of each other's sacraments, orders and church discipline (limited to admonition and spiritual penalties), by each denomination in the church catholic; and not in a fusion and amalgamation of all into one visible ecclesiastical body; a result only made feasible by one or the other criminal alternative, popery or broad churchism.

Objections to creeds remain to be discussed. After the above statement of the use we claim for them, and our repudiation of all right of persecution for opinion's sake, there remain but two objections which have even a seeming show of force. One is, that Christ in Holy Scripture has not commanded or authorized any visible church or church court to set up any Standards, or bonds of communion, of human and uninspired authority. We are challenged to show the place containing such a command of God. We are reminded of our own declaration that "the Bible

alone is the religion of Protestants, “ and of our own strict protests against all such as “teach for dogmas the commandments of men.” The other objection is, that the addition of a creed of human composition implies the arrogant assumption that the language of the church doctors or church courts who formulate such creeds is better, more just, and more perspicuous than the words of the Holy Spirit. But this claim is untrue, vain-glorious, and near to impiety.

The Presbyterian Church retracts no word of her testimony against will-worship and the intrusion of human authority into Christ’s church. But she unavoidably holds that “there are some circumstances concerning the worship of God and government of the church, common to human actions and societies, which are to be ordered by the light of nature and Christian prudence, according to the general rules of the word, which are always to be observed.” (Conf., Ch. 1, Sec. 6.) No visible church could exist without acting upon this qualification, and adopting, under the guidance of revealed principles, those practical rules of detail imperatively taught her by experience and historical facts. The reply to the first objection is, that such use of human creeds as is defined above comes, like all other human expositions of Scripture, under this class. The same principles which justify these also justify creeds.

All Protestants believe that Holy Scripture should be translated into the vernacular tongues of the nations. Only the Greek and Hebrew are immediately inspired; the translators must be uninspired. Therefore these versions are uninspired human expositions of the divine originals. Wycliffe’s version, Luther’s, Tyndal’s, are but their human beliefs of what the Hebrew and Greek words are meant by the Holy Spirit to signify. These translators might have said with perfect truth, each one, “These renderings into English or German are my *credo*.” The church which uses such a translation for the

instruction of her people and the settlement of even her most cardinal doctrines is using a creed of human composition; and those who exclaim, "The Holy Scriptures themselves are our only and our sufficient creed," put themselves in a ridiculous attitude whenever they use a vernacular translation of the Scriptures, for that which they profess to hold as their creed is still but an uninspired human exposition.

Beyond question, God has ordained, as a means of grace and indoctrination, the oral explanation and enforcement of divine truths by all preachers. Thus Ezra (Neh 7:8) causes the priests to "read in the book the law of God distinctly, and give the sense, and cause them to understand the reading." Paul commanded Timothy ( 2 Tim 4:2) to "reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." He, as an apostle of Christ, not only permits, but commands, each uninspired pastor and doctor to give to his charge his human and uninspired expositions of what he believes to be divine truth, that is to say, his creed. If such human creeds, when composed by a single teacher and delivered orally, *extempore* [without elaborate preparation], are proper means of instruction for the church, by the stronger reason must those be proper and scriptural which are the careful, mature, and joint productions of learned and godly pastors, delivered with all the accuracy of written documents. He who would consistently banish creeds must silence all preaching and reduce the teaching of the church to the recital of the exact words of Holy Scripture without note or comment.

Another revealed precept is equally plain: that God appointed his church to be a witnessing body, "the pillar and ground of the truth." This must mean that the church is to testify constantly to the whole body of revealed precepts and doctrines, and not to parts or fragments only. The direction of this witness-bearing is expressly committed to the presbyters of the church. They are

commanded (2 Tim 1:13) "to hold fast the form of sound words, which they heard" from the apostles, and (Jude 3) "earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Again, the presbyters are expressly commanded to provide a succession of teachers of those divine doctrines, and, in doing so, to provide for the fidelity of their successors to this code of truths. 2 Tim 2:2, "And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able (*ikanoi*, qualified) to teach others." Indisputably this precept involves the use of some adequate standard of the revealed system of truth for the testing of the sufficient intelligence and orthodoxy of belief in the new men to be entrusted with this divine charge. It is equally clear that when the presbyters admit these to take part in their ministry, the new men virtually covenant to be faithful to that system of truths to which their ordainers are also solemnly bound. The function to which these admit them is the witnessing function. But witnessing to what? Should the new men claim, and the older presbyters bestow, the prerogative of rejecting and disputing the very system of truths to which they are solemnly covenanted, we know not which would be greater, the faithlessness of the ordainers to their trust or the impudent dishonesty of the candidates in seeking the trust that they may betray it. Now, what shall this standard of fitness be? Some reply, it should be the word of God alone. Our previous discussion has shown, in the first place, that if this is to be the standard it must be the original Greek and Hebrew Scriptures alone, for every translation is but the uninspired translator's credo. Thus this claim, made by parties who require of their preachers no knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues, appears little short of ridiculous.

In the second place, experience has taught that, since the death of the inspired men, the Scriptures alone are no longer a

sufficient test of fidelity to divine truth, and here we rebut the second objection which has been so insolently obtruded. We do not rest our assertion upon the arrogant assumption of an accuracy and perspicuity of language and style superior to those of the inspired men; we, base it upon a set of stubborn historical facts which have emerged, since the inspired men went to heaven, out of the infirmity, spiritual darkness, vain-glory and indwelling sin of unsanctified or partially sanctified men in the visible church. The necessity of a further test in form of a subsequent creed results not from any lack of proper selection or infallible accuracy in the words of the languages of inspiration, but from the human nature and infirmity of mankind in their use of language. Nothing should be more familiar to scholars than the fact so well described by Horace, that they are like the foliage of an evergreen tree. It never, like a deciduous tree, changes all its leaves at one season; but there is a perpetual slow change in the individual leaves, of which a few continually change color, and a few drop off. Such being the nature of human language, it may follow that the word which, at the time the inspired men wrote, was the best and most exact possible symbol of his intended thought will have ceased to be such, after the lapse of generations. Then the subsequent definition becomes proper and necessary, not because of any defect in the inspired words, but because of the fickle infirmity of men. Thus, when the Authorized Version was issued, "to let" meant "to hinder;" in popular English it now means "to allow" or "permit," almost the opposite idea. "To prevent" signified "to precede;" it now means "to hinder" or "obstruct." But why multiply instances? A more imperative need of subsequent definition has arisen out of the infirmity of human intellect, and the blindness of the human heart which prompted professed believers in Scripture to frame new and discordant concepts of the leading terms of holy writ. Here we are face to face with a

large group of stubborn facts, which it is simply childish to attempt to disregard. Let us suppose a court of scriptural presbyters, invested with the duty and responsibility of selecting and ordaining successors. Let us suppose this court professing to employ no other test or standard of fidelity to God's truth than the Scripture itself. Let us suppose a cluster of candidates before them, of whom each and all declare that they believe the Holy Scriptures, and hold all their *ipsissima verba* [the very words] as their sincere creed. The court points to these express words of Christ in John's Gospel: "I and my Father are one." The court declares for itself that it can honestly see in these words this meaning only—the consubstantial unity and equal divinity of the two persons. But one of the candidates is a Sabellian, and he exclaims, "No, it means that Father and Son are neither of them consubstantial with deity, but two parallel emanations from a central incognoscible [unknowable] divine unit." Another is an Arian: he declares, "No; the Son is but a creature, the earliest and most exalted of creatures, and divine Son of God, only by an act of adoption." The third is a Socinian and he cries, "No; Christ is only a human being, favored by God, more than any other prophet, with a species of adoption, because of his sanctity and loyalty." Now, we need not claim that a court of presbyters is the only party which construes the inspired words aright or that it alone is honest. The court and the Sabellian, the Arian and the Socinian each declares the same sincere belief in the Holy Scripture. Allow them all to be equally honest, yet this obstinate fact remains, *that they all contradict each other*. Must they yet be all ordained as authorized witnesses to one vital truth, and that by this court, which honestly believes each of the others in fatal error? Where, then, could be the church's testimony for truth?

Again, the court of presbyters points to the term *metanoia* [repentance], and asks each candidate what it means. They all

declare the Holy Scripture, including this term, is their honest creed. But one is a Pelagian, and he says *metanoia* means simply an outward reform of manners and morals, wrought by the human will. Another is a papist, and he translates *metanoia* "doing penance." Another is an evangelical believer, who asserts that *metanoia* is conversion, a fundamental revolution of the soul as to God, sin, and duty. Yet all say their creed is the Bible! Again, we say, why multiply instances? There is not a cardinal doctrine, nor sacrament of the gospel, concerning which parties claiming to be Christians do not advance explanations discordant with, and destructive of, each other. What is it, then, except a puerile fraud, for men to cry, "The Scripture is the only creed needed?" If a church is to have any honest testimony, something else is needed as a test of harmony in beliefs, a candid explanation in other terms, which, though human, have not been misconstrued.

This view has, in fact, a force so resistless that it is unavoidably obeyed by all the parties which profess to discard it. There is not, and there never has been, a body possessing any organic consistency, as a church or denomination of Christians, which has not had a virtual creed, if unwritten, additional to the mere words of Scripture. And every one of them practically applies its creed for the preservation of its testimony by the exclusion of dissentients. The only real difference between these professedly creedless bodies and the Presbyterian Church is, that their unwritten creeds are less manly, less honest and distinct, and, therefore, more fruitful of discord among themselves, than our candid, published and permanent declaration. And here is one of the legitimate uses of our creed: when we invite men to share with us our responsibility as witnesses to God's truth, they have a right to ask us what the tenor of that witnessing is to be. It is dishonest child's play to say, "Holy Scripture is the creed to which we witness," when the



inquirer knows that every party of heretics and enemies of God's truth is ready to give the same answer. We give a clear and honest reply. We say to the inquirer, Here is our printed creed, which expresses the propositions we believe the Scriptures to teach in carefully chosen words, whose meaning is as unambiguous and as recognized at this time with those who dispute our views as with ourselves. "If these words express your views of Holy Scripture, you can come and witness with us, happily, honestly, and usefully. If they do not, we neither persecute nor unchurch you, but leave you, under your responsibility to your own God, to select the affiliation which suits you." Such a creed, instead of being a cause of schism, is an *Irenicum* [a proposal for promoting peace], a source of mutual respect, brotherly love and substantial agreement, amidst minor differences, between the several branches of the church catholic.

Our Confession of Faith is among the fullest and most detailed creeds of the Protestant world. In many places there is a current tendency towards shorter or very brief creeds. It has been avowed by us that the creed required of penitent believers seeking our fold should be short, the shortest possible, provided it includes the necessary fundamentals of redemption. But the doctrinal covenant required of teachers and rulers in Christ's church ought to be full and detailed. No man who is still a "babe in the faith," "and such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat," should dare to assume these sacred offices. Our Lord requires of those who fill them a full and thorough knowledge of all the heads of doctrine which make up the system of Gospel truth, for two commanding reasons. One is this, he knows that those truths constitute *a system*. In order that they may stand *they must stand together*. Each head must support and be reciprocally supported by the other heads, else none of them stand securely; because there is such logical

interconnection between all the parts that the rejection of one head introduces logical doubt and difficulty concerning the other heads. If any stone in the arch be loosened, every other stone and the whole structure will become insecure.

The members of this venerable body are too familiar with Christian theology to need any illustration of this result. Now, a babe in Christ may be supposed to hold sincerely a few fundamental truths of redemption, though he doubt or reject other connected heads of doctrine because he is a babe. He does but little connected thinking upon the system. He sees a few things clearly, but the rest dimly. Hence, we may credit him with being both sincere and illogical. But such a one is unfit to direct others in spiritual things. The Christian who is qualified for this is one who has thought widely, clearly and consistently. Such a man, if honest, cannot uphold the arch of truth after dropping out any one of its essential stones; he must uphold each and all, or he is not fully trustworthy for upholding the sacred arch. The other reason is that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine." Therefore, the faithful and competent teacher must employ all parts of revelation. It is only by declaring to his charge the whole counsel of God that he can stand clear of their blood in the great day of accounts.

## An Exposition of Acts 17:23.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, May 18, 1887; vol. 22:14, pg. 2.)

---

The Apostle Paul tells the Athenians that in walking through their city he found an altar, *Theo agnosto*. All the English versions from Wickliffe to the revised version of 1881 concur in translating thus: "To the *unknown God*." So the Latin translations, with Calvin's, *Deo ignoto*. Here is a strong array of authority. Still I believe they all fail to catch the holy apostle's exact meaning. The lexicons do indeed say very patly, that the primary meaning of *agnostos* is *unknown*, and they refer us to the archaic Greek usage as Homer's *agnostos glossa*—"an unknown tongue." I assert that these instances do not guide us in this passage from Paul. Greek philologists now hold that, originally, the verbal adjective ending in *-tos* was but the past participle in Latin ending in *-tus*, and in English in *-ed*. But they teach that by an easy and natural transition, this archaic participle (when the language had supplied itself with a full set of other participial aorists and preterit) slid into the modified meaning expressed by our English termination *-ible*. Thus in old Greek *poieton* may have meant the thing practiced. But when the verb *poiein* got the regular participles, *poiethen* and *pepoiemenon*, *poieton* came to mean, not the thing practised, but, the thing practicable. (Even as the fuller form in *teos*, *poieteon* had become the equivalent of *facoendum*—the thing that must be done.) So, the *thing believed* would come to be, *pisteuthen*—the thing *credible* (or *believable*), would be *pistos*. We come nearer the *koine dialeklos*, we find this fact

(overlooked by the dictionary makers) established. Thus, Plato, in the "Apology," uses the sentence, "*a pis tos ei*" in the unquestionable sense of, "you are incredible" (unbelievable). The word disbelieved does not express the meaning. Let us now look into the Pauline use of the verbals in *tos*: we shall find our philosophy absolutely established in every other case. Thus in the Pastoral Epistles, his favorite and oft repeated assertion refuses to bear the participial sense—*pistos ho logos*. He never means by this "a proposition which is believed" but always a proposition thoroughly credible—or trustworthy. His *theos aoratos* means something far stronger than an "unseen God." It means a "God invisible," not possible to be seen (by mortal eyes). His *ierosunen aparabaton* does not mean an *unchanged* priesthood, but an *unchangeable* priesthood. So his *to ametetheton tes boules*, does not mean unchanged but immutability. Why now, can we not let Paul's own invariable usage, guide us in translating Paul's sentence? And read him: "I saw an altar to the incognoscible God." My conclusion is powerfully confirmed by this fact: that there is not a single place in the New Testament where *agnostos* is used to mean: "unknown." Besides: those who make Paul say he saw an inscription to "an unknown God," can give no tenable account of how it came about in Athens. The only supposition which has a show of sense is that of Jerome and Calvin: That the Athenians had an altar "*Deis peregrinis*." We all know that the classic polytheists had a notion that the jurisdiction of their gods was national and territorial. Each commonwealth made it a business to provide honors and temples for its own territorial deities, as Athens did especially for Pallas Athene, and then for Zeus, Neptune, Apollo, Theseus, etc. But then expositors suppose that they may have also provided some recognition for the unknown *Dei Peregrini*, lest perchance some of them might be piqued by total neglect, and plague the city. Now that the Athenians had

done this, I know of no particle of proof. The only fact looking that way among all the statements of their abundant literature is this: that there is said so have been at the Piraeus a votive inscription to some Thracian water god for the accommodation of the numerous Thracian sailors, whom Athene employed in her commerce. Nor does the exceeding pride of the Athenians, as Autochthons, and as standing at the head of philosophy and natural theology make anything more credible.

But let us translate the inscription properly and it gives us this most important fact: that the Apostle found Agnosticism in Athens in such full development, that it had incorporated itself in a worship!

The likelihood of this is fully confirmed by the history of Greek philosophy; the Eleatics, even Plato after he passed from the sober influence of Sokrates, under the Eleatic impulse, the stoics (who were pantheistic), the Epicureans, who while admitting God's existence, denied, both creation and providence, the new Academy, all tended toward Agnosticism. Does some one say, "Oh Agnostics would never have reared an altar, for that theory logically arrests all worship and practical religion." Our contemporary Paganism teaches us that this by no means logically follows. Does not our prince of Agnostics, H. Spencer, allow us to retain our religion provided we hold that we know nothing about what we worship? And do not many of our "advanced" theologians regard him as the last and greatest of thinkers; and hold that they can be Spencerians and very good Christians at the same time. So it seems that these Athenian *Illuminati* saw nothing queer in "worshipping ignorantly." Why this was the very acme of their philosophic refinement.

We have here too the Apostles verdict on this extreme refinement. He says it is superstition and culture. The extremes have met—infidel philosophy has kissed hands with fetishism. So it will be again, in our advanced age. (Most likely we shall

see our Spencerians take next to table—tipping and “mediums,” the kind of fetishism which lies handiest now.) It is also instructive to see how little account Paul makes of the Spencerian cavil, “that the theistic argument is too anthropomorphous.” He fillips it asides as rubbish and proceeds (vv. 24-29) to argue “anthropomorphically” from human “nature up to natures God.”

R. L. D.

## Exposition on Romans, Chapter 7.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, July 1, 1885; vol. 20:50; p. 2.)

---

This chapter has been much litigated by expositors of different denominations. The interpretation involves, especially, two questions: first, between Presbyterians and Arminians: whether verses 15<sup>th</sup> to 23<sup>rd</sup> describe Paul already converted, a sanctified believer struggling with remains of indwelling sin, or Saul of Tarsus prior to conversion, the convicted, conscience-stricken sinner. And second, between other Christians and the "Plymouth brethren;" whether the description of those verses does not teach that there are "two natures," the unregenerate and the regenerate in full force, in the same believer. It is not my purpose to enter into a controversial exposition of words and texts, as to these two questions.

Sometimes the best kind of evidence for an exposition is seen simply in its *general, satisfying consistency*. My purpose is, *to propose here*, not to assert, an outline of what may be supposed to be the Apostle's train of thought. I do not ask the reader to adopt it before he is satisfied; but to look at it, and consider whether it does not so cohere with the Epistle, the chapter itself, and Christian experience, as to commend itself to the judgment?

We must first ascertain the Apostle's precise point of view. In the first five chapters, he had established justification by mere grace, through faith. Christ's righteousness of obedience and expiation, embraced by humble faith, transfers the believing sinner from under a broken covenant of works, to a covenant of grace; and thus, from condemnation to adoption, and from

desperate bondage to liberty. And this is done immediately; without any ground of merit in that believer's personal righteousness; simply on the ground of Christ's imputed righteousness, as our all-perfect substitute. But to this, the pharisaic mind, would see stubborn objections. The first, refuted in the sixth chapter, was, that men would argue from such a plan of salvation: "Then, let us continue in sin, that grace may abound." The next objections are intimated (rather than expressly stated) and finely refuted, in the seventh chapter. The Pharisee would urge: "How can such a plan of salvation consist with *the perpetuity* of the claims of the Law of God?" And second: "Would not God's law then cease to have any relation to or influence over, a soul thus exempted from the claims of a covenant of works?" But must not such a result be evil? Paul explains and illustrates the true solution by the experience of a justified believer. And 1<sup>st</sup>. The Legalist urges: If you must admit that "the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth," (vs. 1): How can this doctrine of Paul be possibly true, which exempts the believer instantly from the penal claims of the law, and from its conditions as a covenant of life? Is not such a claim of exemption as criminal as would be the claim of a wife to break the lifelong bonds of wedlock and forsake her husband and her conjugal obligations? (vs. 2) That is plausible.

But, says the gospel believer: I willingly accept the illustration. Suppose, vs. 3, *she is a widow*? Then the new connection involves no sin; no absurdity. And such is, virtually, the case, vv. 4 to 6. For although the Law, the husband, has not died, *the woman has*, (the believing soul) (I adopt the marginal reading of vs. 6 as the correct one: "being dead to that wherein we were held." The Apostle will not, even in parable, speak of the *Law* as dying: he will rather break the apparent symmetry of his illustration; it is the wife who has died. But he will get out of this seeming breach of symmetry, even a better illustration.)



Anyway; *a death has dissolved the marriage bond* so that the fact remains: a new connection is no longer unlawful. But how can a dead woman again become a bride? Naturally she could not; spiritually the dead soul can: and therein is the beauty of the solution. Let us suppose a noble, perfect, immortal husband (the Law) unfortunately bound, by a life long tie, see vs. 5, to a woman incorrigibly perverse, faithless and hostile. The wife's unfitness for, and hatred of, the bond are absolutely desperate. (Such is the fallen soul's relation to a holy Law as a covenant of works.) What right fruit can ever come of this union? None: nothing but strife, treason, rebellion and shame. This is not the noble husband's fault; but it is the inexorable truth. Let the base wife, then, die: let the hopeless connection be ended by death. But now, suppose the new bridegroom to be able to raise her from the dead; and in restoring her life and youth, to cleanse her heart from her adulteries? If that can be, then a new, a happy marriage may take place; a marriage of grateful love, purity and fidelity, on the part of the woman, so criminal and reprobate before. And this is just what the new Bridegroom, Christ, does for the believing soul. He expiates fully the deadly guilt of her old adulteries. He slays her by conviction, and he resurrects her by regeneration. He has entitled himself to her: and the former husband has acknowledged his outraged honor satisfied by that death of the guilty one, which also annihilated the old marriage bond.

With the seventh verse begins the solution of the other objection. The Pharisee is, as it were, heard caviling thus: "Paul the urgency with which you insist that the child of God must not seek heaven under the covenant of works, implies that God's law, the rule of that covenant, is some bad thing. But that is blasphemy! The turn you have given to my illustration, the marriage relation, insists that the only fruits of such a union must be strife, crime and shame. Why so? That must imply that

the husband (the Law) is also blamable. If this Law, and this covenant of works under it, was a right and good dispensation for Adam, it must be a right and good one still; and you cannot escape that plain conclusion, without impugning, at this time, the justness of the Law. And how can there be any dispensation of religion, by which God's eternal law can cease to be the rule of rational souls?

"What shall we say then," vs. 7 "Is the Law sin?" "God forbid." The wicked corollary is rejected by the believer with horror. First; no defect of holiness can be ascribed to God's law; for it is by the application of it, as a holy standard, to the believer's conscience, that his saving conviction of sin is produced. And the covenant of grace by no means proposed to dispense with the law, as useless. For second; it is this holy, spiritual law, which makes saving conviction thorough, as it unveils to the heart its inward sins of coveting vs. 7, by saying: "Thou shalt not covet." Not only: Thou shalt not sin; but thou shalt not even have the thought or wish of sin!

"But Paul: did you not urge, that the sure consequence, of putting an unholy soul under the Law as a covenant of works, would be to intensify its hostility and its sins? Does not that imply that somehow, the Law is to blame?"

No, (vs. 8), the holy law is the *occasion* only; not the *cause* of that wicked result. Its connection therewith is unavoidable and innocent. Man's sinfulness is the *efficient*. Man's self-will and depravity, wickedly reluctant against the righteous restraint, makes it the occasion of increased enmity and rebellion. Let my own, religious history, says Paul, in substance, illustrate this, vv. 8 to 11. I was myself a Pharisee. My life was outwardly strict, and my besotted conscience was quiet. My hope of heaven was confident and lively. But, in my debates with the despised Nazarenes, and especially with my victim, Stephen, I was made aware that this two-fold process

was going on in me. My groundless prejudices, my pride of party, my hatred of those meek and harmless opponents, grew more bitter; and at the same time, the spirituality of the law which they urged on me, especially quoting the Tenth Commandment, and the reminders they gave me that God's law, in which I boasted, reached to the heart; while they stung my slumbering conscience with secret pangs, also inflamed by stubbornness and self-will. Thus the ill-starred struggle went on: I became at once more miserable, and more angry and malignant. The tragical end was, that at length I was arrested in my blind fury by awakening to the fact, that *I had become a murderer!* So that, here was the model citizen, who had gloried in the sufficiency of his own virtues, foul with the blackest and most fiendish crime of the Decalogue, the expression at once of the vilest passions towards man, and the fiercest rebellion against the God I had professed to serve! There my pride, and my hope died. As I reviewed my horrible career, I saw at last, that my heart had been all the time in utter rebellion to God and godliness: that it had proved itself capable of the extremist crimes: that I was the hopeless slave of my own secret depravity, and yet a thoroughly responsible free agent. The life of *legal obedience*, which I had fondly boasted, was to lead me to heaven—as it should have done, but for my own sin—had ended in guilt, desperation, and the curse of a righteous God. I had been befooled by my own depravity and pride, and self-will to my own ruin, vv. 10 to 11. *I was a lost soul.*

But did I any longer dare to cavil, to sophisticate; to attempt to throw a part of the blame on God? No, all that was ended. My agonized conscience pronounced that this Law, in which I had so blindly boasted, was what it ought to be: that its terrible spirituality was its true glory, proving it to be worthy of a spiritual, holy and omniscient God: that every requirement of it, while my own sin made me as incapable of complying truly with

it, as of scaling the heavens, was in itself, vs. 12, the very essence of purity, of equity, and even of beneficence. So that every trait of this lovely law, 5:13, only declared by contrast more clearly, the blackness of my sin; in that I was therein willfully assailing it. The evil was not in this infinitely excellent Law; but in myself 5:14. It was I that was depraved, the bond slave of my own hopeless depravity. Thus I learned, that the Law can never more lead a fallen son of Adam to heaven. Why? Because the law is not good? No; but because we are naturally so evil.

The Apostle then continues his explanation into his new Christian life. God's holy law had now performed its first function as a *pedagogue* to lead him to Christ. Shut up to salvation by grace he had embraced, (Phil. 3:9,) in place of his former "righteousness which was of the Law," "that which is through the faith of Christ." But none the less does the law, while no longer his covenant of works, continue its proper relation to his new life of faith. As long as indwelling sin remains, the Christian warfare must continue; and of that warfare the law is still the regulative rule, and the standard of progress in sanctification. From the 15<sup>th</sup> to the 23<sup>rd</sup> verse, this warfare is graphically described, and is again illustrated from the Apostle's own experience.

Many have felt a difficulty in admitting that the better principle in a man's heart can be sincere, hearty, and even heaven-descended; and still meet with such repeated resistance from evil desires. They have asked: Can this be the description of a man truly converted to holiness? Surely Paul must be describing the guilty struggles of his convicted soul before conversion. It reads like the contest of two different men. Some Plymouth brethren endeavor to solve the difficulty by saying: that it is the struggle of "two natures;" that regeneration does not consist in the overthrow of the old depravity by the new life; but

only in the creation of a new nature, along side of the old one, which continues until death, just what it was in all its obstinate depravity. They speak of the "two natures" in terms so strong and incautious, as almost to imply two wills, and two personalities in the same soul. Such a theory is of course inadmissible. Consciousness repudiates it, as well as Scripture.

To me, this description of the Christian's struggle against indwelling sin has ever appeared perfectly credible, and true to nature. Not only every Christian, but every intelligent man has been conscious of analogous contests, and has observed them around him. For instance, we confidently ascribe to our neighbors some given prevalent character; and yet we are not at all surprised at seeing occasional manifestations to it. We say; "this neighbor is a patient man." But we see him yield to petulance occasionally. "That one is a tender mother." But in moments of annoyance, she speaks sometimes harshly to her children. "This one is notoriously selfish and penurious;" but he is seen occasionally to yield to a generous impulse.

Why then should the analogous inconsistency surprise us in the more fundamental case of the spiritual life? In these familiar, social cases, no one thinks of denying the sincerity of the prevalent disposition, by reason of the occasional inconsistency. That mother is really disinterested and tender, notwithstanding the instance of petulance. Nor is the explanation difficult, on the principles of mental science. While the enlightened conscience has but one standard of right and wrong; the soul has several traits of disposition, which are native to it. Righteousness does not consist, as has sometimes been supposed, in the extirpation of the native appetencies, but in their proper regulation. The same appetency which, within its lawful bounds, is right; exceeding those bounds, becomes wrong. Gluttony, for instance, is lawful hunger in excess. Hatred may be but righteous resentment in excess. When we

remember these facts, the wonder ceases that man, who is limited in all his powers, fallible in his knowledge, and fluctuating in his attention, should be capable of showing himself imperfect and inconsistent in his sanctification, while truly sincere and honest in his desire to be holy.

And this is precisely what Paul recognizes in himself. The sinful acts, which both heart and conscience were averse to, he occasionally perpetrated still, 5:15, 18, 19. But he denied (5:17 and 20) with emphasis, that these inconsistent acts, prompted by indwelling sin, were the true expression of the present disposition of his renewed heart. That disposition was one of hearty delight in God's holy precepts. His prevalent appetency of soul was a true "hungering and thirsting after holiness." Those hateful backslidings were the results of the old sinful self-will, once dominant, now dethroned, but not yet extinct.

But here there is danger of a plausible and deplorable confusion. The fact last stated may be so wrested, as to rid the deceived conscience of responsibility. Men have been known to argue under the horrible delusion: That inasmuch as their backslidings were the fruits of the remaining depravity in their member, they were not really their own responsible acts; and so there was no call to trouble their consciences about them! The Apostle has no such meaning. The inconsistencies occasioned by indwelling sin were, indeed, no longer the expressions of his ruling disposition: But he still owns them with repentance and abhorrence, as his own sins, his own responsible acts, vs. 24. He has no idea of disclaiming his own responsibility for them. He does indeed disclaim the ability to conquer the hated sins, in his own strength. But this very weakness is the subject of his deep sorrow, self-loathing and self-condemnation. His conscience, just in degree as it is enlightened and purified by grace, feels the slighter inconsistencies of temper, word and act, which still beset him, more and more acutely. These sins, so much less in

the eyes of his fellow-men, he now feels to have peculiar aggravations from the grace which he has received; they appear to his enlightened conscience as odious as a putrefying corpse. He cries for deliverance. He sees that there is only one deliverer; that Savior who first implanted the new law of repentance and holiness in his dead soul. Thus, as he looks back, he takes renewed hope, along with the feeling of deep gratitude. It was God in Christ, who first began to break the hated bonds of depravity. The same deliverer will continue and perfect the work. But this work of grace, the Apostle concludes, (vs. 25) is to be, during his earthly life, a continuous struggle. Because indwelling sin is only subjugated, not annihilated; and because a holier law has been established in his soul by an almighty hand; therefore struggle, spiritual warfare must be the inevitable state. There are two principles within which are absolutely antagonistic: there can be *no peace* until at death, the ignoble one is destroyed. This, then, in fine, is the picture of the Christian life: By the prevalence of sanctification in the mind, the noble part of man which is the true man, he serves his Redeemer; heartily and honestly: by the remains of sin in the lower faculties, the natural affections he often yields to evil.

But anyhow: "He thanks God and takes courage." Of that warfare, *the Law* is to continue the holy rule to the end. So far is the system of free grace from discarding its use.

R. L. D.

## On Allegorical Interpretation.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, July 7, 1987; vol. 33:2, pg. 3.)

---

Dr. William H. McGuffie used to relate with a good deal of wit one of his own trials under this devious theory of interpretation. When a young preacher he had a charge in Northern Ohio; his preaching proved very attractive to a plain but enthusiastic old Baptist sister, who used to say to him: "If you would but follow your Lord into the liquid grave, you would be precisely the preacher to my mind." One Sunday she asked him, with an air of mischievous triumph, to promise her that he would preach a sermon on a text she would give him; he replied that he would do so, provided his judgment would sanction the effort. She handed him a slip of paper, containing the Bible reference to 1 Sam. 6:10. The words were: "*And shut up their calves at home.*"

The good lady, an undoubting allegorist, saw here a perfect proof that infants are not to be allowed to enter the visible church. Upon first seeing her aim, his inclination was to evade the request as an untimely jest with as much politeness as he might; but reflection showed him that he had an opportunity of sufficient gravity to be seriously improved for explaining a mischievous scheme of misinterpretation, and also inculcating a useful moral and historical truth. He therefore prepared, carefully, a discourse on the text upon the following lines of thought, to wit: This narrative is not an allegory, but a plain recital of historical facts. Were the allegory admitted, it would prove nothing of pedobaptism; for let the calves stand for infant



children; it is pagan idolaters and impostors, not inspired prophets or teachers of the true church, who excluded them from Zion. But the inspired historians meant to teach nothing for or against infant members of the visible church. Historical narratives are not allegories, but they give us facts which exemplify human nature, its errors, temptations, and sins, in a most instructive and valuable manner. Each has its didactic use for us in a later dispensation, and the truth exemplified here, and therefore to be drawn out by the preacher from this historical fact, is the customary *dishonesty of unbelief*.

The question raised in the consciences of the Philistines by their great sins in the capture and destruction of God's Ark was this: Is not Jehovah of Israel, after all, the true God of Providence, and our Dagon, therefore, either a fraud or inferior being? No one knew better than those Philistine priests that Dagon was an imposture. It was they who wrought, by sleight of hand or deception, his pretended miracles. Here they affected willingness to submit the question between Jehovah and Dagon to an experimental test which should be self-evidently fair and impartial.

They said: We will take a new cart, therefore ceremonially clean. We will hitch to it two young unbroken milch kine, who have been taught nothing concerning the roads, or the directions, or where they lead. We will place this mischievous Ark upon the cart; it shall have no human driver, but the animals shall be left to the providential guidance of the Divine power. If Israel's Jehovah is a true God, He will doubtless lead these ignorant beasts by His providential impulse toward His own sanctuary. What test can be fairer?

But meantime they secretly took effectual means to determine that the kine should go toward Philistia, thus deciding for Dagon. They confined the suckling calves in their stables, feeling certain that their mothers' instincts would draw them

tither. But Jehovah overruled these instincts, constraining the kine to go, although with reluctant lowings, toward His sanctuary. Did these infidel priests bow to the proof, which was of their own selection? By no means! They continued obstinate unbelievers and impostors. Such is unbelief usually; dishonest in its pretexts, and obdurate against adequate proof of the truth they dislike. The sermon concluded with applications of this charge against the skepticism of our day.

The good lady was as much surprised and disgusted as if her favorite biddy had hatched from her best eggs a cockatrice instead of downy chicks.

## Of Expounding the Parables.

(Appeared in *The Homiletic Review*, February 1897; vol. 33:2, pp. 160-65.)

---

The correct expounding of the parables is of vast importance to the preacher, because Christ and the inspired writers gave the parables for direct homiletic use, because their meaning is so wide, and because their exposition has been so often abused.

In the New Testament these illustrations of truth are named both *parabole* and *paroimia*. The former is an idea laid alongside of another for its illustration. The *paroimia* (in the Old Testament proverbs) is defined by Passow as a wayside truth. Use of both names by the Evangelist is justified by two facts: that said proverbs are parabolic, i.e., express their truths by a figure; and that, in Hebrew, one word answers for both. The fable, the parable, the metaphor, the simile, the allegory, the type, the prophetic symbol, all have this in common, that they indicate an analogy, a parallelism of relation between two ideas, of which the better known assists in the understanding of the less known or unknown.

Trench makes this difference between the fable and the parable: That the fable ascribes action and force to natural objects, as trees and beasts, which are not naturally possible; but the parable employs for analogy a narration of actions which are naturally possible. Thus he would call Jotham's narrative (Judges 9:8-15) a fable, where he makes the tree, the vine, and the bramble talk. He would call the words of Nathan to David (2 Sam. 12:1-8), of Isaiah (5:1-4), and of Ezekiel (37:1-10) parables. A metaphor is an undeveloped simile, and its

rhetorical force is the greater, because of its brevity and suggestiveness. A simile is a fully developed metaphor. An allegory, properly speaking, is a detailed narrative, evidently unreal or imaginary, in which each action is designed to represent by analogy the several particular parts of a chain of connected truths. The most familiar and distinct example of the allegory is Bunyan's "Holy War."

We, who are strict constructionists in the exposition of Scripture, hold that there are no proper allegories in the Bible, except in the evidently prophetic passages: in other words, we assert that the actual historical narratives of Scripture are nowhere to be allegorized, because not intended by the Holy Spirit to be allegories, but narratives of facts. Here we array ourselves against that whole army of expositors, so popular and so mischievous, since the days of Origen even to our own time, which sought in the Scripture, besides the grammatical meaning, a spiritual, an allegorical, and an anagogical, sense. Here we have the powerful support of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

The close relation between the parable and the allegory, as well as the fact that perverse interpreters have allegorized some parables, justifies a word of discussion to support this position. Scholars are aware that the famous passage in Galatians (4:24-31) was seized on by the allegorists to sustain their theory of exposition. They have always claimed that Paul here gives us, by example, his authority to allegorize what seems to be but a plain historical narrative of fact in Genesis 18:10-14 and 21:1-2.

If we remember aright, even Dr. Fairbairn in his "Typology" concedes this example: while he seeks to restrain the hateful and perilous results of such exposition by this caveat, that we are to find types and allegories only in such seemingly narrative passages of Scripture as are thus applied by some other "inspired" man.

We fear this limitation will be found ineffectual. It admits this assumption: that passages of Scripture which, in the view of common sense, are simply and only historical, still may contain a hidden allegorical meaning. After making this fatal admission, we should fail to restrain the vagrant imagination of the allegorists by telling them that it belongs to the Holy Spirit to say where such hidden meanings exist. It appears to me at least doubtful whether the Apostle intended to say that he, himself, will allegorize that domestic history of Abraham's family. The English version manifestly gives a very unwarranted meaning to the Greek; this is "*ἅτινα ἐστὶν ἀλληγορούμενα*," "which things *have been allegorized*," that is to say, by somebody (most possibly by rabbinical expositors; who gratified their bigoted pride by making Ishmael stand for the pagan world, and Isaac for their own chosen people).

A very different affair, truly, from Paul's saying that he, guided by inspiration, found a valid allegory in this simple historical narrative, and thus gave us, by example, his authority for finding such hidden things in other plain historical passages!

Coming now to parables themselves, we propose these four principles for guidance in their exposition:

1. Like all other Scripture, they must be expounded "according to the analogy of the faith." The meaning of 'one Scripture must be consistent with that of other Scriptures. This rule follows immediately from two facts: That truths are essentially interconsistent, so far as comprehended; and that God, being omniscient and infallible, will never truly contradict Himself. Hence if we really get His meaning in two Scriptures, they must be interconsistent.

2. Doctrines are to be received primarily, from the literal and didactic passages of Scripture, and not by analogical, human inferences from particular features of parables. The reason is, that the direct, unfigurative, didactic propositions in Scripture

were intended by God for nothing else but propounding truths; while the parabolic, like all other figured passages, were intended to illustrate truths. They are in a sense, "dark sayings." Their direct apprehension requires the perception, not only of a truth, but also of an analogy between that truth, and some natural action or thing. Here our first rule has its use. Interconsistency must be preserved between dogmatic, didactic declarations in Holy Writ, and our construction of figurative analogies. And here the authority of the direct dogmatic statement must dominate our construction of parabolic figures.

The history of doctrines is full of burning instances of the mischievous abuse of this rule. Thus a semi-Pelagian argued from the words of the prodigal (Luke 15:18), "I will arise and go to my Father," that the repenting sinner turns himself to God, without any need for the call of the Spirit. A good Papist argues the Romanist dogma, that God created Adam "*in puris naturalibus*," and that his first righteousness was a supernatural grace first lost in his fall, from the parable of the good Samaritan where the thieves are said to have first stripped their victim of his clothes and then wounded him (Luke 10:30). In the parable of the lord and the unforgiving servant, Socinus seizes on the master's words (Matt. 18:32), "Oh, thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst me," to argue from it that no expiation for guilt or satisfaction to law is needed to provide for the free forgiveness of sin by God.

What is all this but an insolent attempt to make the Holy Ghost responsible for what He did not say? On this insolent plan the silence of the inspired writers might be made to teach every vagrant fancy of every heretic. Parables are intended to be word-pictures. Their effectiveness depends on definiteness, rapidity, and brevity. The inspired limner puts in so many lines and strokes as are needed to make the picture present his main points of truth. He does not add all possible details, because

these would ruin the definiteness of his picture. Nothing, therefore, may be inferred from the omission of supposable details.

3. Our Lord has Himself given an express and full interpretation of two parables: The sower and the seed (Matt. 23:3) and the tares and the wheat (Matt. 18:25). These are the expositor's models. He should study them, comparing the emblems with the truth intended, until he is thoroughly imbued with their method.

4. Our fourth rule is most important in this respect, that it is most frequently violated. The detailed features of the parable are not to be forced to teach truths other than those contained in the sacred writer's avowed scope. This scope is always clearly stated or sufficiently indicated in the context, sometimes at the beginning, sometimes at the end of the parable. Common sense should dominate in the exposition. This rule does not teach that every parable is to be limited to the illustration of one single point of doctrine; we do not adopt the exposition which compels the parabolic narrative to confine itself to a single point. While each parable certainly has some one, central truth which it chiefly seeks to inculcate, this one truth may be a center to other connected truths, which may also find their illustrations in the explanation of the principal truth. But, on the other hand, a parable is not to be made an allegory, it is not to be assumed that the sacred writer is dovetailing each individual tenon in the features of his parable into its particular mortise, in a system of didactic truths.

The real purpose of the parable is to present a vivid word-picture which may assist in the teaching and better apprehension of some main truth (sometimes with a few connected truths). Therefore the sacred speaker may add features for the sake of giving resemblance to his picture; nothing more.

Here are a few instances of the absurdities sometimes resulting from this abuse. In our Lord's parable of the steward (Luke 16:8), this dishonest man is described as wheedling the tenants and debtors so as to secure for himself future hospitality, by conniving at villainous frauds on his master. Our Savior relates that the proprietor heard of this cunning trick, and commended its shrewdness. Then follows Christ's application of His parable. "I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," etc. Are we to infer hence, that Christ recommends to Christians dishonest uses of their wealth, and promises future blessedness as the reward thereof? This would be impiety. Our Savior is enforcing simply the central idea, that Christians are only stewards, not owners of their worldly riches, and, therefore, their wisdom is to employ them righteously in this life, so as to gain good from them in the life to come, after they shall be stripped away from us.

In Luke 18:1-8 is the parable of the widow and the unjust judge. The picture presents us a widow imploring aid from a judge who is devoid of respect for God or public opinion, and the plaintiff, a widow, helpless and unprotected, here prays for a righteous verdict against the opponent in her suit, but meets with utter disdain and indifference; her case seems hopeless, without family or proper means of support, and with a selfish, imperious atheist for a judge, who has already repulsed her; yet at last he gives her verdict. The judge explains that he has yielded to her claim from a very unworthy and contemptible motive, namely, his fear of being worried or teased by her, not by a proper sense of justice. Does this authorize the expositor to teach that believers may expect to tease or worry God into granting their petitions? This would be near akin to impiety, yet it would result naturally from this overweening method of exposition. Christ Himself gives us the real scope of this parable. It is to impress on us the proposition that perseverance in prayer will



succeed with God, where our petitions are guided by faith (verse 8). This promise, He illustrates in the parable by a beautiful argument *à fortiori*. In the case of the poor widow, she succeeded by simple perseverance, with everything against her in her own surroundings and the character of the judge; how much more will the perseverance of believers prevail with God, when everything is in their favor—the infinite love and faithfulness of the Judge, the blessed support of the communion of saints, and the glorious advocacy of the Son, the eternal electing love of the Father toward His petitioners—this is the scope of this blessed parable, and it is not to be pushed any further.

Again our rule receives illustrations from the notable abuses of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16:19 to end). The scope of our Savior's teaching is to show the dire future misery which follows upon the life of the unbelieving, self-indulgent, and the abuse of wealth in this life. This leads Him to set forth the closely connected truth, that extremist destitution and poverty are comparatively light, if borne with Christian faith and patience, because of the magnificent reward with which the future life recompenses the Christian grace which endures temporal miseries aright. Or the teaching may be summed up in this statement, that eternity will reverse the worldly judgments of unbelieving men, so that he whom they deem the wretched will prove the blessed one, and he whom they deem enviable will prove to be the miserable wretch, because his earthly prosperity was abused by unbelief and selfishness; and nothing is to be foisted into the parable except those truths, which are scripturally and doctrinally connected with that main scope. A corollary from this truth is the one illustrated in the latter portion of the parable—that unbelievers deceive themselves, when they imagine that startling, supernatural events would subdue that

carnality which refuses to hearken to the sufficient evidence of Holy Scripture.

But let the overweening method of exposition be taken, then Christ may seem to be responsible for the following propositions: That the home of the Old Testament saints is but one department of a Hades; that the home of lost spirits, at least until the resurrection, is another department of the same Hades; that intercourse may and does frequently take place between the souls of the redeemed and the lost; that disembodied lost spirits are susceptible to the pains of material fire; that the pains of the damned are purgatorial in the Popish sense, i.e., work sanctification in the soul, since the soul of the rich man, before selfish and ruthless, now cherishes pious anxiety for the salvation of his brothers—a dawn, in fine, of true repentance. Now there is no scriptural support or authority for a single one of those propositions. The Rabbins taught such a Hades, but is there one word of Scripture to tell us where it is, and whether the homes of the saved and the lost are neighboring parts geographically of the same place? Or whether there is actual intercourse, or what is the nature of the miseries of disembodied lost souls, before the resurrection? Is there one word of doctrine, which countenances the idea that penal misery is sanctifying? No! Our Savior did not mean to teach these propositions, He meant to teach the great Bible truth taught throughout the Scriptures with the vividness of a picture; and, to make this picture intelligible and impressive to a Jewish audience, He admits the current Rabbinical ideas familiar to His hearers only as a part of the make-up of the picture; not as parts of His didactic system. These examples ought to be sufficient.

To sum up their lessons: The expounder must practice modest caution; he must ascertain clearly the real scope of the sacred writer; he must let this govern and restrain him. He must feel that it is far wiser and more honest to stop even this side of

the limits of legitimate inference, than to gratify his fancy or craving for novelty or desire of brilliancy by risking a transgression of those limits into the territory of doctrinal error. He should teach himself to judge this as a very solemn and awful sin; the sin of putting into the mouth of the Omniscient Christ and the Holy Spirit words which They did not speak.

I have set down my protest against allegorizing. As any one might expect, expositors who are infected with this itch allegorize the parables also, and that with the most mischievous results. This one of the rich man and Lazarus presents us with an instructive instance. Many of the prelatial Fathers with Theophylact insist on finding here an allegory. They will have the luxurious rich man symbolize the Jewish Church, and Lazarus the Gentile body. The riches of Dives represent the rich and ecclesiastical privileges of Jewry. His luxurious abuses represent the Rabbinical Pharisaic perversion of Mosaic doctrine, of legalism and self-righteousness. The poverty of Lazarus symbolizes the spiritual destitution of the pagan world. The desire to be fed with fragments from the rich man's table represents the eagerness of the Gentile mind to receive spiritual revelation from the Jews. The dogs who licked his sores symbolize the different schools of pagan philosophy which vainly sought to satisfy the Gentile mind in its hunger after spiritual truth; the death and damnation of Dives represent the overthrow and exclusion of the Jewish body from Christ's Church; the blessedness of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom represents the admission of the pagan world to its blessings, etc.

The best refutation of this dream is the simple statement of its own results. If this allegory is correct, then the exclusion of Jewry from the Gospel blessings is irreparable and final; "a great gulf fixed," etc. But Paul, in Romans 11, teaches the exact contrary, both figuratively and didactically. It is not true that the pagan world laid itself at the portals of the Hebrew Church,

as a petitioner for the light of their Scriptures. As a body, the pagan world treated Jewry with boundless scorn and contempt, and the religion of the Old Testament as a despicable superstition.

Here and there a man of pagan birth, like the centurion of Cesarea, received the Old Testament religion; but they were the rare exceptions. It is not true that the schools of pagan philosophy, Oriental, Alexandrine, Athenian, or Roman, aimed to alleviate the spiritual need of pagan souls. Their whole teachings aimed to support the arrogance of pagan unbelief, to deny the vital doctrines of original depravity, regeneration, and the resurrection of the body, which were the butts of their scorn and ridicule. The velvet tongues of the dogs alleviated the pains of Lazarus much; soothing and cleansing his ulcers from their pus, and other irritating exudations. The pagan philosophers produce no other effect than to aggravate the vice and miseries of their homes and societies; to rot out their civilization, and to drive thinking minds into despairing skepticism, materialism, and atheism.

Surely such warnings of error and futility ought to be enough for sober minds.

Now Paul intimates: Let us see the puerile and suicidal results of that ideal fancy; the law given on Sinai was given to the Hebrews primarily; and if it implies a bondage, it is the Hebrews, not Ishmaelites and other pagans, who were enslaved by it. So then I have the authority of your own allegory, gentlemen Pharisees, for asserting that the present Jewish Church, having rejected its Messiah, is the enslaved community, and that Gospel believers, irrespective of Israelitish lineage, are emancipated. Your own allegory destroys your own conclusions. So I recommend that both of us drop allegories, and follow the good old doctrine expressly taught in both Testaments, that sin and selfishness enslave the soul, and faith

and grace emancipated it, whatever be the lineage. Let the beautiful coherency of detail expressed by Paul's doctrine, with his own scope in this epistle, be considered.

I hold, then, that inspired men give us no authority to allegorize the historical narratives or the parables of Scripture; all are to be understood in their own obvious grammatical sense, interpreting Scripture by Scripture. The best practical argument against the Origenist theory is derived from its abuse in every age; it has filled the church with vast aggregations of the inventions of prurient minds, misled by some false expositors, claiming for them the authority of divine doctrines.

If this way of interpretation be once allowed, there is no limit left to the corruption of religious beliefs, except the possibility of the wildest human fancies. Anything, or everything, which a depraved imagination can do, may thus be foisted into the church's creed. It is a historical fact that the allegorists have advised or cherished every false dogma which has corrupted and cursed the church of this day. To a certain class of minds, the temptation to this abuse is as alluring as it is mischievous.

## The "New Theology."

(Appeared in *The Homiletic Review*, April, 1886; vol. 11:4, pp. 294-301.)

---

I PROPOSE, in contributing to this symposium, to consider only one aspect: the attempt of the New Theology to explain the sufferings and death of Christ. Its characteristic here is, that it adopts, in preference to the old church doctrine, one phase or another of the Socinian explanation. The orthodox regard the moral necessity of satisfaction for guilt as the fundamental ground of Christ's sufferings, and these as vicarious and strictly penal, expiating guilt in the person of our substitute, and so making the pardon of the sinner consistent with the truth, justice and holiness of the divine Judge, while they gladly admit as subordinate and secondary ends, the didactic influences emanating from the Redeemer's cross. Socinians were wont to deny totally the penal nature of Christ's sacrifice, and to represent the didactic results as the only ones intended by God in it. For they admit no necessity of reconciling God to sinners—He being pure Benevolence, too kind to be alienated from His creatures by sin—but only a need of reconciling sinners to God and duty; and this, the real work of redemption (so called), they suppose to be done solely by didactic and exemplary means, encouraging and assuring believers of their salvation by reformation and godly living.

Now, the "New Theology," discarding the old church doctrine, may teach that the cross was designed to make a dramatic exhibit of God's holy opposition to the sins He pardons; or, to present a divine love so tender as to melt sinner's

hearts; or, to confirm against their guilty fears their trust in God's placability. Still we find the Socinian conception dominant; that salvation is not by a penal ransom-price, but only by didactic and exemplary influences.

The singular point is, that the "New Theology" disuses the points on which Socinus relied, against the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, and seems to stake all on one philosophic argument of which he made no account. Did not he see how untenable it was? The objection now relied on against vicarious penalty is, that such exaction of punishment from a substitute, himself innocent, would be essentially unjust. It is under the stress of this supposed difficulty that they reject the *consensus* of Christendom, and collide with express Scriptures, wearying themselves with one or another answer to the inevitable question: How came a holy being to die under the allotment of a benevolent and just God? I will exhibit their argument candidly and in its utmost strength. It is in substance this:

1. A sin, if abstracted in thought from the sinning agent, is no entity, but only a concept, which is nothing save as thought in the spectator's mind. The only real, moral entity is the agent, not the act.
2. Let us define "guilt" as *obligatio ad poenam ex peccato*; the only ground for attaching it to this agent is his evilness or badness expressed in his sinful acting. In the language of technical theology: Actual guilt can only emerge from "potential guilt."
3. This is the agent's subjective attribute.
4. An attribute cannot be transferred from the person it qualifies, by any true imputation. Hence, guilt, emergent only from the evil personal attribute of the sinning agents must be equally unalienable. To impute guilt to another than the personal agent can therefore never be more than a vicious legal fiction, intuitively rejected by a just reason. If penalty for a given sin strikes any other than the agent himself, who qualifies himself by his evil acts as subjectively evil, that penalty has lost

its whole moral significance and propriety, and becomes itself an injustice.

Again, a "God of love" can only entertain penal justice as a mode or phase of remedial benevolence guided by wisdom. Punishment is pain; a natural evil opposed to benevolence; it can only be reconciled with infinite love by regarding it as a beneficial remedy or preventive. Now, as the sick man gets no healing by having his well friend swallow his physic for him; so the morally diseased must take his own punishment, or otherwise it is unmeaning and cruel.

They say also Scripture and history concur. Moses prohibited penal imputations (Deut. 24:16); God disclaims them (2 Kings 14:6; Prov. 9:12; Ezek. 18:4-20). And while pagan States of old slew hostages and *αντιπυκοι* modern Christian jurisprudence has wholly banished such barbarities.

Such is the argument. In testing it I proceed in the inverse order.

I. Had human jurisprudence really renounced this vicarious principle, it would not follow that God must. For there are vital differences. God has supreme, magistrates only subordinate, delegated jurisdiction. A breadth of discretion in punishing may be right for Him, which He refuses to them, not because "His right makes His might," but because His supreme authority and perfect wisdom and holiness render it morally right in Him. Here, the Scriptures cited are easily solved. The above must have been the ground on which God there restrained magistrates from vicarious punishments; in view of the stubborn fact that He continued immediately to use this method of government for Himself. We soon see Him doing to Achan's family (Josh. 7:24) the very thing forbidden in Deuteronomy to magistrates, and to Saul's family in 2 Sam. 21:6-14. And He claims it in the Decalogue (Ex. 20:5), as His perpetual prerogative. The reader



must take the solution I give or charge God with fickleness and wickedness.

II. The civil magistrate may not usually inflict a vicarious death, because he finds no one entitled by autocracy of his own life, faculties and relations, to offer his life for another. A substitute, however generous, cannot give away what is not his own. God owns all lives. But Jesus (John. 10:18), claims this very autocracy of His own life as the ground of the Father's ordaining and accepting its vicarious offer.

III. The magistrate has no power to sanctify the heart of the felon thus redeemed from death and replaced in society, nor to raise from the dead the noble substitute who died for him. God has. The vicarious proceeding on the magistrate's part would only rob society of a virtuous member, and turn loose on it a vicious one. God sanctifies the sinner ransomed by the substitutionary death, and restores to the universe the generous substitute in renewed vigor. So this policy may be very wrong for civil courts, and yet very right for God. But;

1. I utterly deny that any Christian government of this day has disused the principle of vicarious penalty. All exercise it in forcing payment of delinquent debts from securities who did not spend the money. Will one say that the creditor's claim is only pecuniary and not penal? The English common law, by enacting imprisonment for debt, doubtless regarded heedless debt as justly punishable, and such debt as a fault to be punished, as well as a pecuniary claim to be paid. The imprisonment has been retrenched by a milder age, but the principle remains. It is impregnable. The exaction of payment from the security is to him penal; it is a mulct, a *damnum*. But it was not he who sinfully wasted the money lent! His "going security" was generous and disinterested! For whose sin is this penal mulct laid on him? For the imputed guilt of his principal which he freely covenanted to assume.

The rules of modern warfare give a stronger case, where a captured enemy who has not personally forfeited his belligerent rights by breaking those rules, is killed for a comrade who has. This right of vicarious punishment is not surrendered by a State on earth; certainly not by "the best government in the world," which often enforced it in the late war between the States. The usual confident assertion, that the church doctrine proceeds on a principle too unjust for enlightened human jurisprudence, is simply ignorant and false. We find that the conscience of the whole world and of civilized jurists justify the principle in suitable cases.

2. The popular conscience sanctions it in another frequent shape. Among the natural—but none the less real—penalties of sins, are certain social disabilities and providential evils. There is not a Christian man in the land that does not concur in these hereditary penalties, even on sons clear of the father's special sins. The counterpart transfer of title is also recognized by all honorable men; that of the obligations of gratitude to the children of our own noble benefactors. The case of Barzillai the Gileadite, and David, is an instance:—2 Sam. 19:31-38. Barzillai, not Chimham, had been personally David's benefactor in his disastrous flight. But David would have felt himself a scoundrel had he availed himself of this pretext to refuse the debt of obligation. Here was imputation, not of guilt, but of its counterpart, title to reward. Out of meritorious action under law, emerges title to reward: Out of sinful action, title to penalty or guilt. They are counterparts: the two poles of the moral magnet acting under the one energy of distributive justice. The man who has duly earned reward may, if he pleases, bestow his title on his beneficiary. Why, then, may not another benefactor, if he pleases, accept the transfer to himself of his beneficiary's title to penalty?

3. Experience also shows us daily that God has not disclaimed, in his providence, that right to visit the sins of the ungodly to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him, which he announced in his immutable law. We see him constantly exercising that prerogative. The "New Theology," then, in rejecting the principle, has a much harder task upon its hands than refuting the church-doctrine; it has to convict God of wickedness.

It must also deny, with Pelagius, that natural evils and death are penalties for sin. For Jesus had no personal sin nor guilt. Yet by the ordinance of God, He died a death of peculiar pain. Here, then, was a death which, according to the "New Theology," was not penal. Pelagianism was obliged to assume this position by the stress of its own errors, in order to parry Augustine's argument from the death of infants for birth-sin in them. But, Christendom has ever regarded this denial as monstrous. It violently contradicts the Scripture, "Death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." See also Gen. 3:17-19; Ps. 90:7, 8. It attacks the justice and benevolence of God, in that it represents him as ordaining in his sovereign providence, natural evils against those who have no guilt. He who says that any death is not penal, has either said that God does not govern in that case, or that He governs unjustly and cruelly.

The "New Theology" professes to be striving to clear the divine equity; arguing that God is too just to punish imputed guilt. But it really involves and obscures that attribute. First, it must deny the necessity of satisfaction for guilt in order to pardon; for if Christ's suffering was not vicariously penal, for the sins pardoned to believers, no satisfaction for them is ever made to law. But this is the same as denying that justice is an essential and unchangeable attribute in God. The two statements must stand or fall together. Thus God's justice is degraded from an immutable principle to an optional expediency. On the new

view, Jesus, an innocent Agent, was made to bear dreadful punishments which He did not deserve, in order to gain certain advantages of example and instruction for others. What does justice say to this? It is exactly as though we should now require an innocent man to submit to mortal vivisection, in the interest of philanthropy and medical science. This might be done to a dog; but if done to a man it would be murder. It degrades the holiness of Jehovah, as shown on Calvary, to the policy of those Spartans who made their Helots commit the sin of drunkenness, in order to exemplify its evils to the younger citizens.

IV. If the logic of the "New Theology" is valid, then it has proved that on any plan pardon of sin is impossible. Pardon is the undeserved remission of penalty due the sinner; the accounting or imputing away from the transgressor of the guilt or penal obligation due to his evil doings, the subjective attribute of evil remaining in him. For does not the confession, with which every truly pardoned man gratefully accepts remission, avow continued personal unworthiness? Now, the argument was that as penalty and immunity draw their whole moral significance from the badness or goodness of the agent, and since these are the subjective attributes of that agent, the title to penalty or immunity must be as inalienable from that agent as his attribute is. But to pardon him without satisfaction, is to alienate away the title to penalty from him, the subjective unworthy attribute still inhering in him; the very thing the argument asserts to be impossible. If it is essentially unjust to alienate this title to penalty away from the unworthy sinner to the worthy substitute who volunteers to receive it; it must be a still greater moral solecism to alienate it to no whither. It is unlucky that the "New Theology" can only prove its point at the cost of sending all its own friends and all its amiable Socinian

and Pelagian allies along with us naughty Calvinists, to an inevitable hell.

V. Punishment cannot be explained as the preventive and remedial expedient of God's benevolence. For, 1<sup>st</sup>. The expedient has mostly failed, sin remaining prevalent on earth and universal in hell; which would bespeak God neither wise nor sovereign in His plan. 2<sup>nd</sup>. This question would be unanswerable; why God, being holy, benevolent and almighty, did not elect the efficient expedient of sanctifying lost angels and men, rather than the abortive one of whipping them. 3<sup>rd</sup>. The explanation is utterly incompatible with everlasting punishments. For after the salvation of these men and angels has been finally given over, and all the holy are in a state of security against both their malice and moral contagion (in heaven); it is absurd to talk of remedy and prevention. There is no longer anything to prevent. For these still morally diseased, there is to be no remedy.

Thus this utilitarian theory of penalty is false; we must go back to the true doctrine, that the fundamental reason why sin is punished is because it deserves it, and God is just. Sin is punished, primarily, in order to satisfy the righteous law it outrages. For this end, vicarious punishment is as appropriate as personal punishment, provided the conditions of the imputations are suitable.

VI. The central argument against imputation is a sophism. We may concede its premises. Then, the evilness of sin is the wrong-doer's personal attribute. But the guilt emergent therefrom, is not his attribute; it is his relation; and that a relation to another personal will, that of the law-giver. Grant that subjective attributes are not transferable by any compact or imputation; it by no means follows as a necessary truth that relations are equally non-transferable. Such a proposition would be preposterous if advanced of any class of subjects in

mathematics, physics, or morals. In § 2, several instances were shown in the sphere of morals where it was not true. When the well-doer, Barzillai, turned over to Chimham, his son, his title to recompense for his own loyalty from David's gratitude, no one dreamed of arguing against him, that because his own loyalty was his subjective attribute, and his title to reward emerged therefrom, the latter could no more be transferred than the former. His request was equitable. Thus, the premise of this pretended argument is found not a general truth, and the conclusion invalid.

VII. One thing is certain, this new doctrine is contrary to that of the Church in all ages. If it is philosophical, all of God's saints have been absurd. What shall we believe? Even the corrupt communions of Rome and Greece hold fast to the doctrine that Christ was vicariously punished, retaining here the faith of purer ages. Hear Trent, Sess. vi. ch. 7., "Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . merited justification for us by his most holy passion on the wood of the cross, and *made satisfaction for us* unto God the Father. Hear the conference of the "Orthodox Eastern Church," qu. 45. "Christ, without any sin of his own, *paid the punishments of our sins.*" Just so speaks their Catechism, qu. 208.

Of the Protestant doctrine, the Synod of Dort gives a clear, representative statement. Head ii. §1, 2. "Which" [punishments of sin] "we cannot escape *unless satisfaction be made to the justice of God.*" Hence . . . "He gives us his only begotten son for our surety, who was made sin and became a *curse for us and our stead*, that he *might make satisfaction to divine justice on our behalf.*" Thus speak the other Protestant creeds, not in all the same words, but always in the same tenor. Augsburg Conf., § 3 and 4. Formula Concordiae, § 3. Zwinglii Art. Fidei, § 18; the 2<sup>nd</sup> Helvetic Conf., ch. xi., § 15; Heidelberg Cat., qu. 37; French Ref. Conf., § 16; Belgic Conf. § 21; Episc.,

39, Art. xv.; Westminster Conf., ch. viii., § 5. Arminian or Remonstrant Fire Art., § 2; Waldensian Conf., 1655, § 15; Congr. Union of Gr. Br., § 10; Cumberland Presbn. Ch. viii, § 5. Auburn Decl. (N. S. Presbn.) § 8. Methodist Articles of Religion, § 2, Ref. Episc. Ch., Art. xii.

In conclusion, the same is the teaching of Scripture in terms so clear and express that honest exposition cannot evade it. Thus, Prof. Fr. Delitsch, in his Com. on Hebrews, says that the doctrine of vicarious expiation for guilt is there unquestionably taught. As a few among many, let the reader collate these passages: Isa. 53:5, 6; Dan. 9:24, 26; John 1:29; Rom. 5:18; 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 3:13 and 4:4, 5; 1 Tim. 2:6; Heb. 7:27; 9:11-15; 1 Pet. 2:24; 1 John 2:2; Rev. 5:9. The candid man, who knows the scope of Hebraistic ideas and words, when he reads how Hebrews say "the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all," with the result of the Messiah's being "wounded for our transgressions," and our being "healed by his stripes" (not by his example); of Messiah's "making reconciliation for iniquity," and "being cut off, but not for himself;" of his being "God's" (sacrificial) Lamb for taking away the world's sins; with indisputable reference to the vicarious Levitical sacrifices; of His becoming, putatively, "a sinner for us," while himself "knowing no sin;" of His being "made a curse for us" (bearer of a penal curse) "to redeem us from the law;" of His "giving his own person a vicarious ransom-price for all;" of his "offering up himself as a sacrifice for our sins" in lieu of such clean beasts as the Levite-priests vicariously offered; of His "obtaining eternal redemption for us by his blood;" of His "bearing our sins in his own body upon the tree," the known instrument of punishment; of his being the "propitiation for the sins of the whole world," and of the saints in heaven making "his redemption of them by his blood" the burden of their everlasting, praises; this reader will conclude that the man who rejects the Church doctrine,

Christ's actual endurance of the penalty of believers' sins, should, in consistency, also reject the whole Bible.



## Bible Psychology: *Dichotomy vs. Trichotomy.*

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, April 14, 1860; vol. 5:15, pp. 1 & 2.)

---

An extract published in a recent number of the Central Presbyterian brought this interesting subject to the notice of its readers. In that passage, remarks were founded on 1 Thess. 5:23—"I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," asserting that the Apostle means to teach the existence of three parts in man, body, soul, and spirit. The word soul (*psuche*) here was asserted to mean that principle which is the seat of *sensation and understanding*; while the word spirit (*pneuma*) was supposed to mean the *moral principle* in man. But the writer spoke as though he regarded these as two distinct, immaterial substances, which, united to the body, make up the complex man. If we use the word soul in a general sense, it might be asserted, on this scheme, that man has two souls. But does the Bible mean to assert this? Surely it does not.

First, if it be granted that there are two immaterial principles in the living man, the definition of them given by the above writer cannot be the one intended by Paul. For all scholars are agreed that the Apostle here uses language in compliance with familiar, popular custom, which had been made current by the Platonic and Pythagorean philosophies. These sects supposed man to be composed of three substances, one material and two immaterial; body, soul (*psuche*) and intellect or spirit (*nous* or *pneuma*). But they never committed the absurdity of attributing

intellection to one, and moral exercise to another of these principles. For is not all moral affection or exercise predicated upon some exercise of intellection? The best scholars in mental science, Price, Jouffroy, Alexander, Cousin, regard the moral judgments as the very highest and most distinctive exercises of the pure reason itself. But these old Greek philosophers, whose views had molded the language of all educated men in Paul's day, attributed to the *psuche* only the vitality, instinctive desires, and appetites, which constitute man, like the horse or lion, a *living animal*; and to the spirit, or intellect (or *nous*), all the intellectual and moral powers, which constitute man a rational being. In evidence of this, it is enough to point out, that Plato taught that when the philosopher dies, the intellect (*nous*) is the only principle which enjoys a proper immortality; and the glorification of the soul consists in its entering upon a career of sinless, disembodied, intellectual activity, forever.

But second, no sound mental philosophers now believe that Paul, when he prays for the sanctification of the body, soul, and spirit, intended to be understood as *endorsing* the Platonic Psychology current in his day among the educated Greeks, to whom he wrote. They justly consider that he intended only to borrow the phraseology of the day, to express unmistakably the fact, that the *whole man* must be sanctified, in all its principles and powers, be they what they may. For illustration, let us suppose that some foreign scholar, well acquainted with Scotch literature, were writing to educated Scotchmen, and should say: "I pray God your whole nature may be sanctified in the understanding, in the affections, and in the will." Would it be fair to insist on understanding, that this learned foreigner intended thereby to endorse the correctness of, or to express any opinion, pro or con, on, the prevalent psychology of Scotland, which thus distributes the exercises of man's immaterial part? By no means: Common sense would suggest, that he was not

professedly speaking of mental science, but of practical religion. His obvious purpose was only to express to his Scotch readers, in language to which they were accustomed, his great idea of a universal sanctification.

Third, we can prove to a demonstration, that this view of Paul's intention is correct. The proof is, that he himself uses the word soul (*psuche*) to mean in some places, the very same thing with spirit (*pneuma*). And this interchanging of the words would rather show, that the Apostle, at bottom, recognized only one immaterial principle in man, the seat at once of sensitive, intellectual, and moral exercises. Let the reader consult the excellent Commentary of Dr. Sampson on Hebrews, chap. 4, vs. 12. Thus, in Hebrews 6:19, "hope" is called the "anchor of the soul" (*psuches*). Is it only the animal principle (according to the old Platonist), or the animal and intellectual as distinguished from the moral (according to this recent writer), which is steadied and sustained by a Christian hope? Surely not. "Soul" is here equivalent to "Spirit."— Again, Heb. 10:39, "Believe, to the saving of the soul" (*psuches*). Surely, it is the moral principle, which faith saves. So in Heb 13:17, Jas. 1:21.

Last: A little reflection will convince us, that the analysis of man's immaterial part into an animal soul, and a rational spirit, is incorrect. For according to this, beasts, which these philosophers supposed to have only a soul, and no intellect, ought to show only appetites, and no intellection whatever. But is this so? Do not dogs and horses have memory, and association of ideas, as well as hunger and thirst?

## Baptism for the Dead.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, February 3, 1897; vol. 84:5, pg. 10.)

---

The instructive and almost exhaustive treatise of Dr. Beattie upon 1 Cor. 15:29 suggests still another explanation which readers may compare with those recited by him. I first heard this from that devout, learned and judicious exegete, Rev. J. B. Ramsey, D. D., of Lynchburg, Va. He advocated it, not claiming originality for it. This explanation supposes that the holy apostle refers here to the Mosaic law of Num. 19:11-13, which required the Hebrew who had shared in the shrouding and burial of a human corpse to undergo a ceremonial uncleanness of seven days, and to deliver himself from it by two sprinklings with the water of purification containing the ashes of the burned heifer. This view is sustained by the following reasons:

I. We know from Mark 7:4, and Heb. 9:10 ("As the washing [baptisms] of cups and pots, brazen vessels and of tables." "And divers washings [baptisms] and carnal ordinances"), that both the evangelist and the Apostle Paul called the water purifications of the Mosaic law by the name of baptisms. Thus it is made perfectly clear that if the apostle designed in 1 Cor. 15:29 to refer to this purification of people recently engaged in a burial, he would use the word baptize.

II. This purification must have been well known, not only to all Jews and Jewish Christians, but to most gentile Christians in Corinth; because the converts from the Gentiles made in the apostles' days in a place like Corinth were chiefly from such pagans as were somewhat acquainted with the resident Jews and

their synagogue worship. This explanation then has this great advantage, that it supposes the apostle to cite for argument (as is his wont everywhere) a familiar and biblical instance, rather than any usage rare, or partial or heretical, and so unknown to his readers and lacking in authority with them.

III. This view follows faithfully the exact syntax of the sentence. The apostle puts the verb in the present tense: "*Which are baptized* for the dead." For we suppose this law for purifying persons recently engaged in a burial was actually observed not only by Jews, but by Jewish Christians, and properly, at the time this epistle was written. We must remember that while the apostle firmly prohibited the imposition of the Mosaic ritual law upon gentile Christians according to the apostolic decree in Acts 15, he continued to observe it himself. He caused Timothy to be circumcised, while he sternly refused to impose circumcision upon gentile converts. He was at Jerusalem going through a Nazarite purification and preparing to keep the Jewish Passover, when he was captured by the Romans.

His view of the substitution of the New Testament *cultus* in place of the Mosaic ritual seems to have been this: That, on the one hand, this ritual was no longer to be exacted of any Christian, Jew or Gentile, as necessary to righteousness, and that such exaction was a forfeiture of justification by grace; but on the other hand, it was proper and allowable for Jewish Christians to continue the observance of their fathers, such as the seventh day Sabbath, and the scriptural Mosaic ritual (not the mere rabbinical traditions) so long as the Temple was standing, provided their pious affections and associations inclined them to these observances.

IV. Dr. Ramsey's explanation is faithful to the idiomatic usage of the Greek words in the text. He correctly supposes that the apostle's term, "baptized," describes a religious water purification by sprinkling, founded on biblical authority; and

here, perhaps, is the reason why expositors with immersionist tendencies have been blind to this very natural explanation; their minds refused to see a true baptism in a sprinkling, where the Apostle Paul saw it so plainly. Then, Dr. Ramsey uses the word "the dead" (*nekron*) in its most common, strict meaning of dead men; and that in the plural; not in the singular, as of the one corpse of Jesus. He also employs the preposition "for" (*hyper*) in a fairly grammatical sense for its regimen of the genitive case; "on account of the dead."

V. Lastly, the meaning thus obtained for the apostle's instance coheres well with the line of his logic. If there be no resurrection what shall they do who receive this purification by water and the ashes of the heifer from the ceremonial uncleanness incurred on account of the corpses of their dead brethren and neighbors which they have aided to shroud and bury? If there be no resurrection, would there be any sense or reason in this scriptural requirement of a baptism? Wherein would these human corpses differ from the bodies of goats, sheep, and bullocks, dressed for food, without ceremonial uncleanness? Had Moses, inspired of God, not believed in the resurrection, he would not have ordained such a baptism as necessarily following the funeral of a human being. His doctrine is, that the guilt of sin is what pollutes a human being, the soul spiritually, and even the material body ceremonially; that bodily death is the beginning of the divine penalty for that guilt: that hence where that penalty strikes it makes its victim a polluted thing (*herem*). Hence even the man who touches it is vicariously polluted, as he would not be by the handling of any other material clod, and so needs purification. For all this points directly to man's immortality, with its future rewards and punishments; and these affecting not only the spirit but the body which is for a time laid away in the tomb, to be again re-animated and either to share the continued penalty of sin, or,

through faith to be cleansed from it by the blood of Christ, and thus made to re-enter the New Jerusalem.

## “The Holy Ghost Was Not Yet.”

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, March 31, 1897; vol. 84:13, pg. 3.)

---

(A Letter to a Friend in Arkansas)

*Dear Friend and Brother*—I wish that all Sabbath school teachers were as much engaged as you are in the independent study of the Scriptures. You cite me to John 7:39: “For the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because Jesus was not yet glorified,” and you tell me that some of your friends in your Sabbath school are embarrassed about the proper construction of these words of the evangelist. I am not surprised that they are embarrassed. Theologians and expositors have been so before then. I see their perplexity, every now and then prompting them to explanations which are untenable, if not mischievous. Some of these have been recent.

The question is, how are we to understand the words “Holy Spirit” in this verse when John says, “He was not yet given?” Dare we say that the evangelist means that the convincing, converting, illuminating, and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit had not been yet given to God’s own people, because Jesus was not yet glorified?

Would not this also imply that none of God’s children could receive these saving graces until after Christ’s ascension? Let us see how deep this will cut. We Presbyterians cannot discard the great doctrine of original sin. It will never do for us to fly in our Redeemer’s face and contradict him when he says: “That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the



Spirit is spirit;" and "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3-5). Must we hold then that all the worthies of the Old Testament were lost?

Next; people who never received in any of their hearts the saving graces of the Holy Spirit can hardly have enjoyed the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, a higher gift. Are we then to doubt the inspiration of all the Old Testament authors from Moses to Malachi? And what about John the Baptist? His head was cut off by Herod before Jesus rose from the dead. We should have to deny that he was either an inspired or converted man. And what about good old Anna and Simeon? They were very old people when Jesus was born; they must have died before he did.

Again, beginning with these old saints we can run back through a long and numerous line of worthies, through Zachariah and Elizabeth and the prophets, and the good kings Josiah, Jehoshaphat, Asa and David, to good old Samuel and Hannah and Eli and Caleb and Joshua and the holy Moses and Abraham, to Enoch and Abel, concerning whom the Bible says that they had true faith and were sanctified sinners and went to heaven. What made them such, if the Holy Ghost had not yet begun to give his saving graces?

Last, the Old Testament speaks in many places of the Holy Spirit as actually convincing, converting and sanctifying God's people under the Old Dispensation. God's Spirit strove with sinners in Noah's day (Gen. 6:3). God's Spirit made many of the Israelites willing under Moses (Ex. 35:21). Even a Pharaoh saw that the Spirit of God was in Joseph (Gen. 41:38). David prayed God not to take his "Holy Spirit from" him; and again to uphold him by his "free Spirit" (Ps. 51:11-12). In Prov. 1:23, God promises by Isaiah to "pour my Spirit upon" Israel's seed (Is. 44:3). "For I have poured out my Spirit upon the house of

Israel, saith the Lord God" (Ezek. 39:29). "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live" (Ezek. 37:9); interpreted (verse 14) putting "my Spirit in you." In Ezek. 36:27—"And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." Zech. 4:6—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts." Surely John does not contradict all these, and a multitude of similar texts in the Old Testament.

We are bound then to understand something else by that "Holy Spirit," which "was not yet given." I am convinced that the Apostle John meant the *miracle-working influences of the Holy Spirit and nothing else*. What John intended to say was this, that until Christ's resurrection these miracle-working powers would not be given to Christians in the way, and to the extent in which he would bestow them afterwards (namely, at Pentecost and the subsequent times of the apostolic age). Even this limited assertion of John's is not to be strained to a universal negative. The miracle-working power of the Holy Ghost had been sparingly given. Moses wrought some miracles, so did Elijah, so did Elisha. The twelve had already been empowered by Jesus for a season, to heal sicknesses and cast out demons. What John means is this; just what Peter says in Acts 2, had been predicted by the prophet Joel; that the glorification of Jesus Christ would be marked and known by such an outpouring from the Holy Spirit of such a *special power of miracles*, with a breadth and liberality which had never been known on earth before. And to the vast crowd who stood gaping over the cloven tongues of fire, and the miracles of languages correctly spoken by men who never learned them, Peter said: "*This is what you now see and hear.*" How can words define the thing more clearly?

If we examine the seventh chapter of John, we see enough to convince us that I have given the right explanation. The

Pharisees were angry because the crowd was muttering something which they disliked. What was it? Look at verse thirty-one: "Many of the people believed on him, and said, When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?" That was a fair question. And it was in order to take the people's part that Jesus spoke the words of verse 38, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John then says expressly that Jesus meant this metaphor to describe the "Spirit which they that believed on him should receive." John then adds that the reason why this promise of the Holy Ghost, under this figure was so loudly published, here and now, by Jesus was this, that the Holy Spirit "was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified."

Thus we are reasonably led to understand that the kind of spiritual power which was promised to flow forth from believers, to bless other people like living water for the thirsty, was the power of working beneficent miracles like Christ's. Because it was the witnessing of these miracles of Jesus which started the whole discussion.

It is worthy of notice that the word "*given*" in this text is in italics, which means it is not in the Greek. The original reads exactly thus: "The Holy Spirit *was not yet*, because," etc. The words therefore cannot be taken literally, for then it would make us deny that the Third Person of the Trinity was then in existence. The Holy Spirit was in existence, had been from before creation. All that can be meant is that one form of his influence was not yet prevalent, and would not be until Jesus was glorified. Which form of it? We know that his converting and sanctifying influences had always been prevalent from the days of Abel, among all of God's elect; therefore, John must have meant the other kind of influence, the power of miracles.

If you will refer to an article entitled "Prelacy, a Blunder," in my Collected Discussions, Vol. II, p. 218, you will see how I prove that in several other places in the New Testament the phrases "Holy Spirit," "Power of the Spirit," "Gift of the Spirit," etc., must also be understood in this way. Examine that article. I will mention but two places here. In Luke 24:49, Christ ordered his apostles to tarry at Jerusalem until they should be endued with "power from on high." The Lord gave exactly the same promise in John 20:22, when meeting his apostles after his resurrection "he breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The history shows us precisely how the promise was fulfilled. They did tarry in Jerusalem eight days, until the day of Pentecost was fully come; and they received the power of miracles.

The other place is in Acts 19:2, 3, 6; Paul finding at Ephesus a little company of Christians, asked them, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Their answer was: "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." Paul was astonished; but on inquiry he learned that no apostle had yet visited and instructed them; and that in fact they had never been baptized into the Christian Church, having had only John's baptism. This explained their condition to Paul; and he gave them Christian baptism. He then, by imposition of hands, conferred on them a gift of the Holy Spirit. That this was not the bestowal of the saving graces of the Spirit on them, *but of the miracle-working power* is proved by two things. It made them "speak with tongues and prophesy." And secondly, these good people must not be understood as saying that they had not enjoyed and had never even heard of the awakening, converting and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost. For they claimed to be believers in Christ. With the Old Testament in their hands and the inspired teaching of John the Baptist in their ears, it was impossible that they could have been so ignorant and stupid as

to say they could be Christian believers without the converting grace of the Spirit. And would Paul ever have recognized such a set of pagans as true believers and taken them formally into the Church, and obtained for them this crowning honor of miraculous power—the same Paul who teaches that faith is the grace of God’s elect, that all sinners are dead in sin, and that it requires a divine power of the Spirit, as mighty as that which raised the dead, to make any of them believers? This does not bear telling.

When we have grasped this distinction we will find that it sheds a flood of light upon several parts of the Scripture, besides the one under discussion. We will find, for instance, that every inch of ground is cut from under the high church prelatists and papists, on which they build their pretended apostolic succession and spiritual power conveyed by prelatic ordination. It turns out that this laying on of hands by apostles to confer miraculous gifts had nothing on earth to do with ordination. For this putting on of hands conveyed this gift to laymen, sometimes to children and sometimes to women. But if anything is clear in the epistles it is that women could not be ordained to any presbyterial or episcopal office.

Another proof is this, that Paul in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians prophesied expressly that this kind of spiritual gifts was to cease and vanish utterly out of the Church. They have vanished—1700 years ago. Therefore he who confounds these with ordination is bound to admit that there has been no valid ordination in the Church since these failed. Prelacy therefore makes a mere blunder and a very shallow one in pretending to find here an scriptural argument.

The same distinction sweeps away the theory of Alexander Campbell about the influences of the Holy Spirit on Christians. The theory is that men are justified by immersion received by a mere historical faith which is the product of the natural man’s

own will, without any Holy Spirit. But he says that after men are justified (which is the same as being regenerated) in and by the water and their mere natural faith; then they begin to receive the Holy Spirit. Campbell's wheel-horse text is Acts 2:38, "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." When we read the passage intelligently we see that what Peter promises is just the gift of miracle-working, just what those Jews had seen the twelve receive that morning.

VICTORIA, TEX.

## The Oblation.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, November 24, 1897; vol. 84:47 pg. 10.)

---

The meeting of the last Assembly in the First church of Charlotte, N.C., recalled to the old members a vivid reminiscence. It carried their minds back to the famous Assembly of 1864, which sat in the same place during the hardest throes of the war between the States. This was a constructive Assembly, which did much to give form and substance to the Southern Church. An able committee had the revision of our Standards under advisement, and was reporting progress. The United Presbyterian Synod of the South was received into our church connection. The revision of our Directory for Worship was in prospect. This seemed to some member (his name is not remembered) the right juncture for introducing into our directory a formal section regulating the oblation in our churches.

The history of the great revival in our Church in the “gracé of giving” is very instructive. Our old ministers still remember the time when this duty was scarcely understood at all, was rarely enforced, and its performance was left to haphazard. Scarcely a Presbyterian church in America even had any deacons. In the country churches, ruling elders performed such of their functions as were not neglected; in the city churches the diaconal functions were commonly usurped by “boards of trustees,” who held the titles to all the church property, and collected and disbursed all church revenues at their own will,

although under no ecclesiastical authority, unordained, and in many cases not communicants.

How did so unscriptural a condition ever invade a Presbyterian church, which strictly professed a scriptural order?

This delinquency was the result of the State establishment of the Presbyterian Church in the mother country of our denomination, Scotland. There the civil commonwealth endowed the churches, paid all revenues, owned all churches, manses and cemeteries, supported all alms-houses except private ones, and through its laded aristocracy selected pastors. The Scotch churches felt no need of deacons, because the tax-gatherer did the deacon's work for them, as they supposed; hence Presbyterian emigrants to the colonies brought with them the Scotch methods. This was as natural as it was wrong. It took the experience of two generations to open the eyes of our fathers and direct them to the proper remedy for the great evils which our churches were suffering in Christ's own ordinance of ordained church deacons.

The honor of restoring this great truth to the Church belonged in large part to our Southern wing. Our divines, in numerous discussions, taught the Church to see the real meaning of Acts 6 and of the pastoral Epistles, concerning the office of deacon. Presbyterians were taught that the weekly oblation of our worldly goods is, under both dispensations, as substantive, as distinct, as divinely appointed, and as permanent a part of the Christian cultus as either sacrament, prayer, praise, or preaching. They showed us that this oblation is as truly an act of worship to God, as prayer or praise, and as direct a means of cultivation for the spiritual graces. It had always been the law of the Old Testament Church that "none appear before me empty," and "worship the Lord with thy substance." It was found that Luke, in Acts 2:42, when designing to give the summary, but essential, outline of the Church, under the new dispensation then just



springing into being, states it thus: Its members all continued steadfastly in the doctrinal teachings of the apostles, in the oblation, for common sacred uses, in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and in the prayers and psalms. These then remained the four essential parts of the Christian cultus—just as they had been of the Old Testament—after the cessation of bloody sacrifice. With this agrees the law given by the Apostle Paul in 1 Cor. 16. This stated act of worship is adapted by the divine wisdom to be a means of grace; it is a proper recognition of God's property in us and in our worldly wealth, and of our dependence on his providence; it is the best expression of our gratitude to him; it chastens our perpetual tendency to an overfondness for wealth; it cultivates our social love for our fellowmen, and our compassion for their sufferings; it furnishes the revenues which are needed for the Church's work. Being thus as truly a means of grace as the sermon or the sacrament, it is equally entitled to a place in our Directory for Worship.

These truths have their embodiment in the legislation which has long been known as the "Assembly's plan of systematic beneficence." The divine to whom both the Northern and Southern Churches were chiefly indebted for this legislation was Dr. B. M. Smith, of Virginia. By persevering endeavors he first brought the Synod of Virginia to adopt the plan in its simpler form, which we still believe to be the best form. Its excellent fruits soon commended it to the General Assembly; and when the Northern and Southern Churches were separated, both carried the plan as their common heritage into their work.

It was in view of these great truths that the movement was made in our Assembly of 1864 to introduce our Directory for Worship, along with other prospective changes, a distinct section providing for the method of conducting this part of divine worship; but no sooner was the proposal made than Dr. John Leyburn sprang to his feet and objected that this would be

nothing else than the introduction into our Directory of an "offertory" virtually the same as that contained in the Episcopal form. He declaimed upon the corruptions of prelacy and deplored the tendency toward it which he thought he saw in this motion. The Assembly was hurried and nervous; his objection caught the ear plausibly, and the motion was at once negatived.

To the writer, who was present, Dr. Leyburn's logic appeared to be precisely parallel to this: Prelatists wear shoes; therefore it is necessary for all Presbyterians to go barefoot who would honestly shun the corruptions of prelacy. But, since then, an Assembly's committee has completed the revision of our Directory, and their work has become a part of our Constitution. The consistent change asked for in 1864 is still ungranted, except by an inadequate clause in Ch. 6, Sec. 6, and our Directory remains, on this point, out of joint with our doctrine.

Meantime, has our Church escaped the dreaded innovation of an offertory in our stated form for worship? We have the offertory with a vengeance, as any thinking man might have foreseen, the natural and unavoidable development of our fully developed doctrine concerning the oblation and the grace of giving. Mrs. Grundy has done for our churches that which our Assemblies so unfortunately neglected to do. She has given us an offertory, now almost universal, under the worst possible conditions, and in the form most preposterous and absurd for a scriptural, Protestant church. It has attained universal observance without a particle of church authority—a precedent of the most dangerous nature. The form of the ceremony is as inappropriate as folly and caprice could possibly invent, consisting of a vocal solo, or an anthem, or an instrumental voluntary, selected by who knows whom, certainly not by the pastor or the session. If the music is vocal it is scarcely ever so rendered as to enable the listeners to ascertain the sentiment sung, any better than if it were Chinese; so that the proceeding

remains a senseless and inexplicable vain show instead of rational worship. Or if the meaning of the anthem is heard, it is found to have no more relevancy to the duty and grace of giving, than to any other Christian sentiment.

The sacrifice of opportunity which is here causelessly made is lamentable to the thinking Christian. If our pastors and churches had a scriptural and well devised form for this oblation, what a powerful instrument it might prove for the instruction of consciences, and for the development of the right habits of Christian feeling and sentiment. This opportunity we have thrown away, leaving the period assigned during public worship to this duty either a painful blank, distressing right minds, or a means for cultivating a spurious aestheticism in place of a Christian grace.

In addition to the reasonableness of this plea we have, in Moses, an express divine warrant for such a form of oblation as we ask for. In Deuteronomy 26:1-4, the universal oblation of firstfruits is enjoined upon every worshipper; then, in verses 5-11, the very words of the formulary of oblation are laid down, which the worshipper is to employ while the priest presents his gifts. "A Syrian ready to perish was my father," etc. Let the reader examine this offertory carefully (not prelatic, but scriptural) and he will perceive how beautifully it gives expression to the very sentiments of loyalty and gratitude to God, and charity to man, which the oblation is designed by God to cultivate.

We would suggest that the Assembly, in its wisdom, shall provide a form for the oblation after this scriptural model. May it not properly consist of these parts; After the minister's announcement that the moment has arrived for this solemn act of worship, and while the deacons are silently gathering the offerings of the people, he should recite as many of the passages of Scripture which the Assembly shall have indicated as

relevant, as time and good judgment may dictate. The list should contain such passages as these: Gen. 28:22, Lev. 27:30, Exodus 23:15, Deut. 26:1-11, 2 Sam. 24:24, Psalm 50:7-15, Prov. 3:9, 10, Mal. 1:8-14, Mal. 3:8-10, Acts 2:44-47, Acts 20:35, 2 Cor. 9:5-15, 1 Cor. 16:1, 2.

Then, after the deacons have collected the offerings and brought them together, the minister shall close this part of the service with prayer and thanksgiving. This prayer should recognize God's ownership in us, and in the property of which he has made us stewards, should thank and praise him for his bounty to the givers first, should entreat him to accept this ovation, mercifully overlooking the imperfection of the offerer's motive, and should ask God to employ the gift for his glory and for alleviating the secular and spiritual distresses of our fellowmen.

Who will join in securing this action from the next General Assembly? And how many pastors are there who, after securing the approbation of their sessions, will introduce this form of worship in their own charges, in place of the present usurped and meaningless musical ritual?

## The Hazards of Indecision Towards Things Eternal.

(Appeared in *The Homiletic Review* under the title "The Immediate Decision," September 1887; vol. 14:3, pp. 225-31.)

---

*And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.*—I Kings 18:21.

DECISION of character has ever been esteemed a valuable trait. It is the strongest evidence of littleness and triviality of soul, to hang undecided, although all the facts and truths on which a decision should be based are fully before the mind. This temper is the sure occasion of disaster. Indecision lets slip the golden opportunity, and forfeits the tide in the affairs of men "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Efforts weakly made in inconsistent directions, neutralize each other, and waste labor. While the double minded man is hesitating, the man of decision has viewed his ground, has formed his plans and has half accomplished it. Without decision of character no man was ever successful in any secular undertaking, except by accident, and for a short time.

If indecision is so disastrous in temporal affairs, what must be its mischiefs in the more momentous concerns of the soul? Here its folly is enhanced by the critical nature of the interest, the plainness of the duty to every clear mind, the vastness of the stake and the uncertainty of the time.

It is on this fault the venerable prophet Elijah remonstrates with those Israelites who were hesitating between the service of Jehovah and the seductions of idolatry under the reign of Ahab and Jezebel. God's messenger seeks to terminate their indecisions by a miraculous demonstration of the claims of his Master. The narration of his proposal and its issue is one of the grandest pictures of moral sublimity in all history. Elijah seems to have overawed the mind of the vacillating king for a time by the majestic authority of truth, and his moral courage; and he thus gains his assent to a test so fair that the pretext for objection could not be found. He caused the nation to assemble by its representatives, on the side of Mt. Carmel, and near the great sea. This is a lofty range, and near the west of Palestine, which, running straight from the plains of Galilee, terminates in a grand promontory, overlooking the Mediterranean and the sinuous coast. At its base runs the river of Kishon, "that ancient river," celebrated in the song of Deborah and Barak, which swept away the slaughtered hosts of Sisera; and beyond it extends the great plain, which, from hoary antiquity to our own century, has been the battle ground of contending nations. On this promontory, overlooking the waste of waters, and a range of country equally boundless, and now barren with a three years' drought, are assembled the wicked king and a great throng of the elders of Israel. On the one side are the priests of Baal and of the groves, nine hundred men, arrogant with royal patronage, gorgeous with all that the favor of their superstitions queen could confer, and drunk with persecution. On the other side is the solitary Prophet, worn with fasting and hermitage, clad in his rude robe of camel's hair, but instinct with severe, rugged majesty of the desert mountains, which were his sanctuary. He repeats the challenge: Let the priest of Baal select their victims and let him choose another. Let each party rear their altars, arrange their sacrifice, but put no fire under, and let them invoke their

divinity; and let him that answereth by fire from heaven be God. The Prophet has now gotten his cunning adversaries away from their temples, on *the bare* mountain side, where none of the apparatus existed for those *pseudo* miracles in which priests of superstition have ever been such adepts. He intends, moreover, to keep a sharp watch upon their maneuvers; and he compels them to undergo the test in open day, and with hundreds of curious eyes fixed on them. But in everything he gives them the precedence: in the hour, in the choice of bullock. They slay the animal they build their altar; they dispose the wood; they place the flesh upon it; they cry to their idol to interpose: "Oh, Baal, hear us." Thus from morning until noonday did they supplicate their imaginary God, dancing with frantic, superstitious fury around their altar. But there was no voice nor any that answered. Then it was, that the Prophet, expressing in righteous sarcasm, his scorn for their hypocrisy and delusion, mocked them, saying: "Cry aloud; he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." At these biting words, their frenzy was redoubled, and to their wild cries they added the more sanguinary rites with which, like modern pagans, they were wont to propitiate their savage idols in extremity; and wounded themselves until the blood gushed out on them. But it was all in vain; and after their failure was manifest to the most obstinate, Elijah began to bestir himself. Inviting the people to draw near and inspect every motion, he repaired the prostrate altar of Jehovah, building it of twelve unhewn stones, one for each of the holy tribes. He slew his sacrifice, he arranged it on the wood; and then to silence forever the charge that fire was secreted beneath it by some artifice, he caused the victim, the wood, the altar, and the very soil around its base to be thrice drenched with water. And now the sacred hour of the evening sacrifice at Jerusalem had arrived; so dear to every reverent

Hebrew's heart, that hour at which, for so many centuries, the smoke of the fire first kindled from the Shekinah of glory, had ascended from the sanctuary to the sky, freighted with the penitence and prayers of the people of God: the Prophet spread forth his hands toward heaven, and without pomp or frenzy, with all the simplicity and calmness of conscious truth, uttered his brief prayer: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant; and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, *Oh Lord, hear me*, that this thy people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou has turned their hearts back again." The people stood in silent, awful expectation; while the holy man looked upward with confident faith, for had not the inspiration of the Holy Spirit already warranted his appeal? When lo! like a flood of lightning from a cloudless sky, the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the victim, and the wood, and the incombustible stones, and dust, and licked up the water around the altar. Well might the people at this sight prostrate themselves and cry: "The Lord, he is God." But did they, for this reason, cease to halt between the two opinions, and follow Him? *Alas! no*; the subsequent history shows that they, like so many of you, satisfied their consciences with a barren recognition of God, and then continued to postpone His serious service.

The minister of the Gospel does not profess to offer you, at this time, such a visible miraculous demonstration of the claims of the God of the Bible. It is not necessary. To the honest inquirer the evidences of its authority are as solid as those arising from a miracle, if less impressive to the sensibilities. The Scriptures possess an unbroken chain of historical testimony for their genuineness such as no other ancient record can claim. They present us daily a miracle of foreknowledge in their prophecies, unfolding and fulfilling under our eyes. Their



signs and wonders which they record are attested by eye-witnesses, competent and honest, who had nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by attesting an imposture. They commend themselves to us by an internal excellence, which commands the assent of every conscience. And the results which follow their track, of souls redeemed, and nations blessed, witness to their origin in the skies. But this argument is not pursued because it is supposed that the indecision of none here is produced by the disbelief of the God of the Bible.

Let me, however, introduce the farther appeal to your consciences, by an inquiry into a popular opinion as to the proper influences of such doubts. Many seem to suppose that if these are sincerely entertained, they relieve them from all obligation, until they are dissipated. They act as though one, because he really doubts, may dismiss all practical concerns in his own duties towards God. But is this correct? I argue that he who doubts a proposition has some probable evidence that it is true. For if there is a total absence of evidence we do not doubt. We say nothing. Would you profess doubts of this assertion that there are *red men* on the planet of Jupiter? But now consider that man is often bound to act on evidence which is merely probable, and sometimes on that which is slight. Yea, we may be impelled by the most sacred sanctions to act; and that immediately by this uncertain light. It may be true that you are thus bound to act in doubt concerning duty to God. But to doubt implies a probability that Christianity may be true. Now, a possibility of its truth begets an immediate obligation. If you admit even a possibility, you are bound to forbear all action, and all opposition, which would be found unwarrantable, should the truth of Christianity ever become certain to you. Moreover, you are sacredly bound to pursue, at the earliest hour, the most thorough inquiry into its claims, and never to rest until you either ascertained its certain falsity or the impossibility of a

decisive conclusion. For, if it is, indeed, true, then you undoubtedly owe it your allegiance, and he who loves his duty must desire to remove that ignorance, which, he suspects, obstructs its performance. This may be evinced by a simple parallel. You have had a settlement of intricate transactions with your neighbor. After he has paid you your claims new evidence reaches you, making it probable that the settlement has been unjust to him, and that certain parts of the sum paid you are his property. Will any man say that, because it is only suspected and not certain, therefore you may retain the money and refuse all inquiry? He who is capable of this has the heart of a thief. If the suspicion should turn out truth, you would be found depriving your neighbor of his goods; the doubt, as soon as it is awakened, originates an obligation, which every honest mind will admit, to a new and faithful inquiry.

So, if there is a suspicion that the Gospel may have claims upon you, you are under obligation to a dispassionate and thorough inquiry; in order that if this debt of faith and love is indeed due, you may pay it at once.

But doubt is all that the skeptic can honestly profess. Skeptic is his proper name. He is one who is not convinced; who sees some proof, and who is considering. He would be a rash man, indeed, who would presume to demonstrate that the Gospel cannot possibly be true! But how different is the temper which unbelievers usually exhibit, from that honest anxiety to have their doubt happily solved, and this dispassionate rashness to discover and fulfill their duty? The petulance, the prejudice, the hatred of the light, the industrious care to evade every fair solution, and to magnify every cavil, which usually characterizes them, betray the enmity of the heart to God. But in those who do not even profess a doubt of the truth of revelation, hesitation is yet more inexcusable. They fully admit, "The Lord He is God." Yet they refuse to follow him, and still

“halt between two opinions.” Among those who profess respect for the claims of the Bible, all those Christians are guilty of this halting who consciously neglect any of that effort which is involved in “following the Lord fully,” and making their calling and election sure. All worldly men are guilty of it, who, while they admit the necessity of repentance, faith and holy living, postpones the day of giving themselves to Christ. To all these the message of the prophet comes: “If the Lord is God, follow HIM; but if Baal, then follow him.”

The idol which divides your convictions with Jehovah, is not, indeed, a pagan image. It is that universal object of the worship of unconverted men, this world, with its pleasures, riches, honors. For that to which you look for your prime happiness, which you seek with supreme devotion, and in which you rely as your chief good, is practically your God. And now I remonstrate with you, if this world is a sufficient God, if it can satisfy the instincts of the rational soul, and confer solid happiness; if it can minister relief to a diseased conscience, if it can be your unfailing solace in the hour of desolation; if it can sustain you against the king of terrors; if it can endow your immortality with everlasting sources of bliss—then follow the world, follow it at once, and decisively, and exclusively. Halt no longer between it and God. But if it is manifestly insufficient for these ends, then turn at once from it, and follow God. *This I urge upon you. First*, because a hesitating and divided service of the two masters is useless and impracticable. Such a life is but time and labor thrown away. Consider who God is, how sovereign, majestic, righteousness, and how jealous. Will he accept a divided heart? a heart divided with such a rival? Remember what the Christian life is: a race, a wrestle, a labor, a warfare. Can the halting man win the race? Can the maimed soul fight this battle successfully? When the righteous scarcely are saved, with all their zeal, where shall the hesitating sinner

appear? Because of this, such a prize as heaven will never be won by these feeble strivings.

But the world is also an exacting master, and refuses to dispense his favors to any but those who give him their whole heart. If this is to be your God, why mar his service with this abortive religiousness? It is but an uncompensated loss of those "pleasures of sin which are but for a season." It only hinders your enjoyment of the world. It troubles you with importunate thoughts of the future. And yet it effects nothing towards the salvation of the soul. If, therefore, you will not follow God in earnest, it will be much more rational to say with the atheist, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," than to continue your halting. It will be better for you to make the utmost of your sinful joys, and then for the rest enter into covenant with death and agreement with hell.

*Second.* For this must be the natural end of your hesitation, if its proper tendencies are allowed their course. Let this startling proposition be tried by the homely conclusions of our daily experience. There is a man whose interest imperatively demands a given conclusion and a decided course of conduct. He has before his mind all the facts which are necessary to determine the case; he has long had them; and yet, he is never able to make up his mind. Months, years roll by, and still the man is not yet decided, but ever going to decide. With what contemptuous positiveness does every practical man say of him: "Oh, he will never do anything; he must be ruined!" There is, as we shall see, excellent reason for this conclusion. Or, let us state the matter thus: Our friend employs our intervention to dissuade his reckless son from some manifest imprudence. We use our skill; we array arguments perfectly decisive of the case, and facts which ought to be absolutely commanding over any sane judgment. We throw all the earnestness of our souls into

our persuasion; and all *unavailing*. You repeat the effort again and again, but it avails nothing.

Still your friend begs you to make another trial. Do you not say at last: There is no use; I have no new arguments to use; if reasoning could move his mind he would have been long ago convinced; therefore, in his case, it is ineffectual. Shall I repeat the same hackneyed topics? They have already been resisted several times, and if I advance them again the habit of neglect, now formed in his breast, can but insure their more certain neglect. *There is no hope*. And you would have most excellent reason for your conclusion.

For you would know that this man, a reasoning creature, could not thus violate the dictates of his own understanding, unless some active cause was swaying his will. Passion, ungovernable desire for the sinful object, was resisting reason. So the reason you halt between two opinions in the presence of motives for godliness, as vast as eternity, and as solemn as the miracle of Elijah, is that you are governed by your repugnance to the hated service of God. But I pray you, consider whether this passionate enmity to Him remains without increase, while it is causing you to halt! Was there ever a passion of man's soul that did not grow by its indulgence? Can a man repeat the same acts again and again, and not experience that universal law of habit that what is often done becomes more likely to be done, and more easy to do? Can Gospel motives be thus presented to your moral sensibility, and again and again, and not experience that universal law of habit, that what is often done becomes more likely to be done, and now more facile to do? Can Gospel motives be thus presented to your moral sense, and again repelled without trouble? *No*; the smallest experience of the laws of human nature gives the answer to these questions. While you halt, then, the arrows of divine truth, which, with their vast force, could but make you hesitate in your careers of

sin, are blunted by every ineffectual blow upon your heart; while you halt every ungodly propensity is fostered by its indulgence into more rampant strength; your enmity to God is confirmed in its sway; the tide of worldly cares and occupations absorbs you more and more in its current. Then the truth which is today too weak to decide you effectually for God, must, by a stronger reason, fail still more, and certainly in any future application. As you decide today to postpone, so you will decide, still more surely, next Sabbath; until at length death will come and find you still procrastinating.

Someone may say: This reasoning cannot be just; for if it were, it would teach that the men who have resisted lights of duty as clear and as numerous as ours, are already in a desperate condition of soul; and their doom is practically sealed. But the preacher himself does not believe this: for if he did he would no more continue to urge the Gospel on us than on men already dead, or on devils.

We reply, true, so far as your own action, or the preacher's power, is concerned, your doom would be practically sealed by your present choice, were there not an almighty Spirit which bloweth where it listeth, whose saving influences you are now doing your utmost to alienate by your halting—your condition would be hopeless, and I, for one, would no more preach the Gospel to you than to those already dead. Surely you are not entitled to count upon those gracious influences to interpose, when you are willfully rejecting them in your present act! I repeat, then, so far as the tendency of your own hesitation is concerned, your purpose to continue it today may be regarded as equivalent to the purpose to die in your sins. But now, if the enemy of your soul stood revealed at your side with all his gloomy terrors, and urged you with all his fiendish malignity today to make a final rejection of the grace of God, and to seal his title to your soul forever, and to bid a last farewell to hope,

and to embrace everlasting despair—with what horror would you recoil from the ghastly proposal! With what dread would you flee this day from the tempting plea of procrastination! It is but the same Devil masked and counterfeiting his traitor voice; and if he gains this point with you, he will fly to the pit, to regale his subjects with mocking laughter, assured that the same temptations which have deceived you today will yet more surely deceive you tomorrow. How long will you halt between two opinions? How long will you play the part of a sick man, who knows his disease is unto death without this remedy, and who yet resists and dallies because of the bitterness of the portion? Does the draught grow any the less bitter while you taste at it? Is not your disease meantime making its steady progress? Up, then, before it is too late, and play the man. If you are a reasonable being, you will seize the cup and drain it, as eagerly as though it were nectar. What think you of the merchant, who finds his ship, freighted with his wealth, overtaken by storm, leaking and crippled, about to founder in the sea? The master has told him that except she be lightened of her cargo, she must, in a little while, go to the bottom with all on board: already she is settling; the pumps fall behind their task. But he cannot resolve to sacrifice his beloved riches; he hesitates, and while they argue, time presses; if he gives up his treasures he may save his life; but if he cleaves to them he will lose both: he stands swinging his hands, and halting between the two opinions. Is this the conduct of a man or an imbecile? The man of true decision will have resolved upon the necessary loss; and you shall see him heaving over his precious goods into the deep as industriously as though he were glad to see them swallowed by the remorseless waves. Thus, oh perishing man, cast out of thy heart thy self-will, thy besetting sins, and thy delays, before they sink thee in the burning lake.

And remember, that while thou halts between the two opinions, time halts not! No; it bears thee with its ceaseless roll towards that eternity where hesitation will be forever ended. The rise of your accumulated provocations tarries not, mounts ever to a more threatening height, until they fall and overwhelm you in perdition. Death halts not, whose miserable tread is ever advancing alike upon the waiting saint and the poor sinner. Judgment halts not, but moves forward to the appointed day, close in the rear of the last enemy. Stop, then, soul, and flee today from the advancing enemies; or else, while thou halts, time, judgment, death and hell will overtake you. I beseech you to tell me, how long halt ye between two opinions? What is to be the duration of your hesitation? I would require of you to fix for yourselves a date for terminating this delay. You are not willing, you say, to accept despair as your deliberate portion. You propose and expect to make the needed preparation for eternity sometime this side of death. I pray you WHEN? Select the proper measure of time for the continuance of your present state, and be pleased to announce it to us. Shall it be five years? One year? Will it be safe for you to bring upon your soul the added sins and obstacles and evil habitudes of another month, when you feel them already so obstinate? And dare you insult the holiness of that infinite God, on whose good pleasure your helpless soul must hang for life and grace, by telling Him that you will outrage His law, and vex His spirit, and trample on His Son's cross and blood one month more before you begin to turn to Him? Will you venture to invoke His converting grace with such a proposal as this? No; there is no answer to the question but today, "*now!*" Your own reason refuses to sanction any delay, and tells you that the only reply she can make to the Prophet's challenge is that of the Scriptures: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."



The sacred historian adds, "And the people answered him not a word." The irresistible force of the appeal left them not a word to say in justification of their halting; they were silenced. How justly does this incident describe your condition today, in the presence of God's truth and your own conscience. There is no venerable prophet here to awe you by the sanctity of his aspect or by astonishing signs and wonders with which he was armed by Omnipotence. There is nobody but a sinner like yourselves saved by grace. But the same message is here given from the skies, and the same Holy Spirit is here to write it upon your hearts. I take you to witness that like the men of Israel you find it impossible to dissent from these doctrines. You know the importance of an immediate decision of your duty; you know that it has unspeakable, infinite arguments. It has not been necessary that a preacher of the Gospel should come and reason with you in order for you to know that it is not right to postpone present duty, to prefer the temporal to the eternal, to tamper with perdition for the sake of a few sinful and deceitful pleasures. Every dictate of your own reason and conscience is on the side of the message.

And yet, you propose to disregard it! I leave you, then, with this final question to ponder: Are you willing to dethrone reason, to abdicate the crowning attributes of your humanity, and as God gave you reason and conscience for your guides to immortality, to assimilate yourselves to the brutes, in this most important of all concerns? Will you be so unwise as obstinately to pursue a course of conduct for which, as you admit, no apology can be uttered? Should God, in His righteous displeasure, allow you to go on until you have reached your doom, how bitter will be your remorse as you remember that you had not only to resist the ministers of the Gospel, the expostulations of your friends, and the Spirit of God, but to

trample upon your own understanding and outrage every law of your own better nature, in order to destroy yourself.

“How long, then, halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.” “Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.”

## Concerning Conceit.

(Appeared in *The Land We Love*, May 1866; vol. 1, pp. 189-195.)

---

Pride may be called the *Proteus* of the whole brood of evil passions. Many would not be slow also to declare it the parent of them all. Some divines have regarded it as man's original sin; and Milton is very well satisfied that it was the root of evil in Satan's case. It may be defined to be the feeling which is aroused by the perception of some supposed advantage of superiority over others. Pride, therefore, implies comparison. One could no more be proud without reference to another whom he apprehended to be inferior, than he could be taller without reference to another who was shorter. But its manifestations are diverse. One proud man is prompted to evince the comparative feeling which possesses him, by depreciating his fellow who is the object of the comparison, and thus his pride becomes haughtiness. Another, of a different temperament, evinces the same feeling by attempting to display his own superiority, instead of degrading his rival; and then we call his pride vanity or conceit. In one man, pride is suspicious, envious, and ready to take the alarm, at the appearance of competition; in another it is so happily confirmed, that it reposes good-naturedly in the sense of its unapproachable superiority, and is condescendingly kind to the rest of mortals.

As pride is the feeling which arises upon the apprehension of some superiority in self, and as self-love is universal, it would appear evident that all men must be sensible to this pleasure. In other words, every body has his conceit. And it is the

prerogative of this foible to bid defiance to right reason, in the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind. Greatness is no guarantee against the indulgence of conceit, about things of which, even though pride were proper in other excellencies, it is preposterous to be proud. How often is the statesman, whose skill in arts or arms is admired and envied by all the world, more gratified by his dexterity in some game of chance? It is said that Alexander the Great plumed himself upon his ability to hold more wine than any other mortal; that Cicero was especially vain of his readiness at puns; that the great Napoleon was vain of a beautiful hand; and that even the lofty Washington was conceited about his horsemanship. Moralists are much given to a species of grave amusement, which consists in bringing the vagaries of the human heart to the measuring rod of reason, in order that the absurdity of their form may be evident. There is no feeling which offers a better subject for this than conceit. The multitudes, who plume themselves upon their family descent, are gravely asked, whether they suppose the merit of the qualities which distinguished their ancestors, is heritable, like their lands and bullocks, and are reminded that if they have not similar personal merits of their own, the distinction of their race is only a pedestal, upon which their defect is elevated that it may be more extensively despised. The purse-proud are reminded that money just as often represents the fraud, stinginess, and sordid meannesses by which it has been acquired, as any admirable quality. Cowper skillfully analyzes the illusion by which the inflated squire expands his personality, in a certain sense, over his possessions, and arrogates excellence to himself from the superior fatness of his clods, and bigness of his bullock and swine, and the fleetness of his horse and dog; and very faithfully exhorts him upon this sort of petit-larceny of merits:

“Leave Ringwood’s praise alone;  
The hound, more honest, envies not thine own.”

For which virtuous interposition honest Ringwood was doubtless duly grateful, unless, indeed, his dogship took this not unnatural view of the matter, that the proper business of the master, who could speak, was to sound the praises of the dog, who could not—an arrangement which made the beast the important character, and the man his lackey. But the best butt of all is the vanity of the male or female fopling. How unworthy, that a creature whose prime distinction is his rationality, should neglect the graces of the soul, to adorn the part which allies him with beasts and reptiles! That he who is in his own resources, the most naked and helpless of bipeds, should ruffle so conceitedly in the borrowed spoils of birds, sheep, and silkworms! That the breast should be filled and the cheek be flushed with as proud a glow, for the newly discovered color of a ribbon, the unprecedented involutions of a bow, or the placing of a button where a button was never placed before, as that which might thrill the heart of the patriot who is hailed as the Father of his country! But the most biting part of the jest is, that the high immortal, in this his chosen competition with the lowly animal, should always be surpassed by his irrational rivals; being outdone in gracefulness by a cat, in sleekness by a snake, in swiftness by a fox, and in strength by an ass.

This satire has too its sacred part; for conceit has not hesitated in its *protean* changes to assume the guise of sanctity. Divines find their subject of similar rebuke, in “spiritual pride;” that preposterous inflation, which presumes upon its possession of much Christianity, forgetting that this is professedly a religion for spiritual paupers, the foundation of which is laid the doctrine of total and original depravity, whose prime exercises are confessing and begging, whose scheme God devised

expressly to "exclude boasting," and whose most appropriate grace is humility. But nevertheless does conceit make a pretext of this religion, to say: "Stand by thyself; come not nigh me; I am holier than thou." Does the victim of this pride detect it, and cast it out by the door? It returns by the window, for forthwith his heart begins to whisper, with new pride: "Soul, how lovely is thy humility!" Does he now perceive that he is vain of his very lowliness? Then his heart whispers still another cause of self-gratulation: "Soul, how keen thy perspicacity! Thou canst analyze thyself with lightning clearness. Thou art not, like duller mortals, the victim of self-ignorance and unconscious delusions!"

Suppose, reader, that you should hear the retort made upon the critic himself: "And is not thine likewise a conceit, which prompts thee to probe so keenly the conceit of others? Is not satire also the language of pride and arrogance?" Let us suppose that an application should be made to him, of the fable of Diogenes and Alexander the Great, which relates that the cynic philosopher, entering the presence of the king with disrespectful indifference, said, "I trample on the pride of Alexander;" when the latter answered: "Yes, and with greater pride." Still, Diogenes will reply, that, if he is himself convicted of the universal malady, it is only another evidence of the proposition which he set out to illustrate; which was, its universality. And Diogenes' conceit will teach him to urge this as an argument *à fortiori*; how subtle must the *Proteus* be if he reduces even the acute cynic to his herd?

Conceit, however, manifestly afflicts its victims unequally. Some nations betray a much stronger proclivity to it than others. The Continentals think that, in its haughtier forms, it is peculiarly prominent in John Bull, who is religiously persuaded that Britannia rules the waves; that her queen is the first of queens; that her capital is the biggest of cities; that the British

Parliament is the wisest of legislatures; that Bull himself is right by prescription in all his opinions; that his social state and wealth are so enviable in the eyes of the less fortunate remainder of mortals, that every one he meets is, of course, scheming to intrude into their enjoyment by some illicit means; and that London fog, beef-steak, and brownstout are unquestionably superior to those institutions in any other land.

But the acute biographer of Captain Sam Slick has propounded the opinion that the conceit of the "universal Yankee nation" is far superior, and confessedly "beats creation;" an opinion in which not only the British people, but mankind in general, are now almost unanimously agreed. And, as it is the established doctrine with the American people, that the majority must always be right, this conclusion must be accepted as indisputable, that we *are* the most conceited people in the world. Should the reader happen to bring together the beginning and end of this portion of our essay, thus getting the initial and concluding facts into juxtaposition, that, according to Milton, sin first began in Satan's pride, and that the Yankee is the most conceited of men, we caution him to remember, that the inference thereby suggested is not ours, but Milton's—and the majority's. And it was a Yankee (not we) who was heard arguing from this trait of his compatriots, most ingeniously, as follows: "The Yankee can not go to heaven; proof—those who go there will be satisfied there. But the Yankee is so thoroughly convinced that he is 'cuter' than everybody else, that no one can 'fix' things so well, but that he will see a way to 'improve' them, and itch to do it. But things in heaven are unchangeable, and so can not be improved." Q.E.D.

But, more seriously, conceit is undoubtedly the fruitful mother of speculative error. The pert and vain understanding is determined to utter something notable; and so, rather than win a true distinction by the only honest mode ("to scorn delights and

live laborious days”), it affects the skeptic or transcendentalist. Hence this age, like most others, swarms with a race of half-fledged mystics, pantheists, and unbelievers, who are heretical in the theology and philosophy from sheer affectation and vanity; who go about retailing the cant of their heresiarchs, and uttering obscure novelties (old errors revived), as a sort of cheap substitute for profundity. They tell us with a sigh, that they can no longer be satisfied (they wish they could!) with the views of philosophy and theology which satisfied a Gassendi, a Bacon, a Newton, a Clarke, and a Butler. They have dived deeper into the abysses of the “intuitional consciousness,” and have gained a clearer insight into truth. Sometimes they are heard, with a conceit still more affected, professing a wish that they could believe as their fathers did. They really admire Jesus of Nazareth; indeed, they are quite disposed to patronize him. They are willing, at least, to give him one niche in their gallery of heroes, along with a Zoroaster, a Woden, a Socrates, a Mohammed, a Napoleon, and a Kant. They avow that this thing the Christians call faith, would be very pleasing; it is so child-like, so composing, so beautiful. But, alas! they must pay the penalty of their greater wisdom; their superior light must needs dissipate those graceful and venerable myths which at once awed and fascinated the ruder minds we have mentioned, and so they are compelled to relinquish the pleasing puerilities of the Bible, although it is done quite sadly.

Now what is all this but mere conceit? Which rather than permit its authors to pass along in that obscure mediocrity which is their due, will be singular by being erroneous; which prefers to be cheated, rather than to be insignificant. And what is the true motive of the species of diction which they affect, where perspicuous simplicity is carefully shunned, where new or perverted terms are employed to express old ideas, in order that the unsubstantial character of the thought may be concealed by



the tinsel of seeming novelty, and where speculations are obtruded, not because they are seen to be true, but because they are believed to be ingenious? So, much of the maudlin profundities of transcendentalism is but a trick of its teachers to flatter themselves and their pupils into a belief of their own intellectual greatness. It is thus the plan works: Let the author fill his pages with a flood of strange, long, hard terms, which shall be sufficiently, unintelligible, and yet tease the reader's mind with the phantom of a resemblance to sense and solid reason, and let him make himself, by some artifice, "the fashion" in the literary clique which he affects. As the pupil fares along through his lucubrations, like Milton's Satan through Chaos, "nigh foundered, treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying," his mental vanity very surely furnishes the desired inference. Says the reader: "If these speculations are thus obscure to my acute discrimination (his possession of which is self-evident), how grandly profound must be the mind which could produce them all!" So likewise the master provides for the scholar a ready recompense for this tribute of adulation, in a cognate deduction. It is this: "But I also comprehend and love, at least, much of this high mystery, which to the baser many is a sealed book. Am I not also entitled to call myself of the esoteric circle?" So, conceit spurs on the reader to applaud and ape his Coryphaeus, to echo his muddy dicta, and to attempt to babble in his pedantic gibberish. The writers and the readers of this species of philosophy, falsely so-called, form a species of "mutual admiration society."

Intellectual vanity has done yet wider mischief in another way, which, if less criminal and disreputable, has been more general. This foible perpetually betrays men into an overweening confidence in the certainty of the deductions of reason, and a disregard for its proper limitations. Men speculate as boldly as though a thousand errors had not evinced the

liability of their understandings to error; and when once their darling speculations are published, conceit forbids that they should be questioned. It is not pleasant to him whose trade is philosophizing, to remember how often the current and general opinions of ages have been found at fault; how not only propositions which were believed to be the clearest deductions of science have been exploded, but dogmas held for necessary axioms have been shown to be not even truths, and much less self-evident truths; for how many generations the Ptolemaic system of the skies was held, and how, after Galileo had seen its undoubted falsity in the first revelations of his rude telescopes, the logicians both of Rome and Geneva continued to prove by rule and figure of logic, that it was undoubtedly true; how the scholastic ages founded their systems of pneumatics and hydrostatics upon the axiom that "nature abhors vacuum," until Torricelli showed that this abhorrence only extended to the height of thirty-three feet, over an inclosed column of water; how even *Des Cartes* was governed in his theory of the movements of the universe by the old maxim "that no body can act where it is not," while Newton showed that every instance of planetary attraction, that great law which binds the worlds in order, was an example of a body exerting its force beyond the limits of its own existence; and above all, how the Scriptures, in teaching us that God made the world out of nothing, exploded that proposition, which the whole ancient world had held as self-evident, that eternal, self-existent Creator. Were the wise men of olden times fools, as compared with us? Should we conclude them so, this would be the best proof that we are the fools above all predecessors. They were *men*; and the proper inference to be drawn from their persistent errors, is that the human understanding, though a precious instrument when guided by caution, humility and diligence, is an instrument at best feeble and imperfect.

It had been well for man, also, if he had exercised lowliness enough to acknowledge what the human mind can not compass, and to recognize its proper limitations. Most speculative errors may be traced to an unwillingness to acquiesce in inscrutable mystery as one of their sources. Men have been like Milton's evil angels, who sought to beguile the pains of their remorse:

"Reasoning high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Thus have they been ever beating against the walls of the incomprehensible. As the crowning absurdity of this intellectual conceit stands the axiom that nothing can be believed which is not also intelligible. Men forget that while the evidence on which we believe must be intelligible, in order to produce rational belief, the proposition evidenced may be in large part unintelligible, and yet be most manifestly true. Indeed, by this arrogant rule we could believe nothing, for there is nothing so familiarly known that it does not involve an incomprehensible mystery. When man has learned the highest wisdom of his race, every blade of grass which he crushes beneath his feet involves a mystery which he can not solve, and an organism whose construction he can not imitate. Does he study himself, the knowing, intelligent subject? He does not know what is the tie which connects the conscious spirit with the corporeal senses through which alone he studies and observes. Does he speculate about the organic world, and display his learning about all trees, from the cedar of Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He can not define that vegetable life which gives character to them all, nor tell what he means by the vitality

which distinguishes a plant from a stone, or that which separates a man from a plant.

It is a familiar and just trope which represents intellection by vision, truth by light, and ignorance by darkness. The limited domain of any finite mind may therefore be aptly compared to a circle of light bounded by darkness. The circle of light possessed by the learned is wider than that beheld by the unlearned—both alike have their circumferences of darkness. There is no line of light radiating from the center, or crossing the illuminated disk as a chord, which does not gradually hide its ends in thick night. Let man increase his knowledge, and thereby extend his circle of light—still he has only pushed off a little farther the dark boundary of the unknown; and he has increased also the length of that circumference of ignorance by which his knowledge is bounded. He has just so much multiplied the points at which his knowledge terminates in the unknown. He, therefore, who knows most is most conscious of ignorance. The greater his knowledge, the more numerous the points at which he feels himself arrested by his own ignorance.

Hence it follows that the wisest are ever the most humble. It is the sciolist who is puffed up by his scanty acquisitions. "With the lowly is wisdom." It follows equally that with the increase of knowledge, humility of mind becomes more and more necessary. As the points are multiplied where knowledge is arrested by the unknown, more frequent and larger demands are made upon the submissive spirit, to own its weakness, and pause in its inquiries. This will be true even in heaven; for as man can never become omniscient, one effect of the increase of his powers and knowledge will be to extend the length of that boundary of darkness by which his vision will still be embraced. As questions are solved which are now mysteries to us, new mysteries will emerge, grander, more profound, more numerous, of whose existence our feeble minds are now unconscious. The

new truths acquired will doubtless explain many things now inexplicable, in the relations of the truths we now hold; but those new truths will also doubtless unfold novel and grand relations between themselves, disclosing the existence of still higher mysteries, before which the soul must still bow. So that by the very reason more is comprehended, more things must be believed which can not be comprehended.

Pride and conceit are aspiring; and yet it is demonstrable that their whole brood are debasing to the soul in which they harbor, while humility is elevating. Pride and humility imply a comparison between him who feels them and some other. The proud man is proud because he fancies himself superior in something to the person with whom he compares himself. The humble man is humble, because he sees himself below the standard of his comparison. In the numerous gradations of wisdom and excellence, any person who is neither in the lowest place of all nor in the seat of divine perfection has both superiors and inferiors. He might, therefore, either feel pride as he compared himself with those below him, or humility as he measured himself with those above him. This, then, is the character of pride and conceit, to look habitually downward at the inferiority and defects beneath them. But the trait of the humble man is, that he contemplates, and aspires after the excellence that is above him. He is humble, because he looks ever above him, at a standard of excellence which attracts and elevates, while it rebukes him. Which, then, is the ennobling habit of soul? It is humility which sets the soul in the path of ascending excellence; while pride, looking at the abject things beneath itself, places it in the indolent and vile descent toward those groveling things with which alone its selfishness will permit comparison.

These diverse influences are propagated in two ways. The sense of defect is the *stimulus* to effort. He who looks above

and is perpetually humbled by his sense of inferiority, finds in the habitual objects of his comparison at once the spur to nobler exertions, and the model for his self-improvement. But he who only gratifies his self-love by comparisons which may minister arguments for self-gratulation, is attracted away from consciousness of defect, and consequently makes no effort to rise. Second, the character is always assimilated to the objects with which it is most familiar. And with what object can the soul be so truly said to converse as with those by which it habitually measures itself? Since it is the nature of humility to measure itself by things nobler than itself, and of pride to compare itself only with the viler, humility is the ennobling, aspiring temper, and pride the abject and degrading. Pride is the vulture, which fancies that it is soaring at a lofty height as it prowls on level wing above the tree-tops, because its eyes are ever bent downward to the garbage on which it battens. Humility is the eagle, which, as she soars beyond mortal ken toward the sun, says not that she is high, because her eye is filled with the glories of the Empyrean to which she mounts.

It may now be comprehended why profound humility is the characteristic of the noblest natures. And it may be justly concluded of every system of education, or of social or religious institutions, that just in proportion as they generate conceit, they are mischievous and corrupting.

## Swear Not!

(Published by the *Evangelical Tract Society* of Petersburg, Va. for distribution among Confederate soldiers during the War Between the States, circa 1863.)

---

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.” This commandment “requires the holy and reverent use of God’s names, titles, attributes, and ordinances, word and works. The use of a name is to designate a person. Any word, or illusion, or eye-gesture, by which God is designated, has, therefore, this property of his name; and may be subject to profane use. But the most common breach of this precept is by *profane swearing*.”

If you swear, reader, I urge you to reform, because it is useless sin. It subserves no real purpose. Theft may put money into the pocket, lying may bring temporary concealment and advantage, covetousness may bring filthy lucre, lewdness may gratify lust for the moment, gluttony and drunkenness may placate the palate for a little while (though at a dear cost afterwards), but swearing answers no end, makes no one richer, or more powerful, or more respected. It is “superfluity of naughtiness.” Some men excuse their oaths thus, by saying that “they hurt nobody, and amount to nothing.” True, swearer; they hurt nobody but yourself. This is the only result they have; so will you commit the utter folly of blackening and ruining your mortal souls, for nothing at all! It has been said justly, “that to catch all other sinners, Satan has to use some bait; but swearers are like those silly fish which bite at the naked hook.” I wonder if there are any fish, even, so silly? It seems that men swear as a sort of badge of their allegiance to the enemy of souls, lest they

be mistaken for good men. Such persons may be assured that they need not take this trouble: there is no danger of their being mistaken for fearers of God, either here, or in the day of judgment.

Many thoughtless persons swear to give themselves an air; as they suppose, of *manliness and courage*. What teaches them to think so, but the wicked ridicule of the godless, who scoff at religious restraints as a mark of weakness? Now, save me, say who, from a courage which cowers at the *laugh of fools*, more than he fears sin, and Almighty God, and everlasting hell! And how proficiency in this language of the pit can show manliness, is hard to see, when those are usually most skillful in it, whose vileness has sunk them farthest beneath the level of a man. Swearing may make a youth *devilish*; it will never make him *manly*. Was it swearing which made men of Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet?

Some plead, that their inferiors have been so accustomed to hear them swear, they will never believe and obey them, without an oath or two to show they are in earnest. I answer, it is not so: go to them and acknowledge your sin before them, with the sincerity and solemnity befitting one who hangs, as you do, over hellfire, and they will see that you are more in earnest than ever before in your life. But if your plea is true, it is your own sin which has made it true. Had you always spoken to them as a gentlemen should, the difficulty would have had no existence. You made it yourself; it is your duty to unmake it.

Reader: if you are a soldier, and especially if you are an officer, you should cease swearing, because the Articles of War, which you are under an obligation to observe, forbid it. When you swear at those under your command, they are unable to retort or to retaliate the wrong. Military subordination forbids it. So that your insult to them is as though you should strike an adversary when his hands were tied, or fight a feeble woman.



Think of this, soldier; and the next time you are tempted to swear at a subordinate, if you have no fear of God, at least remember you own honor. What can be meaner or more cowardly, than to assail one who is disabled from defending himself? Why, you would not thus attack even a Yankee! For shame, then, cease swearing in the army.

But a higher and more sacred reason for ceasing to swear is that *it is making light of God*. His names are spoken symbolically of His being, and suggest the idea of Him. Hence an irreverent use of the names of God implies an irreverent idea of God. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It is vain for him who makes a disrespectful use of God's name, to disclaim disrespect for Him. Does not observation prove it? Did you ever know a profane swearer who did not disregard God's authority otherwise? You would not use, or permit others to use, with levity, the name of the parent whom you venerate and love. Your cheek would burn, and your arm would be nerved with indignation, if you heard the name of your father or mother used with the lightness with which men employ the name of the Most High. But disregard for God is the very temper of transgression; the very spirit expressed in all sin. Would that you could rid yourself of the illusion produced by the dreadful commonness of profanity, and see the enormity of the practice as it appears to those who behold the unveiled glories of Him whom sinful worms thus insult. You would perceive how unspeakably wrong it is, that a creature so puny and guilty as man, should select the name of Jehovah whom the cherubim cannot behold without veiling their face with their wings, whom the heavenly principalities adore with profoundest awe, whose frown shakes the heavens and the earth and whose anger sets hell on fire, as the byword, to point their idlest nonsense, or to sanction their most wicked passions.

Now, men excuse themselves by saying that "they mean nothing by their curses: that they are not in earnest." Indeed swearer, I hope you are not in earnest. For, what foe would this be, to invoke, in real earnest, so dreadful a punishment as everlasting perdition, upon a fellow creature, perpetrate upon a companion or friend? To pray that he may burn forever in torment? To hurl destruction of soul and body upon a brother, for your foolish and fickle displeasure? But no nearer definition can be given of the sin of taking God's NAME IN VAIN, than to say that you utter all these dreadful things "without meaning anything." You condemn yourself out of your own mouth. That you use those awful names and imprecate those tremendous retributions which God has revealed to man in order to fence in His majesty with salutary terrors, without any meaning or earnestness; this is the very argument of our irreverence. Does it not imply that, in your view, damnation means "nothing," and God is "not in earnest" when he threatens it? Does it not insinuate that you privately regard Christianity as a dream, and its most awful doctrines, like the myths of classic paganism, as only fit to embellish the eloquence of our invective?

Reader, cease swearing, because, if it becomes habitual, *it will ensure the commission of perjury*. Nothing is more common than to hear the profane invoke damnation upon themselves, whose they fail to execute some trivial assertion, or confirm such declarations with an oath. Where a person binds himself so patently, and so heedlessly, by an oath, to the performance of many unimportant things, some of them are sure to be omitted; thus some of his oaths are sure to be broken. Every liable swearer is very certain to lie under the black guilt of calling upon the Divine Truth to attest a falsehood, and upon Almighty Justice to avenge it.

And let the swearer remember, that in all these cases, the construct upon which he invoked his own damnation to turn, is

fulfilled; and his imprecations now stand as prayers to God for his own destruction. He says: "*If I do not thus or thus, may God destroy me.*" He has failed or forgotten to do it; he, therefore, asks God to destroy him. Let us, then, consider the import of the *swearer's prayer*. What is it he has called down on his own head, when he so heedlessly rolls his imprecations from his guilty tongue? He has prayed that God may remember every sin he ever committed, every unclean or profane word, every broken Sabbath, every unrighteous deed, every guilty thought, that his poor soul may be shut out forever from hope, and heaven and happiness; that the bottomless pit, and the blackness of darkness may be his abode, and devils and damned men his companions; that his body may be tortured forever in unquenchable fire, and his soul in the agonies of remorse and despair; that an infinite God may pour out upon body and soul his omnipotent wrath, in hell, forever and ever. Such O swearer, are the awful petitions which you have offered again and again to your Maker. Do not think that he will forget them: God forgets nothing. All are set down in his book; and unless you repent, you will find to your everlasting anguish, that the promise was as true to you: "*Every one that asketh receiveth,*" as it is to the humble Christian entreating the mercy of his Savior. Do not think to say, that you were just jesting: God never jests. And be astonished, oh heavens, and wonder, oh earth, that the fearful answer has not come to you already, when it has been so often provoked! Will you not tremble to utter another oath lest this wonderful patience of God should at last fail, and your imprecations be at once returned upon your own head.

Profane swearer, I ask you again, are you a soldier? It is a fearful thing to see one whose life so often depends on the sole providence of God, provoking him to forsake him. When you go into battle, whose hand can protect you, save God's? Whose eye can evade the flight of the swift missiles of death, save that

eye which sees the invisible? But "*every bullet hath its billet,*" as said the great Christian warrior, Gustavus Aldolphus, King of Sweden. How can you venture into another battle when you have so often challenged the holy and jealous God to treat you? Take care, lest the damnation you have so often prayed for came at last.

And not only your life, but the great cause of your country, for which you bravely risk it, depends absolutely upon the good pleasure of this God. Have you ever reflected how your sin might endanger, or ruin the sacred cause? We have raised up your gallant army as our defense against our ruthless enemies. It is the shield which your country interposes before her, as she steps forward to make her appeal to the God of battles. But what if God sees that shield, when it is held up to his eyes and those of the world, all over the loathsome characters of blasphemy? Will it not rather attract the lighting of his wrath, than his propitious favor? We beseech you, do not provoke God to destroy the country you profess to defend, in destroying you. Let us not lament, like Jeremiah: "By reason of swearing, the land mourneth."

Once more; reader, cease swearing NOW, lest the cords of evil habit bind you more and more. You know how strong those bonds may become by usage. Do not strengthen any more, what is already too strong, and what you must break some day, or be lost. Does any one excuse himself by saying that "the habit is already so strong that he cannot help swearing;" "that he does it unconsciously?" Reader you are mistaken: I will defend you against your own disgraceful admissions. You can help it if you try. Would you swear in the presence of a lady? You would not: no gentleman ever does. Would you swear in the presence of your great and good Christian Generals? No; you would far sooner charge a Yankee battery alone! Now then, if you

respected God as truly as you do these fellow mortals, you could refrain from swearing in his presence.

Profane swearer, see, in the thoughtlessness and levity, and frequency, with which you have committed the great sin, the hardness of you heart. “For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts . . . blasphemies.” (Matt. 15:19) How blind, how desperate, how hostile to God, must be the heart which can thus trifle with him and with its own destiny? You need a new heart. You should be alarmed at yourself, and begin to pray: “Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me.” (Psalms 51:10).



---

# Ecclesiastical Issues

---

## The Danger from the Accumulation of Wealth in Ecclesiastical Hands.

(Unpublished lecture delivered to the Y.M.C.A. circa 1871-1883.)

---

Young Gentlemen:

It was my privilege at a previous appearance before this society (1870) to present a Sacred, Scriptural view of the relations to each other of the parts of the visible Church Catholic (not Popish.)—We form diversity in unity. Augustine's most true and good maxim: "In things necessary, Unity: In things indifferent, liberty: In all things, charity." Hence, diversity of particular interests in particular denominations. Let each attend to its own beliefs. But also: all have common interests. This Young Men's Christian Association is a convenient place for their discussion. Such a topic is the one I have chosen; and it presents a source of danger requiring perpetual vigilance. Which much intermitted nowadays—This danger is; the one arising from *the accumulation of wealth in Ecclesiastical hands*.

Consider, in the first, provender for God's sacred services in the Scriptures;

### *I. Historical Review.*

a) The Jewish Priests and Levites were provided for: Numb. 35:2-5. Homes in 48 villages, with suburbs of 1166 yard radius, possibly 470 acres each. This for one whole tribe. For additional revenues; a share with the stranger, widow, orphan, & poor in the tithes and first fruits. But note; according to the Hellenized agrarian law, no land could be alienated by a pious



donation to any sacred person, or place. See *Jubilee Law* in Jno. Lelden, "De Succesionibus" &c.

The forcible process existed by which a levitical person could recover a tithe withheld. It was a free will offering, seizure the power of recipients. The tithes & first fruits also perishable; and required to be consumed (not converted into permanent goods.) See Deut. 14:22-27. (See verse 26.) Such were the provision for sacred persons under the Old Testament.

b) Under the New Testament, Christ assigned indeed, no homes to the ministers of religion, (Unsuitable to a dispensation so missionary.) But he provided a law, Luke 10:7 & I Cor. 9:13,14. During the purer ages of the early Church, the oblations of the pious (in perishables) to be currently used when contributed, were the only treasury of the Church. Sufficient!

Thus, wealth has its use and place, in God's service. But the lesson of History is that as soon as it passes out of its place, it becomes a terrible corrupter.

c) On the occasion of Constantine to the sole Caesarship, he began his legislative favors to the Clerical Church, (probably from policy Edict of B211, Milan; allowed bequests to Churches and episcosees. This became a recognized feature of the Roman Civil Law. The result was, that Churches began to grow rich in lands, revenues, rents, and every species of property—real and personal. Subsequent Emperors legislated to suppress the accumulation; but in vain.

This power of ecclesiastical persons and corporations to take property, both by purchase and bequest, was fully engrafted on the legislatures of the Middle Ages all over Papal Europe. Not only Cathedral Chapters, monasteries &c., have this corporate power, but in many European States, the Parish Priest became a corporate soul, with all the powers of an undying Person, to buy, inherit, and transmit to his successor in office, both real and

personal estates, belonging to the parish, without limit as to amount.

The Roman religion armed the monks and clergy with several weapons, for wining these spoils, peculiar to a superstitious religion, i. e.; The supposed sacrifice of alms to atone for sin, Potent at death. Purchase of indulgence from Episcopal penance. Relics and their miraculous virtues. Masses for souls in purgatory. Crusaders' donations & vows. The vow of poverty on entering a monastery, and Lasting Tithes.

But, says one; "The Church was fatally enriched before these superstitions were developed fully; which proves that Popery is not the only form which breeds the danger."

Not only Roman Emperors, but European Kings tried to check this enormous process. See Hallam, "Middle Ages." p. 301. Louis IX of France, Fred. Barbarossa, Castelo. But especially our mother Country. The first effectual barrier was raised, by the "Statutes of Mortmain." 7<sup>th</sup> of Edio I. Says Rapin Thomas; "It was demonstrated to the King that in the process of time all the lands would be in the hands of the Clergy, if the people were still suffered to alienate their estates to the Church. And indeed, the Church never dying, always acquiring and never alienating, it could not but be that her riches should increase immensely, and in the end, all the lands in the Kingdoms should be in her hands. Edward, having maturely considered this affair, summoned the parliament, and proposed the making of a law to reform this abuse. The proposal was received with joy: and a statute was made whereby all persons were forbid to dispose of their estates to societies which never die, without the Kings consent." This was called the statue of Mortmain; because it was intended to prevent estates from falling into *dead hand*, i. e. into hands of no service to the King & the Public, without hope of their ever changing their owners—(Blackstone, "of monks

dead in law:" who were the chief recipients. Angels & Alms, more probably; The dead clutch of ecclesiastical corporations.")

This evaded *Diverse Uses*, and when this was limited by the Legislature, a hundred other evasions arose, which England warred a constant fight against those evasions. Thus, 34. Henry XIII "No devise of lands to any corporation holds, except for a charitable "use." Stat. Eliz. 43<sup>rd</sup> "clothes the crown with power to decide whether the "use" is superstitions, or truly charitable; and in case of former, to substitute a proper use. The Stat. of King George II, "cut off all power to bequeath to corporations, use or no use. And a conveyance by indenture must be 12 months before death and sealed before two witnesses. And by common law, no corporation can buy land but by special license of the King.

Yet, despite checks, the ecclesiastical estates in England were supposed to have been, at the dissolution of the monasteries, one 3<sup>rd</sup> of all the land in England, and in Scotland, at least fully one-half. So in several other European States. Nearly a half of France, besides 130 million Fr. tithes. (M. Neckas, quoted by Allison.)

All these paid no taxes; and was employed chiefly by the higher clergy (In France 42 million Fr. tithes went to parish clergy) in outrageous and corrupt lustring and ostentation.

In Mexico, previous to recent secularizations of Church property, the value of Church emoluments, tithes, and treasures in Churches represents the combined value of 179,000,000 dollars.

The Fathers of the Commonwealth of Virginia understood the history of the Church (of which public men are now so oblivious.) They had learned in the school of experience. Hence, instead of statutes of mortmain and statutes of uses (all of which our early Legislatures resisted) they adopted the strictest principles of exclusion against the very existence of

ecclesiastical corporations. The history of the fate of the old Est. Church is known to every student of Virginia history. It is true that the General Assembly of Virginia, 1784 (the year before Mr. Jefferson's immortal act providing for religious liberty became law.) resolved that incorporations ought to be given by the legislator to every denomination of Christians asking for it. And the same Assembly did incorporate the 1<sup>st</sup> Est. Church in Virginia constituting every rector & vestry a body corporate, with power to acquire two acres and hold property not exceeding an income of \$800 yearly. But in 1799, an Assembly containing among many other eminent men, (Jno. Taylor of Caroline, William B. Giles, and James Madison) passed an act repealing this law of incorporation and every act of similar legislation, and bringing the legislation of the State into full conformity with the law of 1785. The preamble of this repeal declares that the incorporation of a religious sect is inconsistent with the principles of the Constitution, and of religious freedom, and manifestly tends to the establishment of a national Church.

In the convention of 1829-30, General Broadnax moved the introduction into the new Constitutional office clause empowering the Legislature to incorporate by law the Trustees or directors of any Theological Seminary, or other religious society or body of men created for charitable purposes for the advancement of piety and learning so as to protect them in the enjoyment of their property and immunities, in such case, and number such regulations, as the Legislature may deem expedient and proper.

After discussion, this amendment was promptly negatived, twelve only rising in its favor. Such was the jealousy with which those patriots, who had learned their rights in the school of history regarded the danger in all its forms.

Until 1842, no Christian association of men formed for religious purposes, from a congregation of worshippers up to a Theological Seminary, could gain any legal recognition for a power to hold permanent property. The expedient resorted to, was to convey to individual trustees by name; for the use of the religious association. But that Assembly had no security except the personal integrity of the Trustees and their heirs at law and the vengeance of an outraged public opinion, for the faithful performance of their trust by these trustees, (This was in point of fact, always found sufficient so far as I know, save in one case.) The religious property conveyed to such trustees, in the eye of the law vested in them as their own estate and could in theory descend to their heirs, and was liable to creditors for their debts. And while they, the trustees had legal remedy against intruders, against them the congregation or society for whose behoove the property was held, had no remedy in case of perversion, not even by the chancery process of a "*astui que hurt*\*," open to others when thus aggrieved.

In 1842 the Assembly at length applied the sufficient remedy to this injustice, so far as all worshipping assemblies are concerned; by enabling a Trustee or Trustees recognized by a circuit or superior Court, to hold 30 acres in County, and 2 in town, as a place of worship, a manse, cemetery & school in perpetuity; and making them responsible to fidelity to the trust. The occasion of this act was \_\_\_\_\_ and the Augusta Church; the parent of the lamented Judge Baldwin of S/H [Southampton].

Since the great uprising of the war, The Governor of our state seems to have taken a new departure in the matter of ecclesiastical corporations. No change as to particular churches; but charters have been given with facility to theology and such

---

\* Uncertain spelling

like schools &c., conferring the power to take in mortmain, within limits specified in each case.

To gain a view of the of the state of affairs out of Virginia see New York & Kentucky. Each has virtually a general law of church incorporation giving perpetual succession & power to hold property to certain trustees. In N. Y., \$3,000 per annum in county, and \$6,000 in city (for Colleges, in N. Y. & Albany, \$9,000.) In Ky., 30 acres of land; In both church-manse & school buildings & appliances. But in both cases, many special charters give far wider privileges. Trinity Church, N. Y., has not less than a hundred million (the result of a few acres of land.)

It is thus manifest, that the era of jealousy has passed, and that of heedless liberality again begun.

## *II. The Duty of the State.*

The true righteous policy concerning religious endowments is in a strict mean. And to observe this, much knowledge, sagacity, and watchfulness are requisite in legislators. On the one hand it is certain that wealth and money have their proper uses in promoting Christ's Kingdom. There is a sense in which they are necessary. To these useful applications they have been sanctified by a holy God, in ordaining oblations and contributions of our substance to the service of his sanctuary.

I may go farther; there are departments of the gospel work, in which something of permanent endowment is necessary, or at least desirable. It would be hard to carry on those departments so efficiently, economically or constantly if they were provided for only by the current gifts of the pious. Such are the publications & parts of the work of education, libraries &c.

On the other hand, the rise of such endowments, protected by the law, inevitably involves that danger which history has illustrated.

Many ask (in ignorance) "Why make any difficulty about the government? Why not apply the same rule which is observed as to secular corporations. Justice demands it! It is odious injustice to give others corporate privileges for objects less noble; for mining coal, or smelting steel, or shipping cotton, or even for the trivial objects of amusement or art; while similar protection is refused to wealth which I choose to devote to the holy purposes of Christianity."

I might answer by showing that a mischievous license does prevail in permitting these secular corporations, which we shall surely see. But, not to dwell here, the cases are vitally different.

I will not argue that the State may justly discriminate when necessary to her own existence, because "property is her creature." But, more correctly; *because corporations are her creatures*. If it appears that a spiritual corporation must acquire peculiar powers of accumulation, and of mischief, then the State is entitled and bound to refuse such opportunity to these creatures of her own. Every spiritual corporation ought to be an object of sleepless vigilance and rigid restriction, in its power of accumulation.

1. Because (like other perpetual corporations) it holds in mortmain. If it never dies and distributes, it is an entail of the most rigid character, since, wealth gains wealth. As soon as an accumulation, in any hands passes a certain mediocrity, it not only creates a vortical suction of the property towards itself, but it fosters unproductive consumption. Thus, all permanent and monopolizing accumulations are dangerous and mischievous to the general welfare. It should be the policy of modern society to repress them, and to encourage the re-distribution of accumulations. Thus parental affection of wealthy men does them good, in that it prompts them to divide their accumulations to numerous children. And the policy even of England is to bar entails.

2. Both the natural and the gracious principles of religion prompt men to give and especially to bequeath wealth continually to a spiritual corporation. But then, this undying body, always receiving, and never yielding, must ultimately acquire too much.

Suppose a zealous Christian actuates by proper motives; he is likely to feel the strongest impulses to such gifts; of Christian zeal, of patriotism, of philanthropy; He sanctifies his impulse conscientiously—he serves the pastoral suitors.

But, suppose, superadded, those superstitious impulses of religion which are unfortunately so nearly universal and often strongest in the worst. Here are *Party Spirit*, and *Lust of Applause*. Guilty conscience craving reconciliation with the Judge, especially as death approaches—the giving by *bequest* is peculiarly seductive; because it may combine gratification of selfishness, with the glory of liberality. The desire to propitiate heaven is the most performed of all impulses.

Say not: “these will not operate under orthodoxy.” Of course; worse under a corrupt error which teaches that alms have an *atonement* virtue. But this is the theology of carnal nature. All our faithful organizations cannot explode it. The guilty conscience will practice it despite us, if we leave the door open.

3. The principles actuate a truly pious clergy are sure to prompt them persistently to seek and keep all such acquisitions. They sanctify their zeal: they plead a pious motive; “It is for Christ and souls!” Thus the natural love of wealth and power are veiled from their own eyes, and their consciences actually applaud them for indulging these greedy passions under a sacred manner. Their pastoral functions necessarily arm them with a ghostly influence, which their genuine virtues enhance. Their wishes and opinions are revered by their charges. They wield inducements and arguments which however often slighted by men in the hour of prosperity are omnipotent with saint &



sinner in the solemn hours of remorse, of calamity of death. Among Protestants, no priests; but only ministers! True: This mitigates, but does not remove the influence.

So, the holiest minister will sanctify his tenacity of spiritual goods; "It is duty to stickle for the last penny because the money is Christ's, not his own."

The attitude in which the ghostly guardian of such wealth stands, incapacitates him for the suitable moderation. The best of us are not to be trusted. My own brethren, I see, I am not to be trusted as to our seminary.

4. Hence, you will easily see that I regard the argument from the acknowledged sanity and piety of our present Protestant clergy, as illusory. It is said; "Were they the corrupt, greedy deceitful impostors of the middle ages, operating amidst an ignorant, superstitious priest-ridden laity, your picture would be true; but the laity are now intelligent and independent, and the clergy are too sincere and pure to be capable of abusing their trust, if permitted," &c., &c.

Belonging to this class myself, I am, of course, ready to accept this favorable estimate of the character of our Protestant ministry. But *it is no safeguard*:

a) Because large wealth will injure the sincerity and piety of the individuals now pure. In saying this, I do not second the injurious ideas of those who deem that a minister, like a hound, will not do his duty until he is half-starved. But is not any man's spirituality endangered by great prosperity & wealth? The minister of the gospel is no exception. His public duties however, are spiritual, his personal piety, yea high piety, is immediately involved in his right performance of them. Of all men, then, he should pray; "Lead us not into temptation . . . ."

b) But when men speak of the integrity of the ministry now as a safeguard they are under an illusion. The persons who compose this ministry now are mortal, in a few years we will be

all gone. Of what kind will be their successors? History and reason will both answer; If the Church is much enriched, they will certainly be men of a different character from the present. For wherever wealth and gain are accessible, there, infallibly will be the mercenary and greedy congregate. "Where soever the carcass is, thither will the vultures gather together." It is always for a designing man to ape the appearance and language of sincerity sufficiently to gain an acceptance among the sincere. The very greed of the former will not fail to render them more forward in claiming the office they covet, than the truly deserving, who, because they are such, are diffident and retiring. Only permit the Church to enrich itself permanently, to such a degree as will make her emoluments a prize in the eyes of the worldly, and the partial corruptions of her ministers is as inevitable as any other tie of cause and effect. It is a mere delusion for us to boast that our present ministry are too pure to be corrupted by wealth. Grant that all the present individuals are so. The question is; what manner of men will seek to be their successors? I repeat; *worldly men will crowd to the worldly prize.*

And now, what have you after a generation or two? These tremendous ghostly powers will be in the hands of unscrupulous men, who will wield them more diligently than ever for the purpose of collecting wealth. Again shall we see arts of priestcraft and arguments of superstition, in some form new or old, applied to the terror stricken conscience, and to the blind zeal of the devotee, to gather in hoards of wealth to the Church's treasury. And once more shall we see those lavish hoards abused to purposes of political ambition or sensual lusting by those who ought to be exemplar of godliness; until truth, piety, and liberty are wrecked in a common vortex.

5. Money is power. The possession of power naturally begets the desire to use it. The permanent endowment of

spiritual societies with great wealth is therefore dangerous to free government. It tends to convert the clergy, who should be servants of all, into usurpers. One ready road to secular power is at once suggested, by the maxim of Solomon; that "The borrower is servant to the lender." Where accumulated wealth exists, it will of course seek investment and employment, and will be as eagerly sought by candidates who aspire to use it. Shall it be in the form of ready money? Then it must be lent. Of real estate? Then it must be leased. Thus the clergy become an aristocracy, with a body of retainers, over whom they can exercise a political control through their interests. Again, I repeat; it is delusive to say that our clergy are now too pure to be capable of abusing such an influence. They must go hence; and the mere fact that such power is within their reach will ensure their having successors who will seek to grasp this power because they seek to abuse it.

History has shown that clerical usurpers and oppressors are the most ruthless of all. The rationale is patent.

Hence, give me the jealousy of Virginia between 1799 & 1842 in preference to a heedless policy in the other direction. (In fact, that was an era of great and real prosperity in religion!) If any departure is to be allowed from that in rigidity, it should be within manner and well matched limits.

Are our legislators likely to exercise that enlightened fidelity? Bah! After making a beginning, will they have the wisdom and firmness to arrest the spiritual corporations who may be properly created in numbers and amount of accumulation? Be sure of one thing; their members and favorers, no matter how sincerely pious, will never submit to that arrest without reluctance, be it applied where it may, and after endorsements however liberal. I would not trust myself! The 2<sup>nd</sup> chapter is more easily obtained than the 1<sup>st</sup>, and the 10<sup>th</sup> far more easily than the 2<sup>nd</sup>. The gifts which raise the

endowments to 200,000 are far more easily legalized and gathered than the first hundred thousand; and after it rises to millions it will still be easier.

*Conclusion.*

The safest policy for Church & State is to carry on our evangelical enterprises with the least possible of hoarded wealth; to rely for our current wants on gifts fresh from the brotherhood. When a Continental Diplomat taunted Queen Elizabeth with the scantiness of her exchequer, she replied; "My exchequer is in the hearts of my people!" Noble answer—far nobler for a spiritual commonwealth.

Let us, on the one hand encourage the people of God to give liberally, (even lavishly, if you choose) to His service. But let us dislodge as lavishly, as fast as it is contributed, so that the Church shall still be poor in this world's wealth, and rich only in generous deeds, and blessings.

## The Most Fashionable Church.

(Appeared in the *Watchman And Observer*, Aug., 29, 1850; vol. 6:3 {n.s.}, pg. 1.)

---

There was a certain young lady, a member of a Presbyterian church in our primitive and rural region, who went to reside in one of the cities. She received her certificate of church membership and dismission, of course. Some twelve months afterwards, we were all astonished to hear that the said certificate was still in her own pocket, and that she had not yet connected herself with either of the Presbyterian churches of her new abode. We were distressed, and began to ask, "Is she going to make shipwreck of the faith; is she blinded by the God of this world; is she about to cast off her profession?" Oh no, not at all, we were told: the difficulty was just this. In the new and more polished circles which she hoped to enter in the city, she had discovered that the Presbyterian denomination was not considered as exactly the most *genteel*. So, she was afraid that if she avowed her creed, it might be the means of disappointing the darling wish of her heart, to circulate among the "upper crust." Well, after twelve months hesitation, she made a desperate sacrifice to her Savior, and joined that one of the Presbyterian churches of the city which had the most stylish preacher, and most fashionable members.

Now, this was news very surprising to us plain folks in the country. It had never entered into our unsophisticated skulls, to suppose that the style of carriages and harness, the cut of the beaux' coats, the store and street at which the ladies bought their laced handkerchiefs, kid gloves, and silks, were tests of

Scriptural order and discipline, or of theological correctness in doctrine. But we have learned that the *style* and *ton* of a church are a very important consideration in many parts of the country, and that the chief thing, which decides certain classes of people, in the choice of a church, is its fashion. Concerning this matter, we have had certain reflections, which we feel disposed to impart to you, Mr. Editor, who are the general *confidant* of all social grievances.

Now, we very well know with what temper your would-be fashionable Christians will read thus far in our article. They will say: "Pshaw! This is some crusty old-fashioned fellow that is completely behind the age: or else, some vulgar, narrow-minded person, who envies the genteel, because he knows he never can be admitted to their ranks, and who would therefore, drag them all down to his own coarse level." But not so fast, if you please, my superfine readers. You don't know, but we may be the uppermost of the "upper ten thousand." You can't tell but that it may be our contempt for the assumption of you mimickers of gentility, who strive to connect yourselves with our higher grade, by your church connection, that prompts us to pen these lines. But suppose we are old-fashioned and vulgar. Even though it be a far greater reproach to be unfashionable, than to be a rascal, still can't you "give the Devil his due," and listen impartially to what we have to say. Even one stained with the crime of unfashionableness, may, by possibility, tell you something that is true.

And we would just whisper to you, my friends, by way of kindness, that, whether genteel or ungentleel, we have lived a good while, and have noticed a few things in the world. And one of the things we have noticed is, that when a person is always straining and striving after the reputation of style and fashion, even in connection with the most foreign and incongruous matters, it is a sure sign that he is conscious of a

lack of style. It betrays, to sensible and observing people, just this confession: "I feel that I *am* a vulgar fellow; therefore, I must make perpetual effort to hide it." A person of true and established rank has *no need* to make even the holy religion of his Savior, minister to his fashion. He has a recognized and safe grade in society. He does not fear to follow his honest convictions, even into a church so unfashionable as the Presbyterian; because, in the first place, independence of character is an invariable element of the true born gentleman; and in the second, he knows there is no danger of any body's denying his rank. Let us give you, then, this piece of advice. If your little shallow souls are incapable of true independence of mind, do you *affect it*; for it is a necessary part of gentility. And take care to never hint that you consider the fashion of the different denominations, in making your selections; for if you do, the true *Exclusives*, among whom you would give your eye-teeth to be numbered, will be sure to vote unanimously, that you are a *Parvenu*.

But to return, respected Editor, this difficulty has suggested itself to us, concerning this new way of settling ecclesiastical politics, and theological verities, by the standard of fashion.—Different denominations are considered most fashionable in different communities. In some places the Episcopal is thought the most genteel church, in some sections the Baptists. It is said that in some parts of the South-west, our respected Methodist brethren have the highest classes of the community, and in some neighborhoods the Presbyterians are the "upper crust." This is the case where we happen to dwell. (This, to show that it is not *spite* which moves our pen.) Now what are these folks to do who choose their religion by its fashion, when they change their locality? Shall they be Presbyterians in one place, Episcopalians in another, and Methodists in another? Shall they do, when they migrate, as

some Presbyterians of whom I heard lately, who, while rustivating at a boarding house in a country village, slipped their Presbyterianism slyly into their pockets, and attended another church altogether, though there was regular worship in the Presbyterian church thrice every week, because they were informed that the latter was not considered exactly the most stylish church, in this village? I see no other consistent course.—And how much is the Presbyterians, or Episcopacy of that person worth, who would be something else, in another section, for the same reason which makes him a Presbyterian or Episcopalian here? It is worth about as much as a flatterer's praises, a shopkeeper's courtesy to his customers, a courtesan's caresses, a coquette's vows, or a crocodile's tears. In Paris, Popery is decidedly more fashionable than Protestantism; so, of course, if these *sincere* Christians lived in Paris, they would be Papists. In Constantinople, we suppose they would be Mohammedans. And in Calcutta, where, we are told, the rich and fashionable Hindoos consider it perfectly shocking to "lose caste," and become Christians, they would, no doubt, be Pagans. And to act on such a heartless and villainous motive as this, to act on such a motive in the most sacred of all concerns, is the way to qualify one's self for good society; is it?

We think that it would be the highest reproach against any Christian church, to say that it was, in truth, best adapted to meet the purpose of these seekers after a fashionable religion. It is reproach which we shall not utter against our Episcopal brethren, or any other. Certain it is, that when these 'genteel Christians' shall have succeeded in finding the denomination, that is truly most fashionable, they will have found the one that is farthest from being what Christ intended his church to be. Your fashionables love to embrace among their circle all that is high in earthly rank, office and descent. The apostle says, Christ's church was just the opposite in this particular. "Not many wise



men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Your fashionables must be rich; or we believe, they must have the name of riches. If they can manage to avoid paying their debts, and live freely on other people's money, it does quite as well. Christ says: "I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of God." And he gives it as the peculiar mark of the Christian dispensation; "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Your fashionables always carry a high head. They are, of course, a proud people; for the very use and value of fashion is, that it is something to be proud of. God says: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit." "Blessed are the meek."—"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Fashion exacts of her votaries that they shall resent injuries, even unto blood, and in the quickest and most punctilious manner. There is no one thing which causes your fashionables to "cut" an associate sooner than a failure to do this. Christ says, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Your fashionables are, of course, the finest dressed people. Finery is the vital air of fashion. Dress is the very test and badge of style. The Scriptures say: "In like manner also bet the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls or costly array." Fashion always seeks to be exclusive. We saw once, at a large watering place, an "exquisite" who had just been to one of the large bathing places near the Northern cities, which are approached so easily by Railroad and Steamboat. Some of his associates asked him how he liked the place, He answered with a shrug of the shoulders, (*a la Paris*,) and the peculiar *soprano* whine affected by that sort of animals. "Oh! Well enough; only it was *terribly accessible*." This is the very essence of the spirit of fashion.—But Christ's church was intended to be "accessible." It was designed to be pre-eminently inclusive.

The command given to its ministers is: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." And, "Go out into the highway and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." We can assure the "Exclusives" that, if they should, by accident, get into the true church of Christ, they would find themselves elbowed by a perfect mob of ungenteel people. The church which comes nearest to Christ's precepts, is the last place for them. Again, fashion draws strong lines of distinction between herself and all lower ranks. Christ's church recognizes no distinctions of ranks, but puts all down upon the same humble level, as sinners saved by grace, and as brethren. In this church, "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all." The most peculiar and appropriate indulgences of fashion are those in which the servant of God may not indulge: the theatre, and the ball room. The scenes in which she dispenses her most peculiar honors, and gives her votaries their triumphs are scenes in which the servant of God has no right to appear.

Then how utter the absurdity of a *fashionable religion*! To our minds, the association of the two words wears a most profane aspect. A fashionable religion is certainly not designed to carry any one to heaven; for there is no place in the whole universe where the tastes, ideas, objects and distinctions of worldly fashion, are so completely excluded and reprobated. Let us advise our genteel Christians to make good care not to go to heaven; for that will be no place for them. (Or might we rather say, they need take *no* care, for it is a thing of which they are in little danger?) They will find heaven a very old fashioned place, full of those ancient worthies, such as Abraham, Moses, and Elisha. And we believe, to be old fashioned is nearly the same as being unfashionable. They will find themselves put on

a level with a multitude of ungentle people, such as Peter the fisherman and Lazarus the beggar. They will find that they will no longer be the first class of society there; but some low fellow of a mechanic, or even a servant, who has more holiness than they, will be set over their heads.

Now let none suppose that, by the phrase, 'gentle Christians,' we intend a Christian who is also a gentleman; (all Christians ought to be gentlemen,) or a Christian who happens to be refined, educated, rich, or highly connected. We mean, not a true Christian at all; but *that thing*, a nominal professor of religion, who choose his creed and church, according to its supposed gentility, &c., not by his Bible and his conscience.

Before we conclude, Mr. Editor, we would turn attention to this question; is it right for a Christian church to appeal to the foible we have noticed, by investing itself with the air and reputation of fashion, in points not positively sinful, as a means for attracting members, and congregations? And is not this just the policy pursued, in reality, by many of our churches, in their building committees, their ladies committees, and cliques, their sessions, and even in the spirit of their pastors? To answer this question of propriety in the negative, it does seem to us to be sufficient, to look back to the just pictures, which we have drawn of the total antagonism between the spirit of fashion, and the spirit of Christ. One thing is certain; "We may not do evil that good may come;" we may not appeal to, or recognize, or provide indulgence for a forbidden feeling, in order to gain a pious end. And has not God said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world?" Now if any man will draw the distinction between the spirit of worldliness, and the spirit of fashion, he will be a wiser man than Solomon. He is qualified for performing that exploit, of dividing a hair "between North and Northwest side." But, if the spirit of fashion is the same with this forbidden worldliness, the church is bound not to

recognize it, or cater to it. And we believe, moreover, that there are no indifferent or innocent points, in which the church may assume the air and reputation of fashion. Just so far as she invests herself with a fashionable character; she breaks the spirit, if not the letter, of her Lord's command. For, the traits in which fashion essentially consists, are just opposite to the essential traits of a true Christian church. There are no innocent and allowable traits by assuming which the church may successfully propitiate the fashionable world. To do this *successfully*, she must fill ranks from among the rich and fashionable. Christ, on the contrary, commands her to address herself rather to the poor, and to fill her ranks especially with the obscure. To commend herself to the fashionable world, she must be extravagant in expenditure. Christ commands economy. She must deck herself in fashionable frippery. Christ expressly forbids it, and commands sobriety. She must connive at fashionable dissipation. Christ commands her to exclude them rigidly. Let Christians be assured that if they succeed in making their denomination popular with the fashionable world, it will be only by committing sin. Then let them not attempt it. *The attempt proceeds only from unbelief.* Let the church acknowledge no other aristocracy of moral excellence. Let her array hers in "the beauty of holiness," and the light of Gospel truth. Let her put on the humble, heavenly Spirit displayed by her Lord, when he devoted himself to saving the obscure, the poor, the degraded; and let her trust God for success. She will not be disappointed of seeing her courts filled with true worshippers; and if they are not from the rich of this world, they will be those who are rich in faith, and "kings and priests unto God." If she is not a favorite with empty foplings, she will commend herself thus, to the men of truest elevation, nature's noblemen, in every grade of society, in whom resides the moral force, and intellectual control of the nation. Such men will

recognize her as properly fulfilling her divine mission, and will give her their hearty allegiance.

If we have any prayers which we would offer up with fervency to heaven, this is one of them. May God deliver the Presbyterian church from all that class of people who join a church because it is most genteel. For, if there is any man or woman with brain weak enough, and heart unprincipled enough, to choose his religion by his fashionableness, well do we know that such a man or woman is too weak, and too unprincipled, to be any thing but a clog to the Presbyterian church, in her advance to her glorious destiny. We have no use for such creatures in our camp. With all our hearts we say let those have them, who are ambitious of having them.

But it may be asked, would we repudiate all social distinctions in secular life? By no means. May the distinctions of true gentility in society be ever kept up, so strictly as to exclude all the vulgar and ignorant, and mean; and yet so loosely as to admit into the higher grade, every new instance of refinement, honor, and intelligence. Let education and honorable sentiments be made the test of true gentility, instead of wealth, and finery in dwellings, clothing and equipage. And then let the distinction between high and low society, thus drawn, be ever maintained. But now we shall be asked, if these social distinctions are to be admitted, as we allow, shall not the church recognize them and use them? We answer; *no*. It is right that there should be the distinction between magistrate and subject, in secular life. But the church does not therefore provide "a higher seat in the Synagogue" for the civil magistrate. When he enters her doors, he descends to the level occupied by his subjects, that of sinners, condemned alike by God's justice, saved alike by his mercy. In the church, the civil magistrate is often a mere layman, and his subject is ordained a ruling elder over him. The fact that contain distinctions are

proper in social life, does not at all prove that it would be right for the church to recognize them. She has no business with any distinction, except that between saints and sinners.

And let it be noticed also, that even if the church might allowably recognize distinctions of social life, and address herself to propitiate especially the higher classes, it would not be the fashionables, the *ton*, to whom she would address herself. She would never propitiate the truly genteel, as defined above, by assuming the meretricious garb of worldly fashion. The true gentleman would be only disgusted by her. To win his favor, she must assume her heavenly attitude, above all human distinctions, and address herself with a single, honest, heroic aim, to her heavenly vocation, elevating the low, the degraded and the ignorant.

Again, we beg, we may not be misunderstood. To our former prayer we would join, with equal heartiness this other. May heaven ever deliver the Presbyterian church from the meanness of appealing to the agrarian feeling of the ignorant, from coarseness and cant, and clerical puppyism. May the sanctifying Spirit give to all her members that true modesty and disinterestedness, that sincerity and benevolence, that simplicity and conscious rectitude, which a high grade of piety always confers on rich and poor, educated and uneducated, and which wherever they are conferred, make the true, dignified gentleman, whether it be upon the educated man of fortune, or the black slave. May our church officers, our licentiates and our clergy, ever possess that instinctive propriety and moral grace, which self-consecration, noble aims, and enthusiastic energy, always give, whether the preacher be taken from the parlor or the plough handles. May all, in whom the honor of Presbyterianism is any way concerned, be forever delivered from that littleness of soul, selfishness and essential vulgarity, which are most often found among the ranks of a "would-be" aristocracy. May our

church forever trample under her feet the assuming pretensions and factitious distinctions of a guilty world, and seek only to array herself in the ornaments of true, heavenly piety. Then, while she will freely stoop to the most debased, to lift them up, there will be no fear of her repelling, by her coarseness, the most refined of the truly genteel.

## The Necessity of Christian Education in our Mission Fields.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian* under the title;

*"Shall the Campinas College Die?"*, February 21, 1894; vol. 29:31, pg. 1.)

---

The last authentic advice from Campinas inform us that our college there is now standing empty and closed. The city has been forsaken as the seat of the mission, except that one minister remains as the pastor of three of four little churches in and near it. The apparent outlook seems to be that the college property will be sold. If this occurs it will certainly be bought by the papists, and will become then the seat of a Popish college. I write to press this question upon the Committee of Foreign Missions and upon the Church. Shall this be the shameful issue of that noble enterprise and of the labors and gifts of the devoted men now in their graves, who toiled and gave to create the institution? The thought sickens my soul! Such a catastrophe can only bear one or the other of these two meanings; that our Church is here submitting to a disastrous and dishonoring backset and defeat; or else that the creation of the college was from the first such a folly as wise men who come after can only repair, by accepting so shameful a defeat as the unavoidable and righteous penalty of the folly. The Papists there know that the foundation of the college was not a folly, but an enterprise full of wisdom and most formidable to the disastrous reign of their superstition, hence they adopt the former explanation. Is the matter true?



1) Who were the men who created this Campinas College? History answers, a part of them were that remarkable and noble luster of young foreign missionaries of whom the sacred seal of death in the vanguard of Christ's sacramental host justified me in naming these, Lane, Boyle and Dabney; among the first young men in our Church to lead the way in the foreign field out of the dust, blood and despair following our country's desolation; the men whose high intelligence and devotion raised the standard for all our subsequent missionaries, and gave that grand impulse, in which we are still rejoicing. Next, were those wise and noble men who formed our earlier committee of Foreign Missions in Baltimore, Drs. Bullock, Lefevre, Hurkland, with such elders as Judge Jones, & c., and the wisest and best of our laymen and mothers in Israel. Last was that most godly of foreign missionaries, our old secretary, Dr. John Leighton Wilson, who shaped our work for Christ abroad by the clearest and widest lights of Scripture: of long experience in the foreign field and of the missionary literature of the whole Protestant world. My head and heart cry out in me, that the men of this glorious company were not misguided and silly in this thing, in comparison, with us little folks this year of grace who have no other influence nor success to boast than that which these grand pioneers created for us. The Campinas College was not their blunder; and its desertion will be our faltering in the day of battle and our reproach. The Church has heard these novel views of gospel work on which this college has been condemned, which are in substance these; that the Church's commission to the heathen authorizes her to do nothing but preach revelation, administer the sacraments and organize churches; or if she teaches at all out of the pulpit, must teach nothing but Bible lessons. This restriction overstrains and exaggerates the commission of Christ and his apostles to the Church. It is not true to the practice and history of the primitive

Church, which everywhere planted its schools beside the churches. It is not true to the experience and practice of modern Protestant Churches in their foreign missions, which find it ever necessary to add to their preaching, the Christian education of youth. The assumption is exactly contrary to the experience and practice of our Presbyterian Church at home. How is it that the best wisdom of our fathers has decided unanimously that our Church at home must have in addition to her pulpits her Christian schools and colleges, her Hampden Sidney, her Davidson, her Clarkesville, her Richmond College, Kentucky, her Westminster, her Batesville, her Shermon Colleges; while just the same kind of college in Brazil is an excrescence useless to Christianity there. That view is condemned by the whole light of experience, common sense, and Christian Statesmanship. When a wise king wishes to add a conquered province to his realm, he does not stop at overrunning it with his light troops; he builds permanent fortresses to control and protect it.

2) Youth is the plastic period; this therefore is the time, and the school of learning the place, to throw in the Christian influence and thus to enlist on the side of Christ the commanding influence which the men of education are to exert upon all the strata of the society below them. Dr. A. Alexander used to say that influence, like water, percolates downward. If we can catch the prostrate many by the hair and lift his head, we therewith raise the whole body and limbs. The whole education of Brazil was either popish or infidel, and thus every indirect influence of mental culture in that country was on the Devil's side. In view of this fact what can a wise Presbyterian do in such a field except; add to its pulpits Christian schools? The pulpits are to convert families, are they not? Christian families are to have children, are they not? Then that success places us in this dilemma, unless we go on to add the Christian schools;

we must tell these Christian parents, let your children grow up in ignorance or else you will have to send them to these popish or agnostic schools, where they will get some inferior literature at the cost of the choking of their Christianity and of their training for Satan. Presbyterianism is not a religion for ignoramuses; it has never thriven except with an intelligent constituency.

3) Intelligent men ought to know that sound literature, history and philosophy, and sound Protestant theology have their roots intertwined throughout, so that popery in order to appear plausible has to sophisticate and corrupt these other branches of culture. Therefore when we are teaching these other branches correctly we are cutting the very roots of popery in educated minds. It is an indirect means in such a field, for teaching the true gospel. It is the fundamental agency which will work, gradually indeed and slowly at first, and yet most thoroughly and extensively to uproot the very foundations of false religions. Granting that our young people at home had no laymen to teach them and all must grow up in ignorance or go to Romish schools—would not our Presbyteries set apart ordained ministers to teach God's Word daily with all other learning, to preserve the seed corn? The General Assembly is now inviting the Church to endow a school for the education of the children of missionaries (and others) in Fredericksburg, Va. A little better way would be, when once a mission is as well advanced as ours is in Brazil to provide thoroughly for such children in the land of their nativity, which ought also to become their permanent home. God's way for planting Christianity permanently, is to plant Christian families, which are to remain permanent and to help to create a Christian social atmosphere. The young men and women who are to succeed their fathers as Christian laborers in Brazil had best be educated in Brazil so as to have the language and the habitudes of the country. That these young people may be thus educated without exposure to

pernicious, moral influences, the mission should have just such a College. Do men flatter themselves that they are going to get Brazilian candidates for the Protestant ministry out of the popish University of San Paulo, or out of a polytechnic college taught by admirers of Earnest Renan? If they do, let them look how many candidates our church gets out of the State Universities in this so-called Christian land, which are under the partial sway of Secularism. If the preaching work of our mission in Brazil is to produce the expected fruits and there should be a call for many native ministers, where are they to be gotten? Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles!"

### *Spiritual Fruit.*

Our Church has been told that the Campinas College was already condemned by its total lack of spiritual fruit, that not a single young person had been brought by its influences to Christ during its whole existence. I am compelled to believe that this is expressly erroneous. I am compelled to think so by the contradictory testimony of the best of our missionaries. We have this evidence of its incorrectness that the amiable pastor of the Campinas group of churches is an alumnus of the Campinas College and his Christian character is its virtual fruit. At least two other ministers received their education there and at least five girls who became wives of missionaries—not to speak of others who are better filling various spheres of life for their training in that school; other instances show that the leaven is spreading. A merchant in San Paulo being asked why he closed his store on the Sabbath day, "said he was not a Protestant, but that he went to the school at Campinas and something took root." Another brought an overpaid account to be corrected. This unusual occurrence led to inquiry, he had been to Campinas and had learned to be honest. A Mayor in another town showed the first preachers who entered such favor as to surprise them;

he too had been a pupil in the school and his judgment was convinced that the truth ought to be preached. I have pointed out why the deep influences of Christian education must work their fullest results gradually. Let us now be like the fickle milkmaid, who after waiting some hours to skim her pan of milk, got into a hasty pet and pitched it to the pigs just when the cream was beginning to rise. We may be reminded that the old Committee in 1879-80, had great worry and vexation and some loss in the affairs of Campinas' College. Let not that untoward history be made the basis for an erroneous and mischievous influence. The real facts when properly understood give us a powerful argument for the permanency of the college. Doubtless between its foundation and 1880 its management had been in some respects over ambitious. Mistakes had been committed. Financial embarrassments arose. The zeal and the gifts of the Church were withheld from the college from that date. Those who were responsible for these untoward events have been long disconnected with the enterprise. "Let the dead bury their dead."

### *The College Saved.*

But the decisive facts are these; that when the college was thus plunged into a species of financial slough and the Assembly's Committee in Baltimore seemed disposed to leave it there, Dr. Edward Lane, by his admirable energy, devotion and sagacity, seconded by the missionaries, Dabney, Rodrigues and Miss Kemper, put their own shoulders to the forsaken enterprise and gradually saved and redeemed it. The committee, after five years perhaps, aiding in bearing the financial pressure which up to that time Dr. Lane had borne alone, they also authorized the sale of a part of the charter which Dr. Lane had secured for the Church so wisely and cheaply at the outset, and which was not needed for the uses of the mission, and from that time there was

no call upon the home Church, for taxes, repairs, or increased accommodations for a growing work. The title to the property was made safe to our Church by the wisdom and generous fidelity of Dr. Lane. Strict economy was introduced and the school was kept within its known resources. When 1892 came, though the school had been closed twice on account of the epidemic, and all business greatly retarded, the property was free from debt, the buildings in good repair, and enlarged with funds from the property. Mr. Gammon, who had gone out in 1890, was in charge of the school with a good corps of teachers, and the influence of the school was wider and stronger than it had ever been. Indeed this point had been practically reached for a number of years previous as under Mr. Rodrigues' care there were fully one hundred and sixty pupils, all of whom had a daily Bible lesson. Thus the ill-effects of mismanagement of a previous decade had already been thoroughly retrieved; the institution was again in a state of splendid efficiency, promising an early harvest of wider and richer fruits than ever; when the deaths of Mr. Dabney and Dr. Lane were made the unfortunate pretexts for these disastrous counsels of gratuitous destruction.

#### *No Surrender.*

But was not the removal of the larger part of the Campinas missionary force contemplated provided this college should be chosen as the seat of the Synodical theological seminary? This was conditionally in prospect. But the design was anything else than the surrender of Campinas or the mission, or the educational work there as a capital vantage ground. No. The thought was this, that the bringing of the theological faculty and students to Campinas might release a part of the working force previously stationed there, without in the least contracting either mission or college work at that place. I believe it is not yet quite finally determined where the Synod's theological school shall

go. I say whether it comes to Campinas or not, the college must be retained just the same. If the theological school does come there, the college will be all the more needed, to prepare the candidates for the ministry for the theological classes; since nearly every one of them must come without either academic or collegiate preparation for the study of divinity.

These then are the counsels of sound wisdom, resolved to retain all the buildings and grounds needful for carrying on a permanent and effective work in Campinas. If the Seminary does not come hitherto the school will be an indispensable aid in holding the field and in aiding the native pastors in the evangelistic work now turned over to them. How can they, few in number, meet all the wants of so large a field, thrown suddenly upon them? Will not a wily enemy, ever on the alert, rivet afresh upon the children the chains which some of the father's have broken? Why not by retaining our foothold on Campinas, aid in solidifying and maturing all the work around? Give the new station the support and schools which its surroundings demand without yielding Campinas. Send out the people qualified for special work, to reinforce those already experienced in the field and by a wise distribution of forces hold the two points, push the school work at Campinas with more energy than ever and claim the territory between for Christ.

### *Leaving the Field.*

Here is a just picture of the species of tactics recently recommended to the church. After twenty years of arduous and expensive preliminary campaigning the army of the Lord Christ has just gained the desirable position on the field, and ranked itself in line of battle against his enemies with the central key of the position built into a commanding fortress, mounted with most effective cannons, and everything promising a splendid victory, and just then the commanders become confused, order

their forces down off their commanding heights, give up the fortified key of the battleground to the enemies and dismounted their best guns, put them in a thicket where they may possibly get a few pops at some skirmish line or scouts, instead of keeping them where they would have spattered and hurled back the most crowded columns of attack. What can our leaders mean?

*Yellow Fever.*

But the yellow fever at Campinas! Yes, the scourge has been there twice and cut off three precious lives. As for myself I could scarcely have felt the bereavement more grievously had two of the three been my own sons! Far be it from me beyond all others, to advise the rash exposure of other valuable lives, to be insensible of other similar bereavements or to object to the most liberal precautionary measures for protecting the health of our laborers in future. Let them by all means withdraw temporarily before the scourge, should it come to Campinas again. With the sale of some of the property let a place of refuge be provided at some point still higher and even in the worst years there would be eight or nine healthful months at Campinas enough for an efficient scholastic year. But it may not return; the city may be cleansed. Its altitude above the sea level is too great to permit the disease to be endemic. Should it occasionally return hereafter this is no sufficient reason for the Church's surrender of a post of vantage. The coffee traffic will not desert Campinas because of the yellow fever. The Jesuit teachers will not surrender it. Should the soldiers of Christ be less hardy than those of mammon and superstition? The fever goes to Rio almost annually, but the Protestant missions do not therefore desert that capital. Sylvester Larned died of that fever at New Orleans; our brethren never dreamed of giving up that city to Rome for that reason. The yellow fever did not drive



Presbyterianism nor our venerable father Armstrong out of Norfolk in 1854. Now see Norfolk and Portsmouth with their five or six Presbyterian churches. In fact the law that the walls of Zion must sometimes be built upon the lives of her soldiers is not at all limited to yellow fever districts. A part of the price which the Church paid for Union Seminary was the lives of Rice, Graham, and Sampson. The yellow fever at Campinas should not have been made a pretext for giving it up, as the seat of either the mission or the college.

*Mistaken Policy.*

It may be that distance from the ground disqualifies me to judge; but I confess it has ever appeared to me a most accountable policy to remove the center of our operations from this central city of twenty thousand population, in a fertile and populous section, to a distant mountain village beyond the railroad terminus. This appears to me its exact analogue. The Church had planted great and costly agencies for the evangelization of Virginia, west of the Blue Ridge, in the city of Staunton. Two or three laborers were lost there by the visitation of providence, whereupon the wise men moved bag and baggage out to the village of Monterey in Highland county, or Huntersville in Pocahontas county, equally safe from yellow fever or from the chances of influencing the centers of Virginia life. As one member of the Presbyterian Church, I appeal to the Committee of Foreign Missions: do not prejudge this vital interest; but leave its decision to time and the better wisdom of the Church, and I implore every commissioner to the next General Assembly to ordain that this noble institution founded in the prayers, labors and gifts of our noblest and best, whose walls, as it were, are cemented with the life blood, tears and prayers of Edward Lane and J. W. Dabney shall not be surrendered to the enemies of Christ and his Cross. R. L. D.

## Building Up the Church's Walls, and Unifying the Church.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, September 2, 1896; vol. 32:10, pg. 8.)

---

Since the Southern Church had a separate existence, the method of its Domestic Mission work has been a sad victim of that spirit of innovation in mending and tinkering against which I have elsewhere protested. The Assembly seems at last to settle down upon a compromise policy between the local work of Synods, and the systematized work of the Assembly. Of five monthly collections for Domestic Missions, two are reserved for the Assembly's Committee—those viz., in January and September; while the other three are left for the Synods. Far be it from me to re-open the question of another change; there have been too many already. This letter is not written to promote any new legislation, but to urge a more loyal execution of that which exists.

The Rev. Andrew Fuller preached a sermon upon Nehemiah 3:29 and 30, which he entitled the combination of public and particular interests. Nehemiah's general or public aim was to get a wall built around Jerusalem. He divided the work in short sections, and assigned one to be built by each householder. But like a shrewd and politic man, the section assigned to each was the one most nearly in front of his own private dwelling. He thus sought to add to the impulse of general patriotism a pungent motive of domestic and personal interest. Each householder would toil most eagerly upon that piece of wall which would most immediately protect his house and lot, should Sanballat

and his villainous bummers make a raid. Manifestly, the special promoters of Presbyterial and Synodical Missions are attempting to act on Nehemiah's politic plan. They argue that they will get more wall built, upon the whole, around the spiritual Zion, by setting each section of the Church to work upon the gaps nearest to them, and most especially engaging their local interests.

---

But there is a fatal difference between the case of our Church and that with which Nehemiah dealt. Let us suppose that he had found adjacent to extensive sections of the proposed wall; whose complete continuity was essential to defend the city, large areas of ruins where the scattered males were sick with Syrian fever, and too poor and weak to build any rampart. How then? Unless the citizens at large moved by general patriotism combine to build this part of the wall, the whole city would have remained defenseless. And this is a true parable. In sundry parts of our spiritual Zion Nehemiah's principle cannot work; because our brethren there are too few and weak to build such extensive parts of the wall.

To pass from parable to literal truth; the very Synods in which mission work is most needed cannot make this synodical plan workable at all; the very conditions which make the mission work so urgent in them, fatally negate that method of doing it. This was recently exemplified in the Synod of Arkansas. Some brethren, feeling the pressure of the terrible needs of the work, and considering the negat of sister Synods to aid them, proposed that the Synod of Arkansas should organize its own Synodical work. But when the Presbytery of Washbourne came to look at the feasibility of the plan, they found it impracticable for Arkansas. And such will doubtless be the judgment of the Synod.

---

Here, then, is the weakness of this plan of Synodical Missions, recently grown into such favor. The success of each strong Synod at home is *accompanied by this fatal tendency to forget and neglect the work in their weaker sisters*. While they are boasting of the progress near them, and their eyes are dazzled by the reported victories near home, they forget to look at the almost hopeless struggles and dire reverses of their brethren on the distant frontier. This is an evil tendency. Its most palpable illustration may be seen by looking at the figures, and comparing the liberal aggregate of the collections for synodical work with the stinted help doled out to the Assembly's Committee for the frontier work.

The first General Assembly I ever attended was that of 1851, in St. Louis, Mo. That blessed man of God, Dr. Charles Colcock Jones, was the Assembly's Secretary of Domestic Missions. At a late period of the discussions upon that work, my ear was arrested by a new voice. I looked around and saw a tall young man, unknown by name to me, as to most, standing in an erect and manly, but quiet position. His discourse was that of a scholar and a man of prime intelligence. He told the Assembly of the spiritual wants of Arkansas, of the largeness of the opening there, and the feebleness of the little handful striving there for Presbyterianism. He implored the Assembly to improve the propitious season, and put forth the strength requisite for entering in and possessing the goodly land. The speaker was the Rev. Joshua F. Green, of Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Jones was earnestly in favor of the active policy; but the Board and the Church seconded him so feebly that almost nothing resulted. Two or three years afterwards the young soldier of Christ died at his post, of cholera.

Since that day, forty-five years have elapsed. Mr. Green's predictions of the future greatness of the Commonwealth are

rapidly coming to pass. In area, it is one of the largest States in the Union (excepting mammoth Texas), and rich in agricultural and mineral resources. It has its populous cities, railroads, and manufactures. Its population is now one and one-quarter of a million. Has there been a commensurate growth in the Synod of Arkansas? Alas, no! It now has thirty-seven clerical members, and at most about fifteen *self-sustaining* churches. Why should not Arkansas have become as strong a Synod as North Carolina? Is not this a lamentable result for nearly a half century of struggle?

---

The opposite principle is this: "In union is strength." Scottish history gives us this story. A warlike earl, being about to die, called his sons around him and bade each one break a sheaf of arrows tightly bound together. Each son failed. He then bade them untie the thongs and try each one separately. The sheaf was soon a heap of rubbish. "You see, my sons," said he "united you are strong; divided you are weak." It is by consolidated and united efforts, not by divided ones, the Church is to be built up.

We have deliberately preferred Presbyterianism to Independency. Our principle is this, that the power of the whole is, under Christ, over that of the parts. So in our efforts for Christ, the strength of the whole ought to sustain each of the parts. Our ears have been familiar with some notable sophistries here, from those who sought to disintegrate the organized work of the Assembly's Committee. It was asked: "What is gained by sending the collections of a given Presbytery to Atlanta, and then sending it back to sustain the missions of that Presbytery? Does this double journey make the sum of money any larger?" Let me ask a parallel question: What is gained by sending the taxes collected in the border county of Breathitt to the State

Treasury in Frankfort, Ky., and then sending them back to pay the cost of country government there? I answer: *Statehood is gained!* Should Kentucky act on this sophism she would cease to be a State; she would be an anarchical cluster of communes; her unity and sovereignty would perish; she would be impotent to protect Breathitt, or any other county from invasion or domestic insurrection. My old friend, Dr. John Leighton Wilson, was both saint and statesman. This was his theory of church action, to make the Church a unit in the aggressive work, so that the strength of the whole should sustain the weakest part. But its resources must be unified, in order to unify its work. This was a policy by which he victoriously led our Church through the perils and struggles of its infancy, up to success and adult strength. We have modified it only to our own disadvantage.

## The New State-Church.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, January 29, 1868; vol. 3:28, pg. 1.)

---

Wise historians have long remarked that church establishments never arose out of the craving of religion for political alliance, but from the craving of politics to use religion as its tool. The union now taking place is no exception. True, the Puritanism from which this species of Yankee religion boasts its descent, was always a sort of mischievous and monstrous burlesque of the theocratic form, both in theory and practice; and hence in this country those churches have never been free from this unhallowed infusion. But the introduction of the new union may be marked at the era when the Abolition faction in Congress openly enlisted the Yankee pulpit to defeat the pacification of our country attempted by such men as Clay, Webster, and their contemporaries of all sections.

The proof that the Northern Church has become substantially a political machine, was perfected during the recent war. Not only did its pastors, (with exceptions, we admit, and worthy of everlasting honor,) turn aside from preaching Christ, to preach a political quarrel; but—what is significant of a far more organic apostasy—the attempt was persistently made to wield its spiritual power in forcing upon the liberty of God's people a political opinion. Very true, this was masked under the pretense that the opposite opinion was *the sin of rebellion*, condemned by the Scriptures; but how shamelessly may be seen by such facts as these:

1. That the very political opinion, branded by these men as *sin*, had always—from the very foundation of the government—been openly professed, and probably by more than half the nation, without either civil or ecclesiastical censure from any.

2. That it had been professed most loudly of all by the North, when it supposed its secular interests assailed. And—

3. That as there were two acknowledged, legitimate, previously existing civil jurisdictions, each independent in its sphere, claiming the allegiance of the citizens, it was simply impossible *rebellion* could be committed, even if a political error was.

This plea then was obviously an impudent sham only. That the whole spiritual power of the Northern churches—with small exception—was wielded, and with disastrous efficiency, for a mere war of conquest, is the most conclusive instance of apostasy that can well be imagined, from Protestantism, to religious *despotism*.

The epidemic furor now going on for church-unions at the North, betrays the same fact.— Very true, some short-sighted good people there are hoodwinked by the plea of Christian union, of fraternity, of increased strength for doing good. It requires, however, but half an eye to see that the prevalent motive is to consolidate an ecclesiastical body large enough to be irresistible as a political faction. The sudden indifference to doctrinal diversities which has seized most of the advocates of this movement proves it. The antecedents of the men who, by the testimony of some of their own press, so adroitly “manipulate” the plan, proves it. The ruthless and malignant *animus* of the newspaper (*The Church Union*), created expressly to be the “organ” of the movement, proves it. A paper truly acting in the interests of peace and love does not breathe the spirit of the bottomless pit. When, upon two occasions, the proposition was made in the Old School General Assembly to



include the Southern Presbyterian Church in the negotiations, it was promptly, and it might be said with truth, scornfully rejected. Does not this too prove it? When a cluster of tribes of Indians are forming an alliance for the purpose of plundering a neighbor, it does not suit them to have the intended victims included in the treaty. That would involve an awkward predicament not to be thought of in Indian tactics. In this reference to the Southern Presbyterian Church we do not speak of the course pursued towards it as grievance, or intimate that it ought to enter into such an alliance, if invited. The fact cited stands independent of these questions, as a proof of the real animus of these whole movements.

While there is still some uncertainty, and some difference of opinion as to the shape these negotiations will probably take in the end, yet upon the whole an amalgamation, in some form, and to some extent, seems to be generally anticipated. If the opinion of most of the Presbyterian newspapers in the Old and New School Churches may be taken as a weather-gauge, they will soon have a great calm, a world of brotherly fondness, and a good time generally among most of the bodies at the North who bear the Presbyterian name. Demagogues who have had such a taste of the valuable help received from a ministry made subservient to party purposes, and a ministry who have just had so sweet a taste of political power, will of course not be kept long apart. The New and Old School Presbyterians will, from present appearances, become fused. In itself considered, the question is one for themselves to settle as they please. As to the incenses bringing it about, and as to the probable results, others have a right to look at them and to judge them. What then is likely to be the result? This mass will probably soon absorb most of the smaller bodies of Presbyterians, and the next move will be, practically, an alliance with North Methodists and Baptists. An organic union is not anticipated—for the points of

difference are too great; but those bodies are radical to the core, and as Pilate and Herod once unexpectedly became friends, we may look for a union close enough to make the ecclesiastical power of the whole bear upon their political projects, and thus try the experiment ruling of the country by a spiritual despotism? If any are incredulous as to this danger, we beg leave to assure them of this one fact among many others, viz: that papers (called religious) which are widely circulated, and have a leading influence in those churches, have been and are now in the habit of freely publishing political articles, purely and intensely partisan in their character—indicating the party measures that ought to be taken—what ought to be set up, and what ought to be put down—the right and the wrong men for office, and some of them intimating, even in advance of party Conventions, who ought to be the next President of the United States! This is food for the thoughtful to ponder, and with it the question—“*whereunto will these things grow?*”

The next step, if this succeeds, will of course be *religious persecution*. Is this idea imaginary? Has the world ever seized spiritual power for its carnal ends, and refrained? Nay, the first stage of religious persecution has been already reached; *ecclesiastical penalties for political differences*. These have been enacted by the leading churches of the North, and stand unrepealed among their canons.

The next step would be the kindred one of political penalties for ecclesiastical differences. This always soon follows; for when the Church has made herself the tool of politics, an ecclesiastical offence is a political offence, and of course is punished as such.

There are facts bearing upon both of these points, drawn from the action of ecclesiastical bodies, and military authorities, as also the unblushing avowal of newspapers, that are not as well known to the country as they deserve to be, and which at

some opportunity it may be of use to bring out more prominently.

Southern people may think that, in one sense, they have exceedingly little interest in these matters; for they have no liberties to lose, their entire property and their very lives being, not in the hands of the civil law, but under the heel of a military despotism. But it may still be altogether proper that every watchman upon the walls of Zion should do what in him lies to point out the danger adverted to. He from whom all good counsels proceed, may bless the humblest instrumentality in awakening others to a more watchful defense of imperiled treasures. If there are any in the "great, free, and Christian North" (and we do not doubt it), who value liberty, and who remember that a spiritual despotism is the most grinding of all, we would speak for their ear. If there are any among such accomplished Christian divines of the North as the Hodge's, and McElroy's, and Rice's, and Sprague's, and McIlvaine's (and we cannot doubt it), who understand and value their Protestantism, our appeal, if it could reach them, would be to arise and teach their people the true line of separation and independence between the sphere which is spiritual, and the sphere which is civil. "*The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson.*"

## Incurable Misconceptions.

(Appeared in *The Texas Presbyterian*, July 13, 1894; 18:6, pp. 1-2.)

---

So many changes have been rung upon the noted phrase Organic Union, that it has become irksome to truth-loving men, since our Southern church would be a hopeless minority in a "National Presbyterian Church," and our distinctive principles are expressly rejected there. The surrender of our church independence would be simply our absorption, our extinction, not a union, or the union would be that only of the lamb's flesh with the bear's stomach. In debating this matter, brethren, since we are discussing the destiny of Christ's Bride, we had better stop fibbing and call things by their right names. Really, there is no such question as that of organic union; the only question is that of our extinction.

Were there no other reason against subjecting Christ's cause in the South to this resistless domination, I find a conclusive one in the incurable misconceptions of the Northern people including Northern Presbyterians, concerning our character, our society, our Negro population, our wants and interests.

They never understood us, do not understand us, and never will understand us.

They never understand the Negro. To this argument, it matters not what is the reason of this unteachableness, whether that of Proverbs 26:12, even if their proposes toward us were wholly kind, they would ruin us by their mistaken efforts to help us.

The proofs of this incurable ignorance are spread thickly over history and their literature; and in these absurd mistakes, Northern Presbyterians have fully sympathized; see, for instance, their assured belief that the South would not dare to resist aggression, however insolent; that Seward's prophecy of crushing secession in three months, would be verified; that Lincoln's abolition proclamation would certainly raise the Negroes into universal insurrection, arson, rape and murder—what a sweet Christian fraternal hope this!—that the gift of Negro suffrage would keep every Southern State radical, etc.—all proving an utter misconception, both of the Southern people and of the Negro.

But it is best to see this in the acts of the Northern church. Thus in their spring resolutions, May, 1861, they expected to cow and hoodwink the consciences of Southern Christians into the acceptance of a usurper as “the ordinance of God to them for good.” They only did what they did not expect—divide the church and change the war from a secular struggle into a sacred contest for spiritual rights.

At its end, the Northern Presbyterians betrayed their utter misconception of our character by the language of their religious journals, on this wise: We have all the money; the rebels have none; this will quickly settle the question of their church relations; we shall speedily occupy the whole ground. But these speculators did not know us. They soon found to their surprise that the Southern conscience was not regulated by mercenary views. Again, in their Assemblies of 1865-66, they showed their utter misconception of the Southern heart by busying themselves formulating rules for the reception and reconstruction of the multitudes of Southern ministers whom they supposed secular defeat would bring over rapidly to the winning side. So, they legislated a set of confessions and retractions sufficiently humiliating for the expected crowd of

ratters; but nobody ratted who was worth catching. The rules had to be repealed.

Their next hallucination was concerning the Negroes. They supposed they had so won the eternal gratitude of these, by giving them freedom and suffrage, that the whole body would be eager to rush into the ecclesiastical arms of their professed liberators. So the Freedman's Board was erected, but Cuffy didn't rush. This Freedman's Board, after twenty-nine years of effort, and \$2,000,000 of outlay, has gained less than 4,000 black members in addition to those which it stole from us at the outset. The latest manifestation betrays the most incurable delusion of all; they are now declaring themselves most lovingly eager to embrace their truant Southern sister; but in their tender affection they inexorably lay down a condition which would make their embrace the hug of death for Southern Presbyterianism.

This is our ecclesiastical amalgamation with the Negroes. They affect to regard our opposition to this as only a specially eccentric piece of wrong-headedness in our little church. They cannot be made to see that an utter and irreconcilable resistance to that ruinous measure is the common, the universal, and the well grounded conclusion of all Southern denominations, as well as ours; especially of Southern Baptists and Methodists, the two great denominations which had the chief part of the Negro constituency, and is the preference of the Negroes themselves. All the other denominations will, of course, remain too wise to yield their ground on this point; so that the only result of this Northern dictation to the Southern Presbyterian Church would be to drive every respectable white family out of it, and to leave it as pitiful a skeleton as the present Negro church of the Freedman's Board, a parasite to suck Northern treasury pap composed of a few carpet baggers and conceited Negroes.

I was once unwise enough to own a fancy cow; a splendid creature in size, beauty, pedigree and price; but as to that result

for which alone a sensible man keeps a cow, milk, she was a bad failure; hers was watery and scanty; but she was a gentle and kindly creature. Let her stand as the parable for this great Northern Presbyterian Church, employed to nurture our little church in the South (the kindness excepted). But supposing the parallel perfect, I should have been simply an idiot to entrust my infant daughter as a nursling to Sally Holstein. In her perfect motherliness she would have licked the child as she did her own calf, and her horny tongue would have rasped the tender skin off. And some day she would have placed her great hoof upon the sleeping baby's body and crushed out its vitals, unconsciously, completely incapable of knowing, that she was doing murder.

## Presbyterianism or Prelacy?

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian* under the title of "The Waldenses Once More."

April 11 & 18, 1857; vol. 11:15.)

---

Our readers will remember that in our issue of Feb. 28th, appeared a card from Prof. Schele de Vere, of the University, drawn out by our remarks on that par of his Lecture on the Moravian Church, in which he asserted that the Church of the Waldenses was prelatic. In this card, the professor defends his statement by the four following arguments; that the Moravians in 1467 received prelatic ordination for their first Bishops from the Waldenses; that the British Parliament in 1749 recognized the validity of the orders of the Moravians on this ground; that John Leger in his history of the Vaudois professes to have found Episcopacy among them: and that J. R. Peyran, late moderator of the Waldensian Synod, admits and professes the three orders of Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons. We accompanied the publication of this card with some remarks, which we then supposed would be our last on this subject, in which we said among other things, that the supposed transfer of the Episcopate from the Waldensian to the Moravian churches, was a fact lacking historical support; and cited other arguments and considerations which still seem to us conclusive, to prove that the Vaudois of Piedmont are, and always were, a Presbyterian and not a Prelatic Church in their main characteristics.

But subsequently "the Moravian," a respectable organ of the Church of the United Brethren, published in Philadelphia, has with much research and effort asserted the same statements with



those made by Prof. Schele. Its number of March 21<sup>st</sup>, formally assails our positions, and pledges itself to establish two points: "1<sup>st</sup>. The alleged transfer of the Episcopate from the Waldensian to the Moravian Church is a fact that *does not* lack historical support; and 2<sup>nd</sup>, those Waldenses to whom the early Brethren applied for ordination had Bishops in the Episcopal sense, so far as Episcopal versus Presbyterial ordination is concerned." The first number is occupied with citations of authorities to prove the first point; and with a sketch of the occurrence, as it is said to have happened in Bohemia, in 1467. The second point is argued in the number of March 28<sup>th</sup>, on the same grounds as those asserted by Prof. Schele, and chiefly from the same authorities. "The Moravian" reasons; that it is admitted the United Brethren had *Presbyters* before they applied to the Waldensian colony (in Austria) for ordination; so that if the Waldensian Bishops had been known to be only presbyters, the application would have been absurd: and that the recognition of the Moravian Episcopate in 1749, by the Anglican Church deserves great weight because the English Episcopalians based this act on their derivation of a (prelatic) Apostolic succession from the Waldenses. It also cites the same places from the flat and shallow perversions of Mr. Peyran's Episcopalian editor, Mr. Sims.

These things have determined us to enter again, and more at large, into the proper elucidation of these facts. The testimony of the primitive Vaudois Church to our scriptural Church order is a fact too wonderful and too precious, to be thus obscured. We believe that this little Church has transmitted continuously throughout the dark ages, and the long centuries of Rome's perversions and oppressions, the religion of the Apostles. The Vaudois Church was not *reformed*, but existed before the Reformation; and when the Reformers returned to the Bible, this ancient Church hailed them as brethren returning to that form of

Christianity which it had all along held. As Presbyterians, we justly glory in the striking fact that its doctrines and Church order have ever been substantially Presbyterian; and assert this as a striking confirmation of the scriptural character of our order, that it agrees with that of the oldest and purest "Witnesses for the truth" in Christendom.

We wish to premise a few things, in preparation for what we have to say; of which things the first shall be a profession of sincere respect for the piety, missionary zeal, and Catholic spirit of the Moravian brethren. Their Episcopacy was not in its theory, of that arrogant type, which unchurches all communions on whose ministers prelatic hands have not been laid: but like the Lutherans, they only asserted prelacy as an allowable, seemly, and beneficial Church order for them. Were all Episcopalians such, the prelatic controversy would have known none of its bitterness. Again; we shall of course not be understood to deny the fact of such a modified prelacy among the Moravians. Nor do we attach any importance whatever to the historical accuracy of the fact that it was borrowed from Stephen, a Bishop of the (Austrian) Waldenses. We did, in passing, assert, that the fact lacked historical support; and surely this assertion is not very unpardonable, since such an antiquary and historian as *Gieseler* concurs in it. This learned, accurate, and judicious historian was a German, who resided in a country near Bohemia. He cites the same authorities most relied on by "The Moravian," Camerarius and Comenius; and yet he wholly excludes the story of the Waldensian ordination from his text, and alludes to it in his notes for the purpose of expressing his disbelief of it. (See Cunningham's Ed. vol. 3, p. 374.) If then we have erred here, we have done so in remarkably good company. We are not able, we freely confess, to follow "The Moravian," in all its citations on this point: we have not the books; nor are we at all concerned to deny their accuracy, as will

appear in the sequel. It is not surprising that a well-informed Editor should be able to support a point touching the peculiar history of his own denomination, with a specialty of learning, and an array of denominational authors, unknown out of their own Church, which may be beyond the reach of general scholars. If the subject were some special point in the early history of Presbyterianism, we could doubtless meet "The Moravian," in a similar way.

Once more, we would explain, that when we denied the Episcopacy of the Waldensians, we intended to be understood as speaking of the Church of the Vaudois, living in the valleys of Piedmont, known in modern times by this name, and of no others. It is well known that in the middle ages, the name Waldenses, like that of Albigenses, was applied by the ignorant and prejudiced Papists (the only historical witnesses we now have) to a multitude of sectaries dissenting from Rome, but differing widely among themselves. The sect most widely known by this name before the Reformation of Luther, was that founded by Peter Waldo, a pious and wealthy merchant of Lyons in France, about the years 1180 to 1190. Having obtained a translation of the Gospels into the vernacular, and convinced himself from this that Romanism was greatly corrupt, he consecrated himself to a work of religious reform. It was not his purpose and that of his followers to secede from Rome, but to exercise their religious zeal, as a sort of lay preachers, in a manner very similar to Wesley's first preachers; and they asked leave to do so under the permission of the Romish See, from the Archbishop of Lyons, and Pope Alexander III. But the stubborn intolerance of Rome drove them into the attitude of dissenters or schismatics, and they were at all times the objects of unrelenting persecution. In the face of these persecutions the followers of Peter Waldo spread themselves widely over Europe. The account of their Church order, taken be it remembered, only

from their enemies, the Romish writers, is as follows: that they were all simple and “quakerish” in their morals; that they were deeply imbued with the spirit of proselytism or missions; that the first order of their ministers were called by them *Perfecti* or *Majorales*, who were men that had relinquished all property and domestic ties, had neither settled home, land, nor revenue, but lived on the alms of their brethren, and devoted themselves to itinerant preaching; and that under these were the elders and deacons. But some of the Romish writers call the *Majorales* and the elders the same. Our authority for these statements is the *unanimous voice* of all the standard modern writers of Church History, and the Popish writers Rainerius Saccho (1250), Stephanus de Borbone (1225), Peter of Cernay (about 1200), and other contemporary annalists, cited by the learned Gieseler. It seems that the authority chiefly depended on by the historians for this account of the names and ranks of the Waldensian ministers is Rainerius Saccho. His sketch of the Waldenses is in many respects confused and contradictory of itself. His account of the orders of ministry is soundly denied, and thoroughly refuted by Leger, the Vaudois historian, so far as it applies to his brethren. And it may be fairly doubted whether this story of the *Majorales*, elders, and deacons has any credibility.

Now, when these Popish writers say that these followers of Peter Waldo had Bishops, it is these *Majorales* whom they intend. About this there is no dispute. And their application of the name Bishop will appear hardly any evidence whatever, that the Waldensian *Majorales* had an prelatic character, when we remember that these bigoted monkish authors had never known, or hardly conceived of any other form of the Church than that under prelatic Bishops, priests and deacons; that this form had been general for seven hundred years; that all their nomenclature and modes of thought were conformed to it; and that they looked down on their humble victims with ignorant contempt. Suppose

such authors attempting to describe the Church order of the Methodists? When they saw their itinerants, local preachers, and class-leaders, would they not very naturally say that the itinerants were their Bishops, meaning no more than that they were their chief ministers? Thus the early writers on the American tribes all call their chiefs kings: (king Philip, king Powhatan) although Indian chiefs have hardly an attribute of European monarchy. But what were these Majorales of Peter Waldo's sect? Prelates? They have hardly a feature of that office: no revenue, no province or diocese geographically defined, and above all no prelatic ordination or Apostolic succession in their origin. For they, like all the other Waldensian preachers, were cast out as impudent and detestable lay sectaries by Rome's proud hierarchy. *They went out of the bosom of the Romish Church*; take notice; and they carried no Episcopal consecration with them; for *Rome cast them out*, and ever treated them as that abominable thing in her eyes, *lay preachers*. Now Prelatists certainly hold that if the claim of Episcopal succession is broken in one place, it is broken ever after. A Bishop not apostolically ordained cannot give what he does not possess, and all his ecclesiastical progeny are illegitimate.

Now it is certain that if the transfer of the Episcopate from the Waldenses of Austria to the Moravians ever took place, the Christians who gave it were not Vaudois of Piedmont, but some colony of the sect originated by Peter Waldo of Lyons. (We said that we had no concern whatever, in asserting or denying this history; for the body of Christians concerning whom alone our assertions of Presbyterial order were made was the Vaudois of Piedmont. They, and they alone are the primitive body with whom we claim fraternity.) For, these Waldenses were regarded by the religious world, as having a quasi-Episcopate, the Vaudois, as we shall prove had none. The colony to which the

Moravians went for ordination was on the frontier between Bohemia and Austria, but we have no evidence that the Vaudois had any colony in that part of the world, and their proper territory is hundreds of miles to the Southwest of it. And the authorities on which "The Moravian" relies, state distinctly that the Waldensian Bishop Stephen, who gave the ordination, was from France, which we have seen was the original source of Peter Waldo's sect. Last, the Vaudois was an Italian, the Moravian a German sect.

But in passing, we may now show how far the two first arguments of Prof. Schele, and "The Moravian" are from conclusiveness, even if the facts are granted. "The Moravian" triumphs in the statement, "that since the very brethren sent to Bishop Stephen for ordination were already presbyters, therefore Stephen must have been a proper prelate;" as a *reductio ad absurdum*. The stubborn fact reduces the *reductio* to a non-entity Bishop Stephen was not a prelate; i. e. he had not Apostolic succession in the prelatic sense; because none of his predecessors had it. Of this fact the proof is the concurrent testimony of all the Romish historians (the only ones in existence) concerning their origin. So that fact must compel us and "The Moravian" and all parties, to that very natural and rational explanation of the supposed transfer of ordination (if it was real), which we at first suggested. It is this: The United Brethren had learned from their Bibles that Bishop and Presbyter are the same, and that there is no scriptural foundation for the distinction. They would have been themselves satisfied with that Presbyterial order which they already had. But they judged it desirable and politic to acquire the Episcopal character, in order to propitiate cognate sects and their Popish enemies. This is the statement made by their own writers, and even quoted by "the Moravian" newspaper. Looking around, then, with this politic purpose, they found these Waldensians, who

were usually regarded as having a quasi Episcopate. Their purpose was answered, though they received no real Episcopal succession: public opinion was satisfied. That this is a natural and possible explanation, is proved by the fact that a stronger case actually occurred in the origin of American Methodism. John Wesley, acknowledging himself only a Presbyter, did ordain Drs. Coke and Asbury, one or both of whom was already a Presbyter of the Anglican Church, the first Bishops of the American Methodist Church; and from these are descended the Methodist Episcopate among us. So that if "The Moravian's *reductio ad absurdum* is good for any thing, it must infallibly prove good John Wesley a prelate!

Nor is the fact that the British Parliament and Anglican Church recognized the Moravian Episcopate *because* it was derived from the Waldensian, worth any more. "The Moravian" says this fact must prove the Waldensians Episcopalians, because otherwise the English Parliament and Archbishop of Canterbury would have befooled themselves. These sapient ecclesiastical old fogies did nevertheless most indisputably befool themselves herein. For, according to them, no Episcopate is worth a stiver, which does not possess the unbroken Apostolic succession through prelates. But this the Waldenses never had, according to the unanimous and perpetual testimony of Rome, from whom the Anglican Church claims her succession. The Waldensian Episcopate might possibly have been reasonably satisfying to the humble, rational, bible-loving Moravians; but to the Anglicans, on their own theory, it is worthless.

The course of our previous remarks has implied that the Vaudois of Piedmont (concerning whom only we are interested to assert a Presbyterial order, and to whom all our remarks in former articles were intended to apply), did not take their origin from Peter Waldo, in the year 1180, and are a distinct sect. It is true that several distinguished modern antiquaries do strangely

attempt to discredit their claims to an earlier origin and distinct character. It is true also, that they have a pretext for this, in the indiscreet and unfounded claims put forth by some modern defenders of the Vaudois antiquity. But the fact yet remains impregnable, that long before Peter Waldo was born, even from the times of the great secularization of the Church under Constantine, in the fourth century, if not from the times of the apostles, there has existed a primitive and scriptural sect of Alpine Christians in Piedmont, distinct from the more widely diffused Waldensians who sprang from the bosom of the Popish Church near the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> century. This Mosheim expressly asserts (Century 12, part 2, ch. 5, para. 11, note), and he is after all, far the most learned and judicious of the ecclesiastical antiquaries. The same thing is constantly asserted by all the traditions of the Vaudois, by their petitions, remonstrances, and confessions of faith, addressed from the 13<sup>th</sup> century onward, to their persecuting sovereigns, and by their messengers to the Reformers of Switzerland in the 16<sup>th</sup> century. The same thing is unanimously asserted by their own historians, John Paul Perrin, Leger, and Peyran. The same thing was asserted by Beza, whose great and profound learning, residence at the neighboring city of Geneva, and frequent intercourse with the Vaudois, make him the best authority, and by Basnage, the French Presbyterian. The same thing is proved by the existence, in Geneva and Cambridge (England) of ancient religious poems, catechisms and confessions of faith, dating from eighty to sixty years before Peter Waldo preached. Gieseler himself has attempted in vain to invalidate the antiquity of these documents. The existence of these Alpine Christians is asserted in a MS. from the Monastery of Corbey of the date A. D. 1100, which is quoted in Planta's history of Switzerland. And that they are an earlier and another sect than that of Peter Waldo is sufficiently proved by several marked differences between them. Thus, the



very earliest documents and traditions of the Vaudois Christians represent a separation from Rome, and testimony against her as Antichrist, as their distinctive trait. But Peter Waldo and his sect sought and desired a legalized existence in the Romish Communion. He may have learned something from the Vaudois; they did not learn from him. His sect and theirs were distinct. With the doctrines and Church order of his sect we have little concern, because it is not primitive, it arose in the bosom of the Romish Church after she had fully developed all her abominations. But the characteristics of the Vaudois Church are of the highest interest, because it is primitive, and was never in communion with corrupted Rome or implicated in her errors.

The final question which remains is this: *Was the Vaudois Church of Piedmont prelati*c? To this we still say emphatically, No: notwithstanding the remaining arguments and documents of Prof. Schele and "The Moravian." Their third ground of argument is, that John Leger, the author of the *Histoire des Vaudois*, is quoted by Mr. T. Sims, in his appendix to Mr. Peyran, as saying that they had the Apostolic Succession. Now who is John Leger? He was a pastor of the Piedmontese Vaudois himself, and at one time moderator of their Synod. The terrible persecutions about the middle of the seventeenth century, drove him and the larger part of his people from their country. He took refuge at Leyden, and became pastor of a Walloon congregation there. His history was published there, from original Vaudois documents in 1669. So that what he says must probably be entitled to great weight. But let us see what he does say: Instead of trusting to so sorry a compiler as the Rev. T. Sims, we turn to the original Leyden edition, and find what will convince Prof. Schele and "The Moravian," that they have been served a very scurvy trick by Rev. T. Sims' appendix, and that it is a very critical thing to take second hand citations on trust. As one "little taste" (to use the words of Lord Coke) of

the senseless stupidity or else unscrupulous falsehood of this Sims, take the following: On pages 491, 492, of his appendix he says: "Reynerius the monk, cited by Leger, Hist. p. 199,) says of the Barbes, that they had always amongst them some chief pastor endowed with the authority of a Bishop.....This Bishop ordained other pastors with imposition of hands." Now Leger does cite this passage from Reynerius the monk; but it is only in order to brand it as an absurdity and a lie! He indignantly terms it *fiction et chimere*," and proceeds to say that the calling of their pastors and the manner of exercising their charges were altogether different; that no one was admitted to the grade of pastor but by the election of the people; that no one of them could undertake any thing of importance without the counsel and consent of his brethren and companions in labor; and that there was no one who had any difference or advantage in maintenance or dress. (p. 199.) Hence, it is evident that if he had any where else asserted a prelatic character for them, he would only have contradicted himself.

In addition, we may search through all the numerous *confessions* of the Vaudois given by Leger, from A. D. 1100 to 1600, and no names of office will be found but *Pasteur* or *Ministre, Ancien* (Elder) and *Diacre* (deacon.) Leger gives a digested sketch of their Church government gathered by him faithfully from their ancient MS. On page 191, it is said: "Among other powers which God has given to his servants, he has ordained the election of the leaders who govern the people, and to institute the elders in their charges." "When candidates for the ministry have good testimonials," (by such election of the people,) "they are admitted by the imposition of hands." On page 100, (in a confession of 1535,) "the ministers who preach the word and administer the sacraments, must be elected by the faithful servants of God, and above all ought to be created (ministers) by the elders, and set apart to this office by the

imposition of hands.” Ministerial parity is expressly asserted. The ruling body is the Synod, composed of all the pastors; and *by this body* (not by any Diocesan) the discipline of preachers and all other high governing functions are performed.

But Prof. Schele says, following still the accurate Sims, that Leger himself professes to have found Episcopacy among the Vaudois. When we remember who Leger was, this would seem rather a queer fact, if true. If his mother Church, whose history he was now eulogistically writing, was prelati, then he had certainly deserted it, pastor as he was at this time of a Walloon Church. But the facts are simply these; Leger is quoted by Mr. Sims in his appendix, as formally arguing the valid claim of the Vaudois Church to Apostolic succession, (by which he means apostolicity.) It seems that these gentlemen are so accustomed to hear this modern Episcopal shibboleth uttered in connection with prelates, that being ignorant of its good old meaning among the Reformers, they imagined Leger was asserting a prelati character for his native Church. How would the sturdy old Presbyterian growl, if he knew how he is misapprehended! Let the reader consider this translation from the context of the passage quoted out of Leger by Sims and Prof. Schele. “He would be ridiculous who should wish to persuade some poor people that they were not of the race of Adam because it would be impossible for them to show it by their genealogical tree.” . . . . “So, since the Holy Scriptures tell us that the true Church is the same since the beginning of the world, and that all those who hold the true faith which it teaches are her true children, the inhabitants of the Valleys proving indisputably that they have always possessed and possess still this same faith, are her children also beyond dispute: The true succession of the Church not being only the local or the personal,” (let the reader note this) “but that of the faith and holy doctrine, as the Holy Spirit himself teaches. Rom. 4:9-11; Mark 3; Jno. 8.” Leger then

proceeds to state that in this sense, all the churches planted by the Apostles in Italy possessed *apostolicity*, till several of them apostatized; that when in Rome, among others fell away, the churches of the Valleys did not go with her, but retained their apostolicity, not through any ecclesiastical genealogy, but through their faithful adherence to the true faith, and desertion of Rome. The fact then is, that the very objection against which Leger is defending the Apostolic succession of his Church to those planted by the Apostles, in the *admitted and avowed absence* of any such succession through a prelatric pedigree. How preposterous to quote him as asserting an Apostolic succession in the prelatric sense! Here again then, the lesson may be learned that it is not entirely safe to take secondhand citations upon trust. They are edged tools.

"The Moravian" again quotes Mr. Peyran as asserting that Claudius, Bishop of Turin, (A. D. 821,) was one of the pastors of the Waldenses; and on this an argument is founded, that they must have had prelates, because Claudius was such. But what if it should appear that one of the very points on which this great man most prominently opposed the growing popery of his day was the unscriptural distinction between Bishops and Presbyters? What if Claudius himself was partly famous as an *assërtor* of the *parity of the ministry*? Then the fact that Vaudois writers claimed him (accurately or inaccurately) as of their side, would hardly prove that they held to prelacy? But such was exactly the doctrine of Claudius (See Mosheim, century 9, part 2, ch. 2, 14, note.) Peyran, p. 31.

"Mr. Peyran again, on page 40, speaks of Peter Waldo, as a Waldensian pastor, and says that in place of seven orders he only received three, the Episcopate, priesthood and deaconship." This is correctly cited. But throughout this section of his defense, Mr. Peyran is most manifestly using the term *Waldenses* in that *wider sense* in which, as we have seen, it has

been often used, to describe not only his own Vaudois Christians of Piedmont, but a whole cluster of sects dissenting from Rome. This appears from the facts that, in the same discussion, he again and again urges that the churches of the Piedmontese Valleys were not founded by Waldo, but were older, and were not the same sect with the Waldenses or "Poor men of Lyons" who sprang from him; and that in the same passage in which he claims Peter Waldo, he also claims Berengarius, Arnold of Brescia, and *Wickliffe*, (who was never out of England) as Waldensian pastors. He also says that Waldo, by his conversion, was connected with the Waldenses and *Albigenses*. Now to make his language rational or intelligible herein, we must understand him as meaning by Waldenses, the whole family of sects dissenting from Rome in the middle ages. That some of the advocates of some of these sects should have held three orders, proves nothing as to any one sect, for there were the widest diversities among them. They had nothing in common except a love for the Bible, and hatred for Rome.

Once more, it is urged that Mr. Peyran quotes, on page 452, a Waldensian confession of faith, which says, "Credimus necesse esse ecclesiam habere pastores doctos et vitæ integerrimæ episcopos, presbyteros et diaconos, ut in usu erat in primitiva ecclesia." And thence it is inferred that they had three orders. Now, it is true that the veracious Sims does, (on page 482 et seq.,) make those words the text of a most preposterous argument, a curious jumble of mistakes, inpertinencies and fallacies, to prove that the old Vaudois Church was Episcopal. But what will be the reader's surprise and amusement to learn, that these words do not come from one of the old Vaudois confessions at all; but from one put forth by Mr. Peyran himself, then moderator, and the Synod of the Valleys, in A. D. 1819. So that the thing which must be proved, in order to find prelacy in these words, is no less than this: *that the Vaudois Church of*

*1819 is prelati*c; as preposterous a job as if one should set about proving that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in the 19th century is prelati>c. The fact is notorious that the Vaudois of the 19th century, are Presbyterian. No man dare dispute it. But let us see what is the proper sense of the words, we give the whole paragraph: "Art. 30, Credi. mus necesse esse ecclesiam habere pastores doctos et vitae integerrimae, (episcopos, presbyteros, et diaconos, ut in usu erat in primitiva ecclesia,) sive ad praedicandum verbum Dei, sive ad administranda sacramenta, qui invigilent pecoribus Christi, juxta regulas bonae et sanctae disciplinae in exemplo primitivae ecclesiae." (The punctuation and parenthesis are those of the text.) Now even if we did not know that Mr. Peyran's confession of faith *must bear* a Presbyterian sense, inasmuch as it was written to express the views of a sect which all the world knows was Presbyterian at the time, the fair construction of the words themselves would give no other meaning. Evidently the words in parenthesis, *episcopos, presbyteros et diaconos*, are "in apposition with" *pastores*, as every school-boy would see; and signify the same, and not additional classes. There is no other way to parse the words. The *episcopi* then, like those of the New Testament, are pastors of congregations, the *presbyteri* are ruling elders, who share with them the oversight, and the *diaconi* are the managers of the charities of the Church, who according to Vaudois habits also have seats in the Conferences or Church sessions. Let it be also noticed that in defining the functions of these officers the article names no prelati>c functions. The 32<sup>nd</sup> and last article of this excellent Confession then says: "And this confession we received not from Waldo of Lyons, nor from Luther, nor from Calvin, but we have held it of our fathers from the most ancient times, who received it from their grandfathers and forefathers," &c.

Every document and evidence presented on the other side has now been carefully examined, and shown to be misapplied, or without force. It only remains to sum up the evidence briefly, which shows that the Church of the Piedmontese Valleys has always been substantially Presbyterian. It is so now, and we presume there is not a Vaudois now on the earth who would not protest that his religion is the same substantially as that of his forefathers from time immemorial. We go back to the times of the great Reformation, and meet a multitude of letters, and confessions of faith, in which the Vaudois propound their creed and Church order to the Dukes of Savoy and King of France, (in order to disarm persecution,) to Beza, (Ecolampadius, Bucer, Luther, and other Protestants (in order to secure fraternal communion,) and there is no word of prelates, no mention of any other orders than Bishops or pastors, elders and deacons. These bishops or pastors also are elected by the faithful, and ordained by the imposition of the hands of the moderator of the Synod (a temporary officer) in the name of his brethren. It is worthy of notice also, that the very clearest evidence of parity in the ministry are found in a Confession presented by the Waldenses of *Bohemia*, called sometimes Picards, to their King in A. D. 1535. Well might the United Brethren go out of their own country to hunt for Episcopal Waldenses; they could find none there. If we follow the traditions of the Vaudois themselves beyond the Reformation, we find no higher Church officers mentioned than their Barbas, (French, *Barbet*,) who governed all the higher concerns of the Church in their Synod, and there tried and ordained their ministers. There is in a word, no trace of the prelatie name, office or function in their history any where except in the misapprehensions and prejudices of those who labor under a theological bias.

The history of this little Church is one of the wonders of Providence. They have always been a "feeble folk," poor, often

almost exterminated by persecutions of fiendish malignity, and yet ever unsubdued. They are the "burning bush" of Christendom. Amidst a thousand dangers, any one of which seemed in human view as sufficient to overwhelm it as a river is to drown a taper, the little lump of the Gospel has burned on through the centuries, sending its pure and constant ray forth from the recesses of the Alps into the Popish darkness. "Let us now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." Is it not because Jehovah speaketh from it? And may we not hope that a glorious destiny is reserved by Him for the feeble remnant, which will at length repay them for all their days of disaster; that God preserves them as his chosen instruments to reconquer Italy to the Gospel, and that they shall soon gather accumulated strength and roll back from the crests of the Alps, and sweep from the lovely plains of their whorish peninsula, that tide of Romanism which drove them fourteen hundred years ago into their hiding place?



## Presbyterianism and Lay Preaching: *Sufficient yet Underutilized.*

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian* under the title "What is to be done?",

Jan. 22 & Mch. 5, 1859; vol. 4:8 & 10.)

---

### *Presbyterianism; Sufficient yet not Exercised*

We fully sympathize with our brother "F," ( in our paper of the 8<sup>th</sup> inst.,) as to his feelings with reference to our wide and continuing religious destitutions. It should be subject of continual sorrow and humiliation to Presbyterians, and of solemn self examination to our pious young men, that there are not laborers enough to carry the Gospel to the fifty counties in our State in which there is no Presbyterian minister and to the dark corners of other counties. We also concur fully in the belief, that we are not likely, humanly speaking, to get educated laborers as fast and as soon as those perishing thousands need them; and that if we had them, all the most needy of these communities would at present refuse to sustain them as pastors. "What then shall be done?" Our brother "F," says: "Change our system." But we would rather say: *Let us act out our system, and it will need no change.* Indeed, Presbyterianism has all the capabilities for efficiency, and all the flexibility in its adaptation to varied circumstances, which can be found in the good parts of all other systems, provided only we carry it out fully: and this is because it is the system of the wise God. Does Methodism sometimes outstrip us, because of its itinerants and presiding elderships? Well, our system provides for the itinerant Evangelist, to fill just this gap but we have neglected it. Does

the Baptist church (as well as the Methodist) possess an advantage over us, in the cheap labors of its local preachers, who are unlearned though pious; and who can evangelize the poor near them, because they are earning a living by secular industry? Well, we should have just such a body, only better, in our ruling eldership. Does any brother say? "I like the Methodist plan of licensing a young man to preach, and setting him to his studies at the same time, so that he may study and preach together." Well, our system admits this very thing, if we only have the Methodist zeal. What is to hinder any zealous ruling elder, from connecting with the present performance of his proper duties, the study of the original scriptures and divinity, under the tuition of his own pastor, so as to be licensed to preach, and finally ordained to the ministry? All this is exactly the carrying out of scriptural Presbyterianism. We trust the time will come, when many of our sessions will contain elders who are also licensed preachers, and candidates for licensure. This is now the case in Scotland.

One correspondent proposes that the Presbyteries give a sort of license to suitable elders, to preach. We say to him: Elders are already (not licensed, indeed, but what is better) *ordained* to work a work which will meet his wishes, if properly carried out, better than preaching. The Apostle Paul says of elders in general, and therefore including ruling elders, that they must be "*apt to teach*," (I Tim. 3:2) and "*able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince gainsayers*"—(Titus 1:9.) It would therefore be more appropriate to distinguish presbyters into *preaching elders*, and *ruling elders*, than into *teaching*, and *ruling elders*, for the latter is also a *teacher*. It is strictly appropriate to a ruling elder's office to aid in catechizing, to organize and teach Bible classes and Sabbath schools, to hold and preside in social meetings; and in such meetings to read the scriptures, and the writings of approved divines, and to stir up

his brethren by exhortation. The General Assembly of 1857, declared that the ruling elder was authorized also to expound the scriptures publicly and officially; but many think that this goes too far; by breaking down all distinction between the preaching and ruling elders. But all the rest is undisputed. The Presbyteries of Orange and West Hanover have a standing rule, authorizing the church sessions to set apart any of the ruling elders who are gifted, to instruct the colored people publicly; and there are such brethren who, in those sections, exercise their gift thus, with the approbation of all. Presbyterians in Richmond can easily recall such an elder, (whom we may name without impropriety because he is gone to glory.) John B. Martin, who so fulfilled those functions of an elder, as to make himself as useful as many ministers, while earning his daily bread.

It may perhaps be objected, that still, this kind of instruction is not quite the thing' because the people of the destitute neighborhoods will not come out in such numbers, unless there is the name of a preacher and preaching. We reply, let our brother elders magnify their office, until the name of elder is as respectable as that of preacher. And for the rest, if they cannot get congregations so large, let them be content to preserve with the small ones, and do good in detail. They will, in fact, be doing more good, than by the more pretentious and ostentatious method of sermonizing. We feel sure that, while both the sermon and the catechism are desirable for all, if these destitute regions must needs go without one or the other, they had far better go without the sermon. They are not prepared to profit by it. We would say to all zealous elders therefore; Go forward: you are no bound by the system of our church: "ye are straitened in your own bowels."

But when it is said that our grade of education for the ministry should be reduced, that enough young men could not be

educated by our church, if we had them, because it would exhaust all the funds of every charitable enterprise to do it; that many who have heart and gift to preach *cannot* obtain this preparation: and that the result of the training is often to make the young minister inefficient by reason of feebleness of body, fastidiousness and lack of practical turn; we must dissent. If the last objection were true, it would prove, not that our training is too thorough, but that it is of the wrong kind: not that it should be curtailed, but that it should be revolutionized. We do protest against the idea that thorough mental cultivation makes the mind unpractical, and disqualifies it for dealing successfully with the masses. Our most thorough scholars, our Alexanders, our Rices, our Baxters, were also our best preachers; yea best for the masses. And to our certain knowledge, there is no kind of preaching and of clerical manners, so unsuited to the common people, by reason of ambition of style, pomposity, and bookish verbiage, as those of the *uneducated* young ministers, who, we say thankfully are becoming more and more rare. We believe that our students of divinity are as able bodied as most young men; but when any are sickly, it is usually more attributable to tobacco, late hours, and indolence, than to hard study of the sort their teachers would indicate. Again: The church has forbidden any young man to despair, who wishes to preach. She promises to help all the deserving, and she has never yet broken her word. Multitudes of young men have worked their way into the Presbyterian ministry, from the depths of poverty, and any others can do it, who will try. We do not believe that there is, or will be, any lack of means to educate meritorious candidates, however numerous. There are this day three scholarships lying idle in Union Seminary, which yield each \$150 per annum: besides liberal gentlemen who stand pledged to aid all who need and deserve it. No: let pious young men come, thick and fast:

we have faith enough in the Presbyterian church to believe that she will only rejoice the more to pour out her wealth for them.

The necessity of a thoroughly educated ministry is one which we cannot, and we are sure, need not argue now. One remark we drop, that it may be very true some uneducated preachers do more good than some educated ones: but this does not prove that the former should not have sought to increase their efficiency by a thorough training. For their duty is, to serve God not just so well as some other less gifted man; but to serve Him with the highest efficiency it is possible for them to attain. The history of the origin of Cumberland Presbyterianism should be a beacon of warning, at least, to all Old School Presbyterians, against lowering their requirements. Our brother "F" himself refers to the evils of spurious revivals. Now the immediate result of the ordinations of uneducated men by the original Cumberland Presbytery, was Arminianism and spurious revivals. We cannot employ wiser language than that uttered by our General Assembly in condemnation of this very proposal at that time.

"The conduct of the Presbytery of Cumberland, in licensing and ordaining a number of persons not possessing the qualifications required by our Book of Discipline, and without explicit adoption of the Confession of Faith, appears to have been the origin of the evils of which you now complain. The Assembly is constrained to express their decided disapprobation of this conduct, as being highly irregular and unconstitutional, leading to the most dangerous consequences in introducing into our church as teachers, illiterate men, and men of any religious principles however erroneous."

*By Virtue of Their Office, Elders are to Preach*

In your reply to my communication of the 8<sup>th</sup> January [pubs. Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup>], you say of elders, that, "they are not licensed," but, what is better, "*ordained*," to a work which, will meet my

wishes better than preaching; *this cannot be, preaching is God's ordained method for the propagation of Christianity—and man cannot find a better.* Meeting for reading, catechizing & c., did very well at one period in the history of Virginia, when a drinking card-playing and fox-hunting clergy were all the preachers they had, but will not answer now, men will not leave the preaching of an earnest warm-hearted, though illiterate man, to attend a catechizing, or meeting for reading—because preaching has an attraction about it which draws the people, while the other method of instruction will not.

But, brethren, from your approval of the action of Orange and West Hanover, in reference to preaching to Negroes, I presume that, you agree with me, that, the rights and duties of elders extend to other things; for it cannot be, that you think the Bible authorizes one class of preachers for the white man, and another for the Negroes. If then, it be right, for elders to preach to Negroes, it is because the Bible authorizes it, and if the Bible authorizes them to preach to Negroes, it authorizes them to preach to all, for God is no respecter of persons. This, I think, is the teaching of Paul, in the passages quoted by you from I Timothy and Titus.

You call my suggestion, “that the Presbyteries cause elders, *and other members of the church* to preach,” a “*sort of license.*”

They that were scattered abroad, upon the persecution that arise about Stephen, went, everywhere, preaching the word; they were all scattered, except the Apostles, they preached—but yet it is clear, there was something to be done that they could not do, and Barnabas was sent to supply the deficiency. Did they preach without authority? Had they *a sort of license*, or an ordination? In other words, were they not just such preachers as I propose?

The church, as established by Christ, is a missionary body, its first great duty being, to spread Christianity; the command is,

*“go and preach.”* And how do we obey? By a system of *settled pastors, the best* in the world. But, is that the meaning of “Go and preach?” No. And, brethren, it is useless for us to shut our eyes to a truth that the world sees, and is talking about—that, we have no efficient system, for the propagation of Christianity, in destitute portions of the land. God, at Babel, carried out his purpose of spreading mankind all over the earth, against their wishes, by the confusion of tongues; and compelled the church to perform the duty of spreading Christianity, by the persecution about Stephen. So we, unless we repent will be driven, by some such means, to the performance of this great duty, or else, to use the language of a writer in your paper of the 22<sup>nd</sup> of January, “on the call to the ministry”—our church, being found, “a stagnant pool, absorbing uselessly in its sands, the waters of life, that, flowing elsewhere, might carry fruitfulness and verdure—its Lord, will at last tire of the unproductive oil, and leave it to be trampled over, till its place can no more be found.”

You refer me to the evangelist system of our book. One form of Government chapter 15, section 15 says, “As it may be sometimes desirable & c.” *Is this a general* system of Evangelism? Clearly not, but, merely an exception to our general rule, but, the Evangelist too, must in all respects, be as fully trained and educated as the pastor. And how many such men will we get to go forth, relying upon the precarious support of an Evangelist, in the destitute portions of our country? Let the past answer, through a church an hundred years old, with about one hundred acting ministers in Virginia. Fifty counties without a preacher! The answer is a sad one but true, and I speak, not my own opinion only, but the opinion of many others, when I say, our system is defective, and must be changed.

I know, brethren, you will say, the failure to get the men, shows want of faith. Faith is confidence in the promises of God, and the promises are, that, they that go forth, in obedience to the

commands shall be sustained. But where is it taught, in the Bible, that no man shall preach, unless he understands Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and the arts and sciences? Where? Write it down in your paper, and then I will agree with you, that it is want of faith, and not till then.

All our writers and speakers, and you brethren, among the rest, whenever our destitutions are referred to, admit them, and express themselves, I have no doubt sincerely, very sorry on account of them, but all unite in throwing the responsibility for them, *on the young men of the church*, yet the Bible, nowhere points out *young men* as the class, from which exclusively, or even primarily preachers are to be obtained, but on the contrary, seems to intimate that, they are generally to be chosen from among men of age and experience, heads of families & c. (I Timothy 3:17, Titus 1:5,8.) It is time brethren for us to look the matter fairly in the face, and see it as it is. We can't shift the responsibility. The ministers and elders—the ruling powers of the church, will have to answer to God for our wide-spread destitutions; we must send the gospel or give a better reason for our failure, than want of educated men. Would to God, I could bring every minister and elder of the church to feel this, as they should; the work would then be *done*.

In spite of your protest, my statement, that our mode of training unfits men for operating upon the masses, *is nevertheless true*. The preacher's seclusion in early life, prevents his acquiring a knowledge of the *words and feelings and modes of thought of the home, the market and the wayside*, and in his after life there is no such contact, or conflict with the masses as with the other learned professions—as *forces* him to acquire the needed knowledge. On the other hand, a principle of human nature, felt to some extent by all, but strongest with the masses, rustic bashfulness, a feeling of reserve, a shrinking back from those who by reason of their birth, wealth, education or



station, occupying a position of *imaginary superiority*—makes the separation wider, and the result is, *they do move as a separate class*.

A man who, when a plain uneducated Methodist preacher is preaching, will get up with perfect unconcern, put on his hat and walk out, will when a learned Presbyterian preacher is preaching, sit perfectly still to the end of the sermon, whatever may be his inclinations. This I have often heard referred to as an evidence of the superiority of an educated ministry, but it is not; a little more of the feeling that kept the man in his seat, when he did not want to sit still, *would have kept him* away from the church, and the possession of that little more, kept away scores that otherwise would have been there. This is human nature as it is, not as it should be, and with it as it is we have to deal.

It is objected, that my plan of Evangelism, will lower the standard of ministerial education; but, I confess, I cannot see how this can be, with none but educated men as pastors, and the government of the church, as at present, in their hands, and that of the elders, I can see no danger of such a result, but, on the contrary, it seems to me, it will increase the number of educated ministers. At present, we have about as many pastors as we need, and when we have other churches for them to supply, God will send them, and I do not think he will until then.

Another objection is, that these men may propagate error. Serious error, results not from the preaching of the unlearned, but from *the speculations of the learned*, and the great error of the Cumberland Presbyterians was not so much ordaining uneducated men, but ordaining men who did not adopt the Confession of Faith; this brought in Arminianism, and its legitimate fruit, *spurious revivals*.

It was the *felt* necessity of their situation, that led the Cumberland Presbyterians into error, a necessity that existed in

the church before, and still exists, it was a *felt necessity* then, and is *felt* now by hundreds of Presbyterians. Had the course I suggested been taken then, it would have prevented that rupture—if not taken now, we will be driven to the wall.

F.

## Against the Use of Organs.

(Appeared in the *Watchman and Observer*, February 22, 1849; vol. 4:28.)

---

Mr. Editor.—I have been pleased to see in your paper, some discussion on the use of organs in church-music. This subject cannot be regarded as one, affecting the fundamentals of religious truth; but it has its importance, especially as a *symptom* of the spiritual state and opinions of our churches. And it is well that the views of Presbyterians should be digested and settled on some rational principles, before the silent tide of Fashion has swept them all into an imitation of a thing alien to their institutions.

It has always been common among the advocates of this Popish mode of worship, to meet the objections of simple minded Protestants to the organ, with the retort that their scruples were the relics of fanatical prejudice, and rustic ignorance. Such objections have been treated almost with levity and ridicule, as if they were contrary to taste, refinement and light, although the reading world knows, that they decided the minds of the wisest and most learned Reformers; the fathers of Protestantism. The sensible and just remarks of "*Inquirer*," in a late number of your paper, under the modest form of doubts, have presented objections to the organ, too solid, too rational, and pious to be thus lightly treated. They cannot fail of having some effect on every evangelical mind. It is not my purpose to attempt to do again, what *Inquirer* has done so well, by stating the scriptural and historical objections to the use of this

instrument, in Protestant worship. But my object is to vindicate the great body of the Protestant church, and the Fathers of Protestantism, from the charge of ill taste, rudeness and blind prejudice, in their opposition. It is not strange that men, such as the present advocates of the organ in Presbyterian churches in America, should bring such a charge against such men; many of them educated amidst the richest specimens of the fine arts in the old world, their youth imbued with the spirit of a gorgeous and poetic age? Is it not rather queer, that the ephemeral aristocracy of our trading towns, whose high life took its rise between the stilts of the plough, or behind the tradesman's counter, only a generation or two back, who perhaps, never saw or heard an instrument that deserved to be called *an organ*, and whose taste would not suffice to distinguish a painting of the greatest masters, from the efforts of our peripatetic portrait-takers in these backwoods, or to discern between the eccentric voluntaries of one of our boarding-school misses, elevated into a temporary organist, and a symphony of Handel, should be charging *rusticity* on such men as the Reformers and founders of Protestant churches. Men educated amidst the splendors of the fine arts, in the Augustan age of Popery, and accomplished with all the polite learning of their age? My purpose is to retort the charge of bad taste on the advocates of organs, and to show that their introduction into Protestant worship is incongruous with its spirit, and contrary to the true principles of musical science, and musical taste.

The music of an organ may be appropriate to Popish worship, and may be in good taste in a Popish cathedral; and yet may be in wretchedly ill taste, when applied to Protestant worship.—All will admit, that to imitate *blindly*, the fashions of the higher classes, without regard to those considerations of fitness, which render them appropriate and tasteful in those whom we follow, is the plainest mark of false taste and vulgarity. For example;

we may be informed that Queen Victoria wears, with her evening dress, the thinnest slippers of white Satin. The young miss who should therefore conclude, that *her feet* would be appropriately arrayed in similar shoes, for a ride on horseback, through our country mud, to one of our country churches, would display a ludicrous instance of false taste. We may be told that Prince Albert sports no boots but those radiant with patent varnish, in St. James' Park. To adopt a similar article for hunting or walking boots, to traverse the mud of Virginia, would be a piece of vulgar imitation, unworthy of any one, above the sable *beaux*, who, in the streets of Richmond, so successfully ape, and even out-do, the distinguishing characteristics of the "*Distingues*."

Now these are just illustrations of the false taste shown by the Protestant church, when she apes Popery, in the use of the organ. The instrument is appropriate to the spirit of papal worship; but there is an essential difference between that worship and ours, which makes our blind use of their favorite instrument, a most unfortunate instance of vulgar imitation. Popish worship is addressed to the senses, and the imagination through the senses. According to the Papists' own theory of his worship, the mass is a grand Action. It is all in an unknown tongue; but this matters not: he asserts that even though there were not an articulate word pronounced in any language, the solemn drama would convey its instructions to the heart, through the genuflections, the pantomime, the adoration of the priests, and the varying harmonies of the music. Their theory of church music is just the same. The hymns are in an unknown language: if the worshipper heard every syllable articulated, he would not understand the ideas that are sung, nor does it matter that he should. The sentiment of devotion is conveyed sufficiently, by the character of the music.

But the theory of Protestant religious music is, or ought to be, essentially different. We appeal to the understanding and to those intelligent emotions, which are produced by the understanding on the heart. We sing articulate, intelligent words, in a familiar language, conveying to every hearer, instructive ideas and elevating sentiments. The *articulation* of words sung, is the very essence and soul of our musical worship. We recognize the music only as an accessory, to aid impressing the ideas it accompanies; for we do not believe there is any more religion in the sensations of melody and harmony, separately considered, than in the posture of the declaimer. We conceive that it is only by accompanying intelligent religious ideas, that they can produce any religious effect. The scripture represents religious music as the vehicle of religious instruction, and imply the necessity of distinct articulation. "I will sing with the spirit, and I will *sing with the understanding* also, else when thou shall bless with the spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned, say Amen at their giving of thanks—seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest;" 1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians 14:15 and 16. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs"—Col. 3:16. These passages fully sustain the assertion that religious music, to be scriptural, *must contain intelligible articulate words*, conveying some pious instruction or emotion.

Now then, we assert that this essential difference between the theory and spirit of Popish church music and Protestant, makes the organ an unfit and ill-judged accompaniment for our vocal religious songs: although it is appropriate and well chosen for the purpose of Papists.—Those who advocate the use of the organ must submit to the charge of blind, unscientific imitation; or they must adopt the kind of music which Rome uses, appealing only to the ear, inarticulate, and uninstructional, and

utterly foreign to the intention of the scriptures. The latter thing is, indeed, partly done, in practice, in all Protestant churches, where this instrument is used.

To evince the justice of the charge of false taste, just made, it remains to point out, in what respects, the organ is inconsistent with the spirit and character of scriptural church music. And first; none who are familiar with the use of the organ, can be so hardy as to deny, that it is *unfavorable to distinct articulation*, which is the very essential of religious music. It is the most overpowering of all accompaniments to vocal music, and most effectually obliterates the distinctions of articulate sound. For himself the writer would affirm that he never, in a single instance, heard an organ used, when he could catch a single connected sentiment of what was sung, except so far as reading of the hymn before the singing, assisted his memory. And it may be fearlessly asserted, that the use of an organ utterly disappoints that, which is the grand purpose of religious music, the comprehension of the sentences sung, with the majority of hearers. Is not this a fatal objection to its use, with any man who values sense more than sound, the kernel more than the shell?

Second: The organ is *incapable of accentuation*. The alternate notes played upon it cannot receive any variety of *ictus* or force, as should be the case in all music. The rhythm of English poetry depends entirely on the occurrence of accented and unaccented syllables, in a certain order. In reading it, the emphasis, or ictus of the voice must fall on the alternate syllables, intended to receive it. To neglect this rule, and to pronounce the syllables indiscriminately with equal force, would convert the most spirited lines of Scott or Burns, into an intolerable drawl. Now, this rhythm is equally essential in poetry, when sung. The alternate *notes*, corresponding with the accented syllables of the metre, must receive a heavier or

stronger tone. To neglect this, in singing, is as insufferable to a cultivated musical ear, as the neglect of the accentuation in reading poetry, would be to the elocutionists. These are assertions which no man can dare to dispute, without condemning himself, as the crudest of sciolists in musical knowledge. And it is equally undeniable, that the organ is utterly incapable of giving any expression to this *ictus* or accent; for the plain reason, that the force of the tone depends on the operations of the bellows-blower, or the character of the *stop* used, and not on the force of the performer's touch upon the key. Hence the music of an organ, although it may have a certain kind of solemnity, can never be spirited. It is only rescued from the character of drawling, by the power and fullness of its tones. To use it as an accompaniment to vocal music, is *death* to the spirit and expression of the poetry which is sung.

Third: The organ, like all other instruments with fixed stops to mark off the tones of the scale, gives those tones inaccurately; and when used along with that perfect instrument of God's own make, the human voice, must fail in producing a perfect accord, and perfect harmonies. This will be confirmed by any scientific organist.

The long drawn peals of harmony which proceed from this instrument echoing through lofty arches, and the fullness and volume of its sound, may render it suitable to the purpose of Popish ecclesiastical theatricals. But we assert, for the reasons above, that it is utterly unsuited, ill judged, and in ill taste, as an accompaniment for vocal music, intended to be articulate, and expressive of intelligible ideas. We assert it purely on principles of musical taste, apart from historical or theological objections. We retort the charge of rusticity on the advocates of organs in Protestant worship, and assert that this application of this accompaniment, regardless of the difference of circumstances,



and the natural incongruities of the things, is the true breach of enlightened taste, and the true exhibition of prejudice.

There is a fact in the musical world, to which we can appeal for practical confirmation of the principles of taste laid down. The modern Opera is more of an Action and a Pantomime, than the religious music of Protestants was intended to be; though less so than the Mass.—The plot of the play is exhibited, partly by scenery and pantomimes, and partly by words set to music and sung articulately. Its nature is, therefore, not so totally foreign to that of the organ, as the nature of Protestant sacred music which depends wholly on articulation to convey its sentiments. And yet, although I would not claim as much familiarity with the theatricals as some of the admirers of organs in churches, I feel authorized to assert, that such a thing as an organ in the orchestra of an Opera, is never heard of; and that its introduction would be regarded by the whole musical world, as a ludicrous anomaly. All men of taste would feel, that the character of the instrument is unsuitable to the expression, emphasis, and flexibility of articulate, vocal music. The same principles of taste should expel it from our churches.

The manner in which this instrument is almost universally used in our Protestant churches, makes it doubly grievous to devotional feeling, and offensive to good taste. The organs obtained are frequently of inferior construction; and are out of tune, and ill-played. The volume of sound is often utterly disproportioned to the number of voices. Sometimes we see a little, feeble, starveling choir, to which the “accompaniment” has proved almost a fatal incubus, with a dozen voices, and an organ pouring forth tones strong enough to guide a thousand singers. In this connection, it may be remarked, that the use of organs in the Protestant churches of Holland, and in other places in Europe, where the congregational singing is noted as very fine, is no precedent whatever for the manner in which they are

used in this country. There, the spirit of the people is generally imbued with a taste for music. All sing; and where a thousand voices are united in a song of praise, the peculiar faults of the instrument are hidden in the vast volume of sound; and its leading chords subserve some slightly useful purpose, in keeping the air up to the proper pitch. But in a church where the vocal music is confined to thirty or forty voices, the organ is dominant, and all its vices becomes glaring.

The testimony of all concurs in proving, that the use of organs in this country is unfavorable to congregational singing. Unless their introduction can be guarded from this ill effect, more effectually than it has hitherto, let them be kept out forever. Another effect equally general, is to render the choir weak and remiss. Not only do we never see spirited congregational singing in this part of the country in churches where there are organs, we do not often find, in such churches, good choir singing. And surely, it is no slight objection, that an inexperienced private individual must be employed as organist, or some teacher of music, or theatrical musician must be hired. And thus one of the most solemn parts of the worship of a spiritual God, is committed chiefly to the guidance of a professional hireling, commonly a wicked man!

One of the most outrageous sins against good taste and devotional feeling committed by these windy machines, consists of the preludes and symphonies, with which they usually introduce and intersperse the praise of God. These seem to be thrown in, by some arithmetical or mechanical rule, between every two verses, in utter disregard of taste and sense. The nature of scriptural singing should teach us, that there should be nothing of the sort. The only use of the musical sounds, is to accompany and enforce the words expressing pious sentiments. What religious use or sense is there then, in that part of the music which is accompanied by no words? None. It has no

business in the church. Just as reasonably might the preacher preface each impressive paragraph with a minute or two of pantomimic gesture. And then, the symphonies are thrown in blindly, after every verse, whether the sentiment of the poetry justifies any pause or not. It may be, that the burning thoughts of the hymn would hurry the devout soul along, without pause, from verse to verse. It may be that the end of a verse leaves a sentence unfinished, the nominative in the former verse waiting for its verb in the latter. Good taste and good sense would dictate, that an unbroken tide of song should bear the wrapt soul along to the climax of the sentiment, before it is required to pause. But no: the glowing thought must hang in it mid flight, or the widowed subject must stand bereaved of its predicate, until the "Performer" has had time to distinguish himself to his hearts content in a "voluntary." But the most nauseating thing about the whole exhibition, is to see performers presuming to detain a whole congregation, with their "extemporized voluntaries," when their inventive talent does not extend far enough to justify them in undertaking an original nursery song, and their operative skill does not suffice to perform the air of a common hymn, with sufficient fluency and spirit.—The manner in which these wondrous performances are thrown off, would seem to indicate, sometimes, that they are intended to realize the description of the great English poet of

Notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony.

But their afflicted hearers doubtless found about as much resemblance between their effusions and the conceptions of a true master, as you, Mr. Editor, would discover between the eccentric bombast of an Arkansas stump orator, and the speeches of Demosthenes. Long may it be, ere I am again subjected to such inflections. Give me rather, for ever more, the hearty singing of the whole congregation, uniting their voices in some of those solemn strains, sung by sainted parents over our cradles, and linked with all the sweet and solemn recollections of the dreamy past! When all together rise up, "making melody in their hearts unto God," and mingling their voices in one tide of expressive, living, gushing melody, how does the delicious horror send the blood thrilling through the heart? How does the billowy harmony bear the enraptured soul towards heaven? Such were the strains with which the Presbyterian church in our land honored God in earlier days. Such was the songs that swept on the wailing winds, over the moors of Scotland, when the purest of God's people there, braved death to worship him. Such were the strains with which the Republicans of England shook the hearts of their foes, when they drew nigh to the battle, with "the high praises of God in their mouths, and a two edged sword in their hands," to execute "vengeance upon the heath and judgments upon the people." Such we believe were the songs of praise sent up to God from that upper chamber, where the primitive church met to worship.—And wherever they shall be heard, they will elevate the devout, convince the sinful, and make the careless solemn, more effectually than any of the borrowed artifices of a worldly church.

There is one fact connected with the introduction of organs into those of our churches which have adopted them, which is exceedingly distressful. It is the reason which we always hear assigned, among other reasons, for their introduction, and which we believe has been in every case the most operative one. It is

always urged: *"we must have an organ to keep pace with other churches in attracting a congregation, and in retaining the young and thoughtless."* Has it come then to this, that the chaste spouse of Christ is reduced to borrow the meretricious adornment of the "scarlet whore," in order to catch the unholy admiration of the ungodly? Not thus did the Apostles devise to bring sinners to the church. They were taught to go after them, into the highways and hedges, with the wooings of mercy and love; to allure them by the beauty of holiness; to urge them by the terrors of the law. If we are authorized to add to God's worship, forms purely of human device, in order to make it more palatable to sinners, to what corruptions shall we not give entrance? The Popish church of South America attracts multitudes of worshippers, by gross theatrical representations. According to this mode of operations, which has introduced organs into our churches, a Presbyterian Church in South American might find it necessary to imitate idolatrous Papists, and convert God's house into a play-house. An excuse which will justify such an enormity as this under different circumstances, is surely no valid excuse for any thing. We believe that all such artifices, of human device, to catch popularity, are inconsistent with the genius of the Presbyterian Church, derogatory of her honor, and blasting to her interests. It was her glory and her strength, that she aimed to commend herself by her firm devotion to truth, by the purity of her discipline, the pre-eminence of her ministry, and the justice of her polity. If she will cleave to these traits and rest upon them in humble faith in her divine Head, she will prosper. But when once she descends from the high vantage ground of intellectual, theological, and moral superiority, to chaffer for popularity by human devices, and doubtful arts, her prestige will be gone. Other churches are better adapted to win in that race, and will surely outrun her.

Chorepiscopus.

## “Instrumental Music in Public Worship.”

(Appeared in *The Presbyterian Quarterly*, July 1889; vol. 3, pp. 462-69.)

---

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH. *By John L. Girardeau, D. D., LL. D., Professor in Columbia Theological Seminary, South Carolina.* 12mo, pp. 208. Richmond: Whittet & Shepperson, 1888.

The author in his eloquent conclusion anticipates that some will meet his arguments with sneers rather than serious discussion, which he proposes to endure with Christian composure. It is a reproach to our church, which fills us with grief, to find this prediction fulfilled in some quarters. Surely persons calling themselves Presbyterians should remember that the truths they profess to hold sacred have usually been in small minorities sneered at by the arrogant majorities. So it was in the days of the Reformers, of Athanasius, of the Apostles, and of Jesus himself.

The resort to this species of reply appears the more ill-considered, when we remember that Dr. Girardeau is supporting the identical position held by all the early fathers, by all the Presbyterian reformers, by a Chalmers, a Mason, a Breckinridge, a Thornwell, and by a Spurgeon. Why is not the position as respectable in our author as in all this noble galaxy of true Presbyterians? Will the innovators claim that all these great men are so inferior to themselves? The idea seems to be that the opposition of all these great men to organs arose simply out of their ignorant old-fogyism and lack of culture; while our

advocacy of the change is the result of our superior intelligence, learning and refinement. The ignorance of this overweening conceit makes it simply vulgar. These great men surpassed all who have succeeded them in elegant classical scholarship, in logical ability, and in theological learning. Their deprecators should know that they surpassed them just as far in all elegant culture. The era of the Reformation was the Augustan age of church art in architecture, painting and music. These reformed divines were graduates of the first Universities, most of them gentlemen by birth, many of them noblemen, denizens of courts, of elegant accomplishments and manners; not a few of them exquisite poets and musicians. But they unanimously rejected the Popish Church music; not because they were fusty old pedants without taste, but because a refined taste concurred with their learning and logic to condemn it.

Dr. Girardeau has defended the old usage of our church with a morel courage, loyalty to truth, clearness of reasoning and wealth of learning which should make every true Presbyterian proud of him, whether he adopts his conclusions or not. The framework of his argument is this: it begins with that vital truth which no Presbyterian can discard without a square desertion of our principles. The man who contests this first premise had better set out at once for Rome: God is to be worshipped only in the ways appointed in his word. Every act of public cultus not positively enjoined by him is thereby forbidden. Christ and his apostles ordained the musical worship of the New Dispensation without any sort of musical instrument, enjoining only the singing with the voice of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. Hence such instruments are excluded from Christian worship. Such has been the creed of all churches, and in all ages, except of the Popish communion after it had reached the nadir of its corruption at the end of the thirteenth century, and of its prelate imitators. But the pretext is raised that instrumental music was

authorized by Scripture in the Old Testament. This evasion Dr. Girardeau ruins by showing that God set up in the Hebrew Church two distinct forms of worship; the one moral, didactic, spiritual and universal, and therefore perpetual in all places and ages—that of the synagogues; the other peculiar, local, typical, foreshadowing in outward forms the more spiritual dispensation, and therefore destined to be utterly abrogated by Christ's coming. Now we find instrumental music, like human priests and their vestments, show-bread, incense, and bloody sacrifice, absolutely limited to this local and temporary worship. But the Christian churches were modeled upon the synagogues and inherited their form of government and worship because it was permanently didactic, morel and spiritual, and included nothing typical. This reply is impregably fortified by the word of God himself: that when the Antitype has come the types must be abolished. For as the temple-priests and animal sacrifices typified Christ and his sacrifice on Calvary, so the musical instruments of David in the temple-service only typified the joy of the Holy Ghost in his pentecostal effusions.

Hence when the advocates of innovation quote such words as those of the psalmist, "Praise the Lord with the harp," &c., these shallow reasoners are reminded that the same sort of plea would draw back human priests and bloody sacrifices into our Christian churches. For these Psalms exclaim, with the same emphasis, "Bind your sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." Why do not our Christian aesthetes feel equally authorized and bound to build altars in front of their pulpits, and to drag the struggling lambs up their nicely carpeted aisles, and have their throats cut there for the edification of the refined audience? "Oh, the scarifies, being types and peculiar to the temple service, were necessarily abolished by the coming of the Antitype." Very good. So were the horns, cymbals, harps and



organs only peculiar to the temple-service, a part of its types, and so necessarily abolished when the temple was removed.

If any addition can be made to this perfectly compact argument, it is contained in this suggestion of an undoubted historical truth: that the temple-worship had a national theocratic quality about it, which cannot now be realized in Christ's purely spiritual kingdom. Israel was both a commonwealth and a church. Her political government was a theocracy. Her human king was the viceroy representing on earth her true sovereign, God. Hence, in the special acts of worship in the temple, in which the high priest, Messiah's type, and the king, God's viceroy, combined, they represented the State Church, the collective nation in a national act of homage. This species of worship could not lawfully exist except at one place; only one set of officials could celebrate it. It was representatively the nation's act. It is to be noted that, when at last musical instruments were attached to those national acts of homage to Israel's political king, Jehovah, it was not by the authority or intervention of the high priest, the religious head of the nation, but by that of the political viceroy. David's horns, harps and organs were therefore the appointed instruments of the national acts of homage to Jehovah. The church now is not a nation, but purely a spiritual kingdom, which is not of this world. Hence there is no longer room in her worship for the horns, harps and organs, any more than for swords and stonings in her government, or human kings and high priests in her institutions.

Let the true inference from this partial use of instruments of music in the typical, national worship be fairly and perspicuously stated. It is but this: since God saw fit to ordain such an adjunct to divine worship for a special object, it proves the use of it not to be *sin per se*, like lying or theft, for a holy God would not ordain an unholy expedient for any object, however temporary. The same argument shows that incense,

show-bread and bloody sacrifices in worship cannot be *sin per se*. But how far short is this admission from justifying the use of any of them in worship now? Just here is the pitiable confusion of thought. It is not enough for the advocate of a given member of the church's cultus to show that it is not essentially criminal. He must show that God ordained it positively for our dispensation.

Dr. Girardeau's opponents stubbornly forget that the burden of proof rests on them; he is not bound to prove that these instruments are *per se* criminal, or that they are mischievous or dangerous, although he is abundantly able to prove the latter. It is they who must prove affirmatively that God has appointed and required their use in his New Testament worship, or they are transgressors. Doubtless the objection in every opponent's mind is this: That, after all, Dr. Girardeau is making a conscientious point on too trivial and non-essential a matter. I am not surprised to meet this impression in the popular mind, aware as I am that age of universal education is really a very ignorant one. But it is a matter of grief to find ministers so oblivious of the first lessons of their church history. They seem totally blind to the historical fact that it was just thus every damnable corruption which has cursed the church took its beginning; in the addition to the modes of worship ordained by Christ for the New Dispensation, of human devices which seemed ever so pretty and appropriate, made by the best of men and women and ministers with the very best of motives, and borrowed mostly from the temple cultus of the Jews. Thus came vestments, pictures in churches, incense, the observance of the martyrs' anniversary days—in a word, that the whole apparatus of will-worship and superstition which bloomed into popery and idolatry. "Why, all these pretty inventions were innocent. The very best of people used them. They were so appropriate, so aesthetic! Where could the harm be?" History answers the

question: They disobeyed God and introduced popery,—a result quite unforeseen by the good souls who began the mischief! Yes, but those who have begun the parallel mischief in our Presbyterian Church cannot plead the same excuse, for they are forewarned by a tremendous history, and prefer Mrs. Grundy's taste to the convincing light of experience.

That a denomination, professing like ours to be anti-prelatic and anti-ritualistic, should throw down the bulwarks of their argument against these errors by this recent innovation appears little short of lunacy. Prelatists undertake every step of the argument which these Presbyterians use for their organ, and advance them in a parallel manner to defend the re-introduction of the Passover or Easter, of Whitsuntide, of human priests and priestly vestments, and of chrism, into the gospel church. "God's appointment of them in the Old Dispensation proves them to be innocent. Christians have a right to add to the cultus ordained for the New Testament whatever they think appropriate, provided it is innocent; and especially are such additions lawful if borrowed from the Old Dispensation." I should like to see the Presbyterian who has refuted Dr. Girardeau in argument meet a prelatist who justifies these other additions by that Presbyterian's own logic. Would not his consistency be something like that pictured by the old proverb of "Satan reproving sin?" Again, if the New Testament church has priests, these priests must have sacrifice. Thus, consistency will finally lead that Presbyterian to the real corporeal presence and the mass.

To rebut further the charge that Dr. Girardeau is stickling for an unimportant point, I shall now proceed to assert the prudential and the doctrino-psychological arguments against the present organ worship.

*1st.* Sound prudence and discretion decide against it. The money cost of these instruments, with the damaging debts

incurred for them, is a sufficient objection. The money they cost, if expended in mission work, would do infinitely more good to souls and honor to God. In our poor church, how many congregations are there which are to day mocking Dr. Craig with a merely nominal contribution to missions on the plea of an organ debt of \$1, 600 to \$3, 600! This latter says it is able to spare \$3,600 for a Christian's use (or does it propose to cheat the organ builder?). I ask solemnly; Is it right to expend so much of God's money, which is needed to rescue perishing souls, upon an object merely non-essential, at best only a luxury? Does the Christian conscience, in measuring the worth of souls and God's glory, deliberately prefer the little to the much?

Again, instruments in churches are integral parts of a system which is fruitful of choir quarrels and church feuds. How many pastoral relations have they helped to disrupt? They tend usually to choke congregational singing, and thus to rob the body of God's people of their God-given right to praise him in his sanctuary. They almost always help to foster anti-scriptural styles of church music, debauching to the taste, and obstructive, instead of assisting, to true devotional feelings. Whereas the advocates of organs usually defend them on grounds of musical culture and aesthetic refinement, I now attack them on those very grounds. I assert that the organ is peculiarly inimical to lyrical taste, good music, and every result which a cultivated taste pursues, apart from conscientious regard for God. The instrument, by its very structure, is incapable of adaptation to the true purposes of lyrical music. It cannot have arsis or thesis, any rhythm or expression of emphasis, such as the pulsatile instruments have. Its tones are too loud, brassy and dominant; all syllabication is drowned. Thus the church music is degraded from that didactic, lyrical eloquence, which is its scriptural conception, to those senseless sounds expressly condemned by

the apostle in 1 Corinthians chaps. 12-14. In truth, the selection of this particular instrument as the preferred accompaniment of our lyrical worship betrays artistic ignorance in Protestants, or else a species of superfluity of naughtiness in choosing precisely the instrument specially suited to popish worship.

It so happens that the artistic world has an amusement—the Italian opera—whose aim is very non-religious indeed, but whose art-theory and method are precisely the same with those of scriptural church music. Both are strictly lyrical. The whole conception in each is this: to use articulate, rational words and sentences as vehicles for intelligible thoughts, by which the sentiments are to be affected, and to give them the aid of metre, rhythm and musical sounds to make the thoughts impressive. Therefore, all the world's artists select, for the opera-orchestras, only the pulsatile and chiefly the stringed instruments.

An organ has never been seen in a theater in Europe; only those instruments are admitted which can express arsis and thesis. I presume the proposal to introduce an organ into the Italian opera would be received by every musical artist in Europe as a piece of bad taste, which would produce a guffaw of contempt. This machine, thus fatally unfit for all the true purposes of musical worship and lyrical expression, has, indeed, a special adaptation to the idolatrous purposes of Rome, to which purposes all Protestants profess to be expressly hostile. So that, in selecting so regularly Rome's special instrument of idolatry, these Protestants either countenance their own enemies or betray an artistic ignorance positively vulgar. Consequently, one is not surprised to find this incorrect taste offending every cultivated Christian ear by every imaginable perversity, under the pretext of divine worship. The selections made are the most bizarre and unsuitable. The execution is over loud, inarticulate, brassy, fitted only "to split the ears of the groundlings, capable, for the most part, of naught but inexplicable noise and

dumbshows.” The pious taste is outraged by the monopolizing of sacred time, and the indecent thrusting aside of God’s holy worship to make room for “solos,” which are unfit in composition, and still more so in execution, where the accompaniment is so hopelessly out of relation to the voice that if the one had the small-pox (as apparently it often has St. Vitus’ dance) the other would be in no danger of catching the disease, and the words, probably senseless at best, are so mouthed as to convey no more ideas to the hearer than the noise of Chinese tom-tome. Worshippers of true taste and intelligence, who know what the finest music in Europe really is, are so wearied by these impertinences that they almost shiver at the thought of the infliction. The holy places of our God are practically turned into fifth-rate Sunday theaters.

I shall be reminded that there are some Presbyterian churches with organs where these abuses do not follow. “They need not follow in any.” I reply that they are the customary result of the unscriptural plans. If there should be some sedate boys who are avowed to play with fire-arms, but do not shoot their little sisters through the brain, yet that result follows so often as to ground the rule that no parent should allow this species of plaything to his children. The innovation is in itself unhealthy; and hence, when committed to the management of young people who have but a slim modicum of cultivation, such as prevails in this country at large, has a regular tendency to all these offensive abuses.

*2nd.* I find a still more serious objection to instrumental music in churches when I connect the doctrine of God’s word concerning worship with the facts of human psychology. Worship must be an act of *personal homage* to God, or it is a hypocrisy and offense. The rule is that we must “glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his.” The whole human person, with all its faculties, appropriately takes part in this worship; for

they are all redeemed by him and consecrated to him. Hence our voices should, at suitable times, accompany our minds and hearts. Again, all true worship is rational. The truth intelligently known and intelligibly uttered is the only instrument and language of true worship. Hence all social public worship *must be didactic*. The apostle has settled this beyond possible dispute in 1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians. Speaking in an unknown tongue, when there is no one to interpret, he declares can have no possible religious use, except to be a testimony for converting pagan unbelievers. If none such are present, Paul expressly orders the speaker in unknown tongues *to be silent* in the congregation; and this although the speaker could correctly claim the *afflatus* of the Holy Ghost. This strict prohibition Paul grounds on the fact that such a tongue, even though a miraculous charism, was not an articulate vehicle for sanctifying truth. And, as though he designed to clinch the application of this rule upon these very instruments of music, he selects them as the illustration of what he means. I beg the reader to examine 1 Corinthians 14:7, 8, 9.

Once more: man's animal nature is sensitive, through the ear, to certain sensuous, aesthetic impressions from melody, harmony and rhythm. There is, on the one hand, a certain analogy between the sensuous excitements of the acoustic nerves and sensorium and the rational sensibilities of the soul. (It is precisely this psychologic fact which grounds the whole power and pleasure of lyrical compositions.) Now, the critical points are these: That, while these sensuous excitements are purely animal and are no more essentially promotive of faith, holiness, or light in the conscience than the quiver of the fox-hunting horses' ears at the sound of the bugle or the howl of the houndwhelp at the sound of his master's piano, sinful men, fallen and blinded, are ever ready to abuse this faint analogy by mistaking the sensuous impressions for, and confounding them

with, spiritual affections. Blinded men are ever prone to imagine that they have religious feelings, because they have sensuous, animal feelings, in accidental juxtaposition with religious places, words, or sights. This is the pernicious mistake which has sealed up millions of self-deceived souls for hell.

Rome encourages the delusion continually. She does this with a certain consistency between her policy and her false creed. She holds that, no matter by what motive men are induced to receive her sacraments, these convey saving grace, *ex opere operato*. Hence she consistently seduces men, in every way she can, to receive her sacraments by any spectacular arts or sensuous thrills of harmony. Now, Protestants ought to know that (as the apostle says) there is no more spiritual affection in these excitements of the sensorium than in sounding brass or in tinkling cymbal.

Protestants cannot plead the miserable consistency of Rome in aiding men to befool themselves to their own perdition by these confusions, for they profess to reject all *opus operatum* effects of sacraments, and to recognize no other instrument of sanctification than the one Christ assigned, THE TRUTH. But these organ-grinding Protestant churches are aiding and encouraging tens of thousands of their members to adopt this pagan mistake. Like the besotted Papist, they are deluded into the fancy that their hearts are better because certain sensuous, animal emotions are aroused by a mechanical machine, in a place called a church, and in a proceeding called worship.

Here, then, is the *rationale* of God's policy in limiting his musical worship to the melodies of the *human voice*. It is a faculty of the redeemed person, and not the noise of a dead machine. The human voice, while it can produce melodious tones, can also articulate the words which are intelligible vehicles of divine truth. The hymns sung by the human voice can utter didactic truth with the impressiveness of right



articulation and emphasis, and thus the pious singers can do what God commands—teach one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs. For his Christian church, the non-appointment of mechanical accompaniment *was its prohibition*. Time will prove, we fear by a second corruption of evangelical religion and by the ruin of myriads more of nominally Christian souls, how much wiser is the psychology of the Bible than that of Mrs. Grundy.

The reader has by this time seen that I ascribe this recent departure of our Presbyterian churches from the rule of their fathers in no degree to more liberal views or enlightened spirit. I know, by an intuition which I believe every sensible observer shares, that the innovation is merely the result of an advancing *wave of worldliness*, and ritualism in the evangelical bodies. These Christians are not wiser but simply more flesh-pleasing and fashionable. That is exactly the dimension of the strange problem. Other ritualistic adjuncts occur from time to time. Nothing is needed but the lapse of years enough for this drift, of which this music is a part, to send back great masses of our people, a material well prepared for the delusion, into the bosom of Rome and her kindred connections.

This melancholy opinion is combined, in our minds, with a full belief in the piety, good intentions and general soundness of many ministers and laymen who are now aiding the innovations. No doubt the advocates of instrumental music regard this as the sting of Dr. Girardeau's argument, that it seems to claim all the fidelity and piety for the anti-organ party. No doubt many hearts are now exclaiming, "This is unjust, and thousands of our saintliest women are in the organ-loft, our soundest ministers have organs," &c., &c. All this is perfectly true. It simply means that the best of people err and unintentionally do mischief when they, begin to lean to their own understandings. The first organ I ever knew of in a Virginian Presbyterian church was

introduced by one of the wisest and most saintly of pastors, a paragon of old school doctrinal rigor. But he avowedly introduced it on an argument the most unsound and perilous possible for a good man to adopt—that it would be advantageous to prevent his young people from leaving his church to run after the Episcopal organ in the city. Of course such an argument would equally justify every other sensational and spectacular adjunct to God's ordinances, which is not criminal *per se*. Now this father's general soundness prevented his carrying out the pernicious argument to other applications. A very bad organ remained the only unscriptural feature in a church otherwise well-ordered. But after the church authorizes such policy, what guarantee remains that one and another less sound and staid will not carry the improper principle to disastrous results? The conclusion of this matter is, then, that neither the piety nor the good intention of our respectable opponents is disparaged by us; but that the teachers and rulers of our churches, learning from the great reformers and the warning lights of church history, should take the safer position alongside of Dr. Girardeau. Their united advice would easily and pleasantly lead back to the Bible ground all the zealous and pious laymen and the saintly ladies who have been misled by fashion and incipient ritualism.

R. L. DABNEY.

## The Sphere of the Sabbath School.

(A Memorial and Overture of the Synod of Texas to the General Assembly  
of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, to meet in Macon, Ga., 1893.)

---

Your memorialists would represent to the General Assembly, that we have seen, with anxious concern, certain perversions and abuses which have silently crept into the Sabbath schools of our Church and country. The first of these perversions is an extensive wresting of these schools from their proper and legitimate scope as missionary measures for the chidden of neglectful and godless parents, into a substitute for the Christian family training of the children of parents professing godliness, by their own parents in their own homes. The good Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, is reputed to have invented such schools in the eighteenth century. His avowed purpose was to give Christian instruction, by this means, only to children of godless parents who received no Christian teaching in their homes. He sought his pupils in the streets, among such neglected children as were straying there on the Sabbath.

Had one proposed to him to do what is now so frequently done among us, viz.: to invade the homes of them professing godliness, and withdraw to his Sabbath school such children from the domestic tuition which their parents were giving them during the private hours of the holy day (which was then the universal custom of all Christian parents of decent repute), we presume that Raikes would have drawn back in astonishment and strong refusal. His missionary schools were never designed to invade, supersede, this divinely appointed means of grace.

Our sad experiences in our departure from God's institution, reveal to us the wise grounds on which he founded it, grounds which we are unwisely and sinfully overlooking.

One of these considerations is, that our Sabbath school teachers are armed with no forcible means for compelling the attendance, the good order, the obedience, or industry, of their pupils. They have no resource, except request and solicitation, called, in the terms of the day, "moral suasion." With a few children of good breeding and amiable sensibilities, such suasion may avail; with the major part it will prove ineffectual.

The consequence is a deplorable feebleness in the government of our schools. In some cases even positive disorder prevails. In the classes of God's sacred house and day; in many more idleness and inattention, and a careless failure of all study and preparation of lessons. It is the teacher, and not the pupils, who does all the studying and reciting. All the coaxing arts of pious ingenuity are needed to secure even a show of attention to God's sacred truth. In many cases the failure of children to prepare lessons assigned them, is so utter that they cannot even be induced to preserve the lesson papers given to them on the previous Sabbath, or even to bring them to the school again. Experienced teachers often expect this so regularly, that they draw duplicate numbers of the lesson papers so as to be able to supply second copies in place of those heedlessly thrown away by their pupils. Not seldom, the new lesson papers may be seen torn up before the school is dismissed. Instead of a righteous authority constraining the children of the Church to study diligently the word of God, and the methods of his salvation, every species of electioneering arts, as picnics and prizes, is plied to induce attendance. Thus, any idle appetency in the young is appealed to, instead of conscience, to induce the performance of duty.

Thus, it is to be feared that the Church is unconsciously inculcating, as by a continuous object lesson, this poisonous and deadly conception that duty to God may be performed, provided it is entirely pleasant, but it is no longer obligatory, when it requires self-denial and effort. It is believed that this deplorable policy is one large cause of that soft, relaxed and feeble standard of duty so common in our day. But the immediate and obvious evil resulting from this lack of authority in our Sabbath school system, is its frequent inefficiency as a system of Christian training. In many schools this enervation has gone so far as to convert the schools rather into farces, than means of grace, painful to reverent minds, and disgraceful to the Church of Christ: potential rather for teaching heedless souls how to shirk duty decently, than to learn the high lesson of keeping God's commandments, and saving the immortal soul.

But when we turn to God's word we see an entirely different system enjoined. We see parents themselves appointed of God to teach his precepts and gospel to their own children and we find them armed of God for the most effectual performance of this duty, with the fullest authority ever delegated by the Supreme King to any human hand. This authority expressly includes the use of the rod where necessary. We read throughout the Scriptures that it is the solemn duty of parents to use the whole of this authority to enforce upon their children these divine lessons. It was God's encomium upon the Father of believers, "that He knew him, that he would command his children and his household after him, that they should keep the way of the Lord." The cause of God's curse upon the house of Eli, was that "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." Parents are forbidden to refrain from the use of the rod where the perversity of their children requires it.

Let, then, the contrast be clearly drawn between God's method and the human method we have chosen. God has

appointed *the parent* to teach his truth to his own children, has armed him with full authority to enforce the teaching, and, forewarning him that "foolishness is often bound up in the heart of a child," has positively required the parent to use the whole power committed to him, where necessary, to compel the acquisition of the divine lesson. But our new system takes the task in part out of the hands of the parents and commits it to alien hands, which are and must be in the nature of this case mainly impotent to secure its faithful execution.

Doubtless the other consideration which prompted the commission of this high duty to parents was the spiritual good of the parents themselves. God here was aiming at their advancement in godliness in accordance with the principle that "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Entire religious inaction for the spiritual good of others is stifling to the spiritual life. But if there is any human being for whose salvation a Christian should be incited to work personally, it is the child of his own body; and he who is not incited to labor personally for his own child, will not be likely to labor for anybody else. On the other hand, God knows that parental love is the most energetic, abiding, and disinterested of all the social affections. In this constitution of the Christian family, He is seeking to enlist this supreme affection for the salvation of the children and of the parents.

The church can never afford to deprive parents of this most powerful of all means of grace. Its practical operation is obvious. Let this conviction be once fixed upon the conscience of a parent, that he himself has the instruction of his own children's souls imperatively laid upon him, and he will go to studying the way of salvation in earnest. He immediately finds that in order to teach it he must learn it distinctively himself. If he is to teach his children, in the afternoon, the contents of his pastor's morning sermon, he knows that he must listen to it in

good earnest instead of dawdling in God's house. When he is pushed into his proper place, as the first and main spiritual instructor of his own household, he immediately feels the most powerful incentive to a consistent and godly life. He cannot belie, by his acts before his children, the lessons which he himself taught them on the Sabbath day. Thus this ordinance of family religion is found the most potent instrumentality for the spiritual growth of both children and parents. A large part of the spiritual decadence which we lament is due to our partial neglect of it, and our transgression in partially superseding God's plan for the training of children by one of human invention.

It behooves us urgently to remember that throughout the Scriptures of both Testaments God lays the Christian instruction of children always upon their own parents, and upon them alone, under the guidance of the bishops of his Church. Their is not one line in either Testament which countenances the deputing of this sacred task to any other hands.

Where godless parents neglect it there it is the duty of the bishops of the church to take up the task with such suitable helps as they can associate, in the same missionary spirit with which it is their duty to carry the gospel to pagans. He that neglects his own house in this thing "hath denied the faith and is worse than the infidel."

*The other perversion of the Sabbath school* which calls for notice, is the extensive prevalence, among the children and even the teachers, of the habit of leaving the house of God at the end of the school hour and turning their backs on the ordinance of God's house. Too often Christians entering the sanctuary meet the distressing, the shocking spectacle of a crowd of the professed children of the church going their ways with laughter and levity at the very moment that God is calling all his people to worship him. We well know the customary pretext for this lamentable abuse, that the sermon following the Sabbath school

makes a service which would weary the children by its length. But every one of these parents compels these same children to attend the secular schools on week days for six or seven hours, and does not think the time too long.

The practical inculcation upon the minds of the children is of course this: That their parents regard arithmetic, grammar and geography, of supreme, and God's gospel of trivial, importance, since they think the former worthy of a whole week's continued study and the latter only of a scanty hour's. In our Confession of Faith we have declared to the world that God has established his Church for the gathering and perfecting of his elect, and to this end has appointed certain ordinances in it, and that these are prayer, praise, and the reading and expounding of his word, the administration of his sacraments and of Christian discipline, and the oblation of our goods for his service. These are the ordinances which are of divine appointment. How dare we teach our children to substitute for them a pious but human invention, and that upon a flimsy pretext.

If this pretext has any weight, its removal is perfectly obvious and easy. Let the Sabbath schools be held at some other hour of the Lord's day, or with such an interval for rest as will relieve the tender minds of the young from all undue fatigue. The following are some of the overwhelming objections to the practice of which we complain: First. The parents, if not recreant to their plain, covenanted duties, are entering the church of God at the very moment their children are turning their backs on it. Thus these children are deprived of parental oversight and guidance during the very heart of the holy day. Do these parents know what their rash children may be doing, what they may be reading, whither they may be going, into what atmosphere of levity, profanity, or pollution they may be wandering, during the very hours the parents are worshipping God? Here is a shocking dereliction of parental duty. At this hour there is no proper



place for these children except beside their parents in God's sanctuary.

Second. It is a mockery to suppose that the brief inculcations of the Sabbath school can be a sufficient substitute for all the rich and divinely appointed ordinances of public worship, especially while the methods of the former are as superficial and faulty as we have shown them to be in many cases. The only result of such a rearing will be a shallow and partial knowledge of divine truth, and a corresponding infirmity of Christian faith and principles.

Third. Childhood and youth are the seasons for fixing good habits. Where this golden season is lost, right habits are not likely to be formed afterwards. These children of the Church, trained in their youth to habits of non-attendance, will never become steady and habitual frequenters of the sanctuary afterwards. Here doubtless we find a cause of that deplorable symptom of our recent days, that the younger adults, and especially the young men, have become almost strangers to the courts of God's house. Some condescend to drop in on the Sabbath mornings, provided the weather be pleasant, and some secular attraction of music, rhetoric, or clap-trap, be added. At the meetings for prayer and the night services, they are often absent in a body. In not a few churches, attendance has become to perfunctory and irregular, that the average number present does not, perhaps, equal half that of the roll of communing members, to say nothing of the multitude of the unconverted who ought to be present. The tree is following the bad direction into which the twig was bent.

In view of all the above, we humbly venture to overture your venerable body to use all your lawful influence and authority to enforce upon all our church sessions and congregations the following rules: *First*. That all parents professing godliness be enjoined to perform the duty of religious instruction in person of

their own children, especially during such hours of the holy day as are devoted to public worship; and to use Sabbath school teachers, not as substitutes, but as helpers to their work.

*Second.* To enjoin all the churches that the chief and proper function of the Sabbath school is its missionary work for the children of the godless.

*Third.* To enjoin upon all churches, sessions and Christian parents, the regular attendance of their children upon public worship; and if it be found necessary to this end, to remove the exercises of the Sabbath school to such part of the Lord's day as will prevent all pretext of conflict with the public services ordained by God for his people.





---

## Secular Topics

---

## The Earth's Population.

(Appeared in *The Watchman Of The South*, May 11, 1843; vol. 6:38, pg. 154.)

---

Mr. Editor—The instance of miscalculation of the whole number of men who have ever lived, noticed in your paper, was amusing, and I was glad to see it corrected. But I think you might have gone much farther in your reduction of the exaggerated estimate, without exceeding the truth. It has been assumed by all writers on population, that the number of mankind both in particular states, and in the world at large, increase in geometrical ratio. The ratio of increase may vary, but the nature of the series which the numbers of the successive generations form is the same. The sum of such a series, when rightly calculated always falls far short of the estimate one would form from a consideration of the highest terms. The numbers of successive generations in any given state, would by no means form such a regularly increasing series. But it seems probable that the population of the whole world, taken collectively, has been multiplying itself, by a very regular ratio from the creation of man until the present time, except at two periods. At one of these, the deluge there was a retardation, which, if taken into account, would very much diminish our estimate. The other period consists of the last three centuries, since the discovery of America added a new world to the domain of civilized man.

In the antediluvian world, each successive generation bore a much larger proportion to the one preceding it, than the generations of later times do. But each generation then lived

much longer. We read that many of the antediluvians lived one hundred or even two hundred years before they had offspring. If therefore we assume the average you propose, for the age of each generation, thirty years, this will make a most abundant compensation, in our estimate, for their more rapid increase. Taking into account then, the length of an antediluvian generation, the fact that at the flood, the whole human race was cut off, except eight persons, and the fact that the bounds of the habitable earth have been gradually extending, from the earliest periods of history, I think that if we assume thirty years, as the life of a generation, and suppose that the population of the whole world, taken collectively, has been increasing in regular series, from the two original parents of mankind, up to their present number; the sum of such a series would be certainly not under, and probably much over the truth. The estimate of the population of the world given by you, if my memory does not mislead me, is that made by Baron Humboldt?—since whose time, about two generations have lived. At his day, there had been about 193 generations upon the earth, of which the first contained only two individuals, Adam and Eve: and the last 800,000,000. The numbers of these successive generations are supposed to form a geometric series of 193 terms. The calculation of the sum of these terms would introduce technicalities unsuitable to the columns of your paper, but those who chose to make it, (discarding the niceties of calculation, and using round numbers) will find that the sum of all these 193 generations only 8,153,000,000. This number may fall far short of the notions of those who are fond of consulting their imaginations, instead of fact and reason; but grant the data, which I think, from the reasons alluded to above are abundantly liberal, and the result flows directly from principles whose certainty absolutely excludes doubt.

Supposing that the two generations that have lived during the last sixty years, have increased with the same average ratio, which however, is probably somewhat under the truth, we should have for the first of these two generations 887,040,000, and for the last 983,550,000. These added to the former sum, give, for the total of all the human beings who have ever lived upon the earth, somewhat more than 10,000,000,000. These might all find room to stand in two of our largest counties, supposing two persons to stand on every square yard.

This subject is curious and interesting, because it leads to actual results so very wide of some prevalent notions. But it has always possessed a peculiar interest with me, because it affords an answer to a cavil against the divine government, which is sometimes made. It is an objection indeed, which would only have weight in a discontented and unbelieving mind; but yet, everything that contributes to expose its fallacy, is valuable. All allow that much the larger part of the world lieth in wickedness now, as it always has done. What a gloomy and terrific government, it is said, is that in which the system of rewards and punishments is such that the finally happy are but a small minority, while the mass sink forever under the sentence of the Judge? What other orders of beings may be benefited by the example of man's punishment, we know not, but a just view of the subject will lead us to see, that even in the human family, the ultimate number of the punished will bear no higher proportion to that of the rewarded, than is usual in human governments. The inspection of a geometrical series shows, that in consequence of its rapid progressive increase, the sum of a few of the highest terms is greater than that of all the rest of the series of 195 generations, who have lived upon the earth, the sum of the last seven is greater than the sum of all the preceding 188! Then if the millennium is delayed; until the extension of the arts and sciences shall have subdued the whole of the



habitable globe to the uses of man, until each nation shall have its full amount of population, how immensely will a few of its thoroughly evangelized generations outnumber all the generations which shall have lived before it? How trifling will be the number of the finally lost, compared with the sum of all those teeming generations which shall throng the earth, during the thousand years, when all its kingdoms shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ! Thus the doctrines of mathematics illustrate the truth, that the present system of punishments will result, under the intended providence of God, in the production of a great overplus of happiness to his creatures, and that even when he punishes, "God is love." Thus do the remotest regions of knowledge pay tribute to his cause.

T. Y.

## Popery and Republicanism.

(Appeared in the *Christian Observer*, August 3, 10 & 17, 1848; vol. 3:51-53.)

---

There is a striking feature in the late commotions in Europe, which is very interesting to us as Republicans, and as Protestants. It is the share which Popery and Papist, those immemorial supporters of despotism, in State as well as in Church, have taken in the promotion of liberty. Pope Pius the IX says that his late brother despots are reviling him as the first promoter, the grand inlet, the *telerrima cause* of all these republican troubles—thereby claiming for himself the credit of leading in the great work of liberating Europe. It is said that when he was told the United States had resolved to open diplomatic relations with him, in expressing his pleasure he remarked that ours was the only country where his church has nothing to fear from the State; and where *the State has nothing to fear from his Church*. To one who knows how Popery has sympathized with free institutions formerly, the latter part of this remark doubtless seems as great a *novelty* as any of those which Pius the IX has enacted. Many also of the Popish clergy are found on the side of the people in all the revolutionary countries; and in the Republican Assembly which is now sitting to give free institutions to France, the Father, *Lacordaire*, a celebrated monk and Popish preacher, is an active member. The Papists here and elsewhere, who find it to their present interests to deny that Popery is unfavorable to civil freedom, have, of course, seized triumphantly on these facts. Behold, they say, how

readily religion favors freedom; and how false was the charge of Protestants, that Rome is the hand-maid of despotism.

But he who knows any thing of Popish history and Popish policy; he who will remember how often Rome has betrayed the cause of human rights with a kiss, will see that this apparent devotion to freedom, now exhibited, proves very little. This is not the first time, by a great many, that the Papists have professed Republicanism, in order to promote Tyranny. The policy of the Jesuits, as sketched by Macauley, is a good description of their supple tactics. "Inflexible in nothing but their fidelity to their church, they were equally ready to appeal, in her cause, to the spirit of loyalty, and to the spirit of freedom.— Extreme doctrines of obedience, and extreme doctrines of liberty—the right of rulers to misgovern the people—the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife into the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip, or the subject of Elizabeth."

But these events, in which a Pope appears professing to teach his brother tyrants the rights of the people, and his priesthood is seen pronouncing the benediction of their religion on "Trees of Liberty," and leading the popular shout of *vive la republique*, bring back with strong interest the question which has been constantly disputed by Papists and Protestants in this country, Is Popery naturally opposed and unfavorable to free institutions? And this is only another form of the more general question concerning the necessity of religious freedom, in order to civil liberty. Was the great Virginia Teacher of Republicanism mistaken, when he classed the bill establishing freedom of conscience among the three noblest and most essential parts, which he had contributed, to the fabric of a free State?

Many persons seem now to think that the day of doom for Rome has drawn so near, that such questions as these, and

indeed the whole popish controversy, have lost all practical interest; that to discuss them is to make war with a helpless and expiring foe. They imagine that her hold on men's minds is finally lost; and that the benign principles which we love, the independence of Church and State, equal rights of conscience, and liberty of worship, are about to be carried into power throughout the civilized world, on the flood tide of revolution. But I would remind these sanguine friends of the good cause, that similar anticipations were formed by Protestants a half century ago, and were disappointed. During the former revolutions of France, Rome seemed to have lost her *prestige*, and her power of mischief the army of Buonaparte ravaged the states of the church, the French people threw off her dominion, both spiritual and ecclesiastical, and Lombardy was wrested, at the same time, from Austria, and from Popery. If the French were then more irreligious and atheistical than they are now, they were at least *as thoroughly* liberated from the influence as they are now; and the Romish Church among them was reduced to an utter ruin, a demolition, an apparent annihilation, compared with which, its present state is safe and prosperous. At one time, the Pope himself was a prisoner in the hands of the infidel nation. And yet, after all these promising appearances, every anticipation was disappointed. Rome regained her influence and her possession; and from the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, till the present year, enjoyed a season of growing prosperity, lengthening her cords, strengthening her stakes, and adding to her wealth and her arrogance, as rapidly as she had ever done, since the Reformation. It was in allusion to these events that Robert Hall said, "I have scarcely thought of the unfulfilled prophecies since. It overturned all the interpretations which had been previously advanced by those who had been thought sound theologians, and gave new energy to the Pope and the Jesuits, both of whom seemed rapidly

coming to nothing, as the prediction seemed to teach. The battle of Waterloo and its results seemed to me to put back the clock to the world six degrees."

If there is any thing which prophecy fixes with certainty respecting Popery, it is, that its final destruction will not take place till the second coming of Christ—II Thess. 2:8; "Then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth; and destroy with the brightness of his coming." This coming can be understood of nothing else than his second coming; the beginning of his Spiritual Kingdom in the Millennium. In the concluding chapters of Revelation, we see that the destruction of the mystical Babylon is immediately followed by the marriage of the Lamb, by his final triumph and by the millennial reign. Unless we can boast that we are already living under the rising beams of this glorious day, we cannot infer from prophecy that the final hour of Rome has come. We are rather compelled to infer the contrary. And surely none can persuade themselves that this year which beholds so many wars and oppressions, which sees Idols still reigning over hundreds of millions, while the true followers of Christ are a small minority of the race is one of the years of the millennium, or can ever be considered as its dawn.

There is but too much reason to fear that the present reverses of Popery will still be partly repaired, that the expectations of Protestants now are doomed to be disappointed, as were the hopes of a former generation, and that Christ's people have still much to endure, and much to do, before the scarlet whore is made desolate. If this is to be so, there is no reason why we should cease to watch her proceedings, and expose her character. And it will be peculiarly important to us as republicans, that we shall not permit ourselves to be dazzled by the glitter of profession and external change, so as to overlook the intrinsic and unchangeable propensity of Popery to

despotism.—My own convictions on this subject are altogether unaltered by the splendor of recent events—It will be found that this apparent allowance of popular rights by Popery, is either a treacherous one, pretended in order to retain the means of betraying the cause the better; or that, if real, it marks the death of the system. Either Pius the IX must cease to be a Reformer, or he must cease to be Pope; or Popery must cease to be Popery. Now as ever, religious liberty is necessary to civilization; and since Popery is the strongest civilized example and embodiment of spiritual despotism, she must ever be the natural ally of tyrants, and the open or secret enemy of freedom.

This is so essential a trait in Rome's character, that it has been distinctly pointed out by prophecy. In Rev. 13:12, two symbolical beasts are mentioned, who, as Protestant interpreters agree, and as is clearly proved by comparison with Revelation 18:8 to 13, represent the Romish Empire afterwards converted into the ten Latin kingdoms of the middle ages, and the ecclesiastical power of Rome. We are told that the second beast (Popery), "exerciseth all the power of the first beast (the secular empire), and causeth the earth and them that dwell therein, to worship the first beast." This clearly means that Popery would itself exercise civil tyranny over men as well as spiritual; and would cause the civilized world to bow to an oppressive secular power. In other words, while it would be a temporal as well as a spiritual despot itself, by the help of the secular powers of Europe, it would also be the supporter and advocate of tyranny in them. The object of this paper is to show by a few plain considerations that this is still a just description of Popery, notwithstanding recent appearances, and that it will always continue so until the system is essentially changed.

*Romish Inclinations Proved by History*

Before proceeding farther, I would say that I am very far from charging upon the individual Popish citizens of our country, that they are unfriendly to republicanism, or unfaithful to our Institutions. It is not intended to deny that they are honest and patriotic citizens, except so far as they have shown the contrary, by individual acts. We admit that some of them have helped to fight our battles, and to legislate for the best interests of our country; and we sincerely render all Papists just honor and thanks for such services.—But they are republicans *in spite of*, and not *in consequence of* their Popery. In this respect, they depart from the true spirit of their system; the influences of Americanism have conquered, for the time, the natural influences of Popery in their minds.

A reference to the past character and history of Popery, will make it perfectly plain that it is the natural ally of despotism. Popery claims infallibility. But that which is infallible must be immutable. If a doctrine or moral principle be changed, then it must have been wrong before its change, or it is wrong after it. Rules enacted by an infallible authority, therefore, must be unchangeable; for change is an admission of mistake. Therefore, according to the principles of the Papacy itself, whatever were its doctrines and discipline formerly, such they must ever be. Other Institutions, when pointed to previous errors or injustice, may plead change and improvement; and may assert that they are no longer capable of similar faults. But Popery has cut itself off from this plea by its claim of infallibility; and upon its own assertion, its *present character* may be justly tried upon any *part* of its past history, Choose whatever part we may, it must justify and avow it, because, according to its own showing, it was right *then*, being infallible. If it pleads it is *different now*, it is wrong now; or else it was not infallible then.

Modern Papists, conscious that if they attempt to defend all the past doings of Rome, they will find many of them millstones fastened to their necks, have invented several subterfuges to escape this difficulty. One of these subterfuges is to raise a dust as to the power in the Papacy, in which the infallibility resides. If it was the act of a Pope, which they find themselves unable to defend, they plead that it was not an infallible act, because the Pope does not possess infallibility without a General Council. If it was an act of a General Council, they plead that a Council, without the Pope, is not infallible. I will effectually destroy this subterfuge, by bringing forward enough facts to support my assertions, in which *both Pope and Council have concurred*. Others again, when compelled to admit error in certain decisions of Rome, have pleaded that the Holy Spirit only promised her infallibility in matters of faith and that when she goes beyond her province, she may err, although infallible without it. In this way *Blaise Paschal* excused the unscientific and erroneous decisions of Rome against the Copernican system of Astronomy, in the case of Galileo. But I will stop this door of escape also most effectually, by calling in Rome herself to define the *extent of* her infallibility. And I beg the reader to observe, that this doctrine of infallibility is one pertaining to *the Faith*, if any thing is; for it is the very basis of the system; and to a sincere Papist it is the very foundation and mother of all the other doctrines of religion, because they look to this infallibility to define all *these doctrines*.—If, then, the Holy Spirit has defended Rome from error any where, surely it is where she lays down the doctrine of her infallibility. According to the principles of her own defenders, if she is unerring in any thing, it is in her definition of her own freedom from error. And again; to stop the mouths of those who plead that her decisions are not unerring, unless concurred in by both Popes and Councils, I will give Rome's own description of her infallibility, as endorsed by



the infallible Council of Trent, and by the infallible Pope Pius 5th. If, then, there are any decisions which Rome ever made that are infallible, surely this is one of them; since it concerns a fundamental matter of faith and is pronounced by Pope and General Council jointly. In the Catechism of the Council of Trent, edited under Pius 5th, chapter 10, question 15 we find the following:—Question: “Can the Church err in dogmas of the faith and manners?” Answer.—“As this one Church *can not err in teaching the discipline of faith* AND MANNERS (morals), since it is guided by the Holy Spirit; so it must needs be that all the rest which arrogate to themselves the name of Churches, are involved in most pernicious errors of doctrine and morals, as they are led by the spirit of the Devil,” (The italics and capitals are my own.) In words slightly different, but the same in meaning. Rome claims infallibility in laying down principles of *doctrine and discipline*. I would have the reader bear these remarks in mind, in order that he may see the proper significance of some of the facts which I will recite from the history of Popery.

In looking over her history, we shall find rules of discipline laid down, or acted out, which virtually proscribe freedom, and at the same time general facts which indicate a natural sympathy between Rome and despots. Looking over Europe we find that the purest despotisms have ever been in those countries where there is most Popery, as Spain, Austria, and Naples. The only exception is Russia, and this is only apparent. For the spirit of the Greek Church there established is like that of Popery. It is, indeed, a species of Popery, in which the Emperor is Pope. Again, the firmest allies of Popes and popish Councils have ever been, not Republics, or the Kings of limited monarchies, but tyrants, *such as* a Charles 5th, a Philip, an Alva, a Catherine di Medici, a Leopold of Austria. When the *Holy Alliance* (!) resolved that there should be no constitutional liberty for the

oppressed of Europe, the Pope was found on the side, not of human rights but of oppression. The Pope's Ambassador assisted regularly at the deliberations of that conclave of Despots, the Congress of Vienna. And let us remember that this was not in the dark ages, but almost within a generation; that it was done at the very time that Papists in this country were asserting the Pope's friendship for our Republican Institutions. When was Rome ever heard rebuking a Tyrant for the oppressing his people, unless it was a Popish minority who were suffering by the oppression? Again; Popery has not only punished for opinion's sake herself, but she has taught the civil governments that it is their duty also to do the same. To do this is one of the worst traits of despotism. The inquisition, whose chief design was to discover and punish those who were guilty of thinking differently from Rome, has been adopted, approved, and avowed by all the departments of the Papacy; by Provincial Synods, by Popes, and by General Councils. One uniform feature of the inquisition was to call upon the civil magistrate to execute its final sentence. This institution of the *infallible* Church taught kings and rulers that it was proper to punish the innocent and obedient citizen (who could not be persuaded that the Priest can make the Lord Jesus Christ, and then eat him) more severely than a murderer. Popes used their influence with Kings and Emperors to procure from them persecuting laws. The Æcumenical Council of Constance sitting in the plenitude of power and infallibility, as council which deposed Popes, and set them up, which had power to "reform the church in its head and its members," decreed in the case of John Huss, that men should be put to death for opinion's sake, and that it was the duty of the civil magistrate to do it; in this case, at the expense of his own promise of safe conduct. Behold here, Holy mother Church teaching kings the lesson of despotism! It is vain to plead that these are acts of an earlier and darker age. These

things were decreed, not by one branch of the Papacy, but by all. They concern matters of doctrine and discipline; and therefore, according to the principles of all Papists, they were infallibly correct. Rome cannot recede from them now; she must avow and defend them for if she resorts to the plea of *change*, and improvement, she admits her infallibility.

There is one undeniable fact of peculiar significance. It is this: the Patrimony of St. Peter, or the States of the Church, have always been the most oppressive country in Europe. Although they embrace some of the fairest portions of Italy, despotism has so effectually quenched enterprise and repressed industry, that stagnation, poverty, vice and depopulation reign there as in their own peculiar domain. At different times, fair and flourishing cities and territories have been added to them, bustling with population and commerce; but the same leaden pall of depression has uniformly been extended over them also. It would be hard to find a civilized community entirely stripped of their rights as these States.—They had neither rights of conscience, the freedom of the press, the trial by jury, the rights of legislation or representation, a voice in the choice of their rulers, or the imposition of their own taxes, nor one line of constitutional law to protect their interests. And this unmitigated despotism has continued through all changes and advancements down to the nineteenth century; down to the present year. During all the half century that Papists in the United States have been preaching the harmlessness of Popery in this respect, the Pope has been crushing his own subjects under a tyranny that might shame the grand Turk. Now, here is a country given up to the exclusive control of Popery, a country in which no other influence interferes. This is just the place where we should expect to see it display its natural tendencies.

If Romanism does not naturally lean to oppression, whence the unchanging, relentless oppression of the States of the Church.\*

---

\* the remainder of this article, appearing in the *Christian Observer* August 17, 1848, was not extant.

## Mob Law.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, Oct., 4, 1856; vol. 1:40, pg. 158.)

---

— “that other shape,  
If shape it might be called, that shape had none.”

*Milton.*

—that other law,  
If law it might be called, that law is none.

---

We hear much of late about what is called the “higher law,” but there is another law, if it is entitled to so honorable a name, a lower law, the basest of all that is called law, which deserves more reprobation than it receives.

In looking over our exchanges, scarcely a week elapses in which we do not meet with some new instance of summary vengeance inflicted upon a guilty or suspected man, by an incensed community arrogating to itself the right to condemn and punish.

Though such things are rare in this latitude, yet even in Virginia there have been outbreaks of the kind, which have found apologists on the ground that the provocation to inflict immediate punishment was so great, as to justify the omission of the tedious forms of law. We protest against all such forms and doctrines. Violently to set aside the existing laws, or to snatch the avenging sword from the hand of law, is to imperil the dearest interests of any community. Such interference on the part of the people is utterly indefensible, whether it exhibit itself

in the forcible rescue of a fugitive slave from his legal guardians by a Massachusetts mob, or in the lynching of a convicted Negro in Virginia, or whether it be displayed on a wider scale, as it was in the Vigilance committee, numbering its thousands, in California.

“Of law there can be no less acknowledgment,” says Hooker, “than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world, all things in Heaven and on Earth do her homage, the very least in feeling her care, and the greatest not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of all condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the Mother of their peace and joy.”

The law is but the embodied *right* of us all, the sole and final protector of every one against injustice. Its processes for detecting guilt, trying the truth or falsehood of accusations, and affixing proper penalties, have been matured by the wisdom and experience of centuries, and are never on account of any provocation or temporary inconvenience to be interrupted, because their regularity in all cases is essential to their utility in any case. And the most remiss and uncertain execution of these processes is always preferable to a resort to mob-law. There is one thing forgotten by these advocates of violence in extreme cases; that the precedent they have set against others may be turned against themselves, and that when they have violated the supremacy of law they have broken down the only barrier that protects their own rights, lives, and families. Let but the artful and hostile demagogue direct against them the appetite for vengeance which they themselves have awakened among the populace, and they will find innocence no sufficient protection, where there is no guardianship of law. Are infuriated mob doers not reasons, its violence leaves no time to investigate, the sympathetic frenzy of excitement passes like a contagion from

one to another, for the time brutalizing all, and thus men commit atrocities as a mob, of which, in their individual action they would be incapable. Tacitus relates to us in his *Annals* of Tiberius Caesar, that when this saturnine tyrant began to slay Roman citizens without regular processes of law, at first his strokes fell upon those whom all men regarded as wretches, and therefore the unthinking applauded. But they soon found to their sorrow that this illegal power which their approval had encouraged, proceeded from the worst to the best and raged against themselves also. So when men approve, or consent to the action of a mob in avenging some particular outrage, because the action of the law seems too slow, or too lenient, their folly is just this, they are eager to destroy some annoying pest and they unchain against it a tiger which no power can tame—no strength again fetter—and which after destroying the object of their wrath proceeds to destroy their families and themselves.

The iniquity of interrupting the regular course of law is particularly glaring in those States whose Constitutions give the election of magistrates to the people themselves. If a magistrate violates his implied pledges of fidelity to the law, in his official acts, he indeed should be visited with the sternest reprobation when he next meets his fellow citizens at the ballot box. But if the people elect to office weak and unprincipled men—or old women of the male sex—whom have they to blame but themselves for a feeble administration of justice? How extreme the folly in making an instance of mal-administration, which they themselves have caused, a pretext for trampling on the majesty of law!

Besides we would think, when the judicial authority is delegated so directly from themselves, by their own direct act, and for their own good, that respect for themselves would lead the people to guard the dignity of the magisterial office more

jealously than ever. In trampling on the authority of law, the people trample on their own honor, and their own sovereignty, in the persons of their magistrates.

Especially at this time, when the spirit of insubordination is so rife in many parts of the land, when the foundations of society seem moving, and when there are so many things to inflame and to complicate popular passion, does it become the duty of every good citizen to study quietness, to set an example of obedience to the requirements of law—and boldly rebuke every violent interruption of its regular due processes, as subversive of justice, and dangerous to the best interests of society.



## The Atlantic Monthly.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, September 10, 1859; vol. 4:37, pp. 2-3.)

---

We have before warned our readers of the poison presented to the unsuspecting, by this boastful but shallow periodical. In the August number, Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who seem to be the chosen high priest and priestess to minister at the altar of its Muse, pursue their customary task of misrepresenting and burlesquing orthodox Christianity. Here is a sample of the pictures which Mrs. Stowe gives of New England piety in the days of Puritanism, and of its effects on human character:

“The views of human existence from this course of training were gloomy enough to oppress any heart which did not rise above them by triumphant faith, or sink below them by brutish insensibility. The human race, without exception, coming into existence ‘under God’s wrath and curse,’ with a nature so fatally disordered, that although perfect free agents, men were infallibly certain to do nothing to divine acceptance until regenerated by the supernatural aid of God’s Spirit—this aid being given only to a certain decreed number of the human race, the rest, with enough free agency to make them responsible, but without this indispensable assistance exposed to the malignant assaults of evil spirits versed in every art of temptation, were sure to fall hopelessly into perdition. The standard of what constituted a true regeneration,

as presented in such treatises as Edwards on the Affections, and others of the times, made this change to be something so high, disinterested, and superhuman, so removed from all natural and common habits and feelings, that the most earnest and devoted, whose whole life had been a tissue of almost unearthly disinterestedness, often lived and died with only a glimmering hope of its attainment. According to any views then entertained of the evidences of a true regeneration, the number of the whole human race who could be supposed as yet to have received this grace was so small, that, as to any numerical valuation, it must have been expressed as an infinitesimal."

"The sermons preached by President Edwards on this subject (future punishment) are so terrible in their refined poetry of torture, that very few persons of quick sensibility could read them through without agony."

"Not that these men were indifferent or insensible to the dread words they spoke; their whole lives and deportment bore thrilling witness to their sincerity. Edwards set apart special days of fasting, in view of the dreadful doom of the lost, in which he was wont to walk the floor weeping and wringing his hands. Hopkins fasted every Saturday. David Brainerd gave up every refinement of civilized life to weep and pray at the feet of hardened savages, if by any means he might save *one*. All, by lives of eminent purity and earnestness, gave awful weight and sanction to their words."

To show our readers how much of this caricature is true to the character and creed of Edwards and Brainerd, we cannot do

better than collect a few of the testimonies of Scripture on the points embraced in Mrs. Stowe's statement of their belief. We think it will thus be seen that after the perversions of malice are removed, the very doctrines of those holy men which Mrs. Stowe seeks most to cover with odium, are the doctrines of God's word. See then:

Rom. 3:23. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Eph. 2:3. "And were by nature the children of wrath even as other."

Gal. 3:10. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

John 3:6. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

John 1:12,13. "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

Rom. 6:16. "His servants are ye, to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

Rom. 8:7,8. "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be; so then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

John 15:5. "Without me ye can do nothing."

Matt. 11:26. "Jesus answered and said; I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Rom. 9:18. "Therefore hath He mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth."

James 1:13,14. "Neither tempteth He any man: but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed."

Eph. 2:2. "The Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.

2 Tim. 2:26. "which are taken captive by him at his will."

Matt. 7:14. "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Matt. 25:41. "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand; Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

Jer. 9:1. "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

By comparing this series of Scripture passages with the picture drawn by Mrs. Stowe, the reader may see whether the thing travestied is the Puritan, or the Word of God. Another part of the description has been sedulously omitted, which we will supply; that these holy men also hoped in the blessed gospel promises, which come in to relieve the dreary prospect of a world ruined by its own sin and fall. They believed that the true followers of Christ were in their day indeed, "a little flock;" but they believed it was their "Father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom." They hailed with holy joy, the proclamation; "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth;" and hoped for the days when "it shall come to pass that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say; Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways." (Isaiah 45:2, 2:2,3.) So that their view of mankind were not all gloom, nor was their character all austerity. And for this blessed consummation, for the speed of this redemption, they prayed, and toiled with the love of a tender woman, and the strength of

heroes. Mrs. Stowe, in the last paragraph we have quoted from her, admits the sincerity and profundity of their compassion for a lost world. Now we submit it to our readers: (and our chief purpose in noticing the passage, is to place this issue before them;) on the supposition that Edwards' view of man's state is the true one, which set of feelings is most laudable; his, or that professed by the advocate of "Liberal Christianity?" If man is indeed depraved and under the curse, then this world is a solemn and awful place; and life should be a solemn thing. Then, man's true compassion for his ruined fellow-man, will cause him; not to hide the ruin during the short season in which the remedy is possible, either from himself or others; but to recognize it, to proclaim it, and to struggle to snatch his fellows from it. If your neighbor's house is indeed on fire, the part of true compassion is to cry fire, and to rouse him from his slumber; although the cry is harsh and grating to his drowsy ear. To deny the man's danger, to make efforts to conceal it from ourselves, to let him perish unwarned, in order that our repose may not be interrupted by the toils of the rescue: this is the part of selfish, cold-blooded, fiendish cruelty. But let any man collect all the explicit, the unmistakable Scriptures, of which we have presented a few, which substantiate Edwards' view of theology: let him consider how almost the very words of the doctrines which the Atlantic Monthly seeks to caricature, are sustained by holy writ, and he will see that nothing but dishonesty of mind can cause one who received the Bible, to deny those views. Why did not Mrs. Stowe ridicule Edwards for believing the Bible? If he was wrong at all, it was on that point. But if the Bible is true, as Edwards believed, and as Mrs. Stowe *professes* to believe, then we assert that Edward's views of human nature and Edward's feelings are the ones which are consistent, rational, kindly, amiable, yea genial; while the pretended views and emotions of her school are, in truth the ones which are selfish, repulsive and

sardonic. Edwards, knowing the misery of his fellow-men, suffered his whole generous and loving soul to flow forth in self-denying labors and self-sacrificing compassion for them, generously postponing personal ease and rest to another life: Mrs. Stowe, having just as good reason as Edwards, to know this misery, would delude herself and others into a denial of it, rather than undergo the present self-denial of feeling and laboring for it. Edwards was the good, the loving, the lovely and genial man, who finding himself in the midst of a plague-hospital full of the sick and dying says: "This is no time and no place for frivolity, or even for innocent gaiety; let these be postponed to some less awful and urgent season: our only duty here and now must be to compassionate and relieve the perishing." Your advocate of "Liberal Christianity" is the man who, finding himself in the same plague-hospital, mockingly denies that it is a hospital, or that those wretches around him are truly diseased; who persuades himself, and endeavors to persuade them that their anguish and danger are but hypochondriacal fancies; rather than have the heartless enjoyment of the hour spoiled. And this is the temper held up as genial and humane, in contrast with the holy compassion of true Christianity! The well regulated mind turns sick with disgust at such a temper. Its cold selfishness freezes the blood! Its glitter is ghastly!

But the AUTOCRAT (self-crowned) is more outspoken, and utters no unmistakable sneer at the orthodox view of Revelation; insinuating that the inspiration of prophets and apostles did not differ in kind, but only in degree from the faculty of reason in all other sane men. He is at least more honest, though more profane. Hear him:

"Our religion has been Judaized, it has been Romanized, it has been Orientalized, it has been Anglicized, and the time is at hand, when it must be AMERICANIZED! Now, Sir, you see what

Americanizing is in politics;— it means that a man shall have a vote because he is a man—and shall vote for whom he pleases, without his neighbor's influence. If he chooses to vote for the devil, that is his look out;—perhaps he thinks the devil is better than the other candidates; and I don't doubt he is often right, Sir! \* \* \*. It won't be long, Sir, before we have Americanized religion as we have Americanized government: and then, Sir, every soul God sends into the world will be good in the face of all men, for just so much of his 'inspiration' as giveth him 'understanding.'”

We beg to leave to utter our dissent and protest against this *pronunciamento* of the self-elected Autocrat; and to remind him that his 'Americanized politics' exclude officers of that sort. We would also suggest a little fact, of which he and his kind seem to have been for a long time nearly oblivious; viz; that New England is not America and that still less is its capital—the *Modern Athens* of all America! We therefore enter our *caveat* against the claim that any crotchets which may prevail there, are “American” opinion. For instance America does not hold as the Autocrat does, that it is American Republicanism, that every man has a right to vote because he is a man. America regards this as a piece of radicalism, which would introduce female suffrage and negro suffrage, which even the *Modern Athens* has broached. Nor does America believe, with the Autocrat's very small clique, that inspiration was nothing more than the rational intuition in a higher exercise. And it is hard to see by what title the proporation of this heresy could be claimed as an “Americanizing” of religion, even if all America adopted it; when it is notorious that it is a heresy to the paternity of which the *Modern Athens*, fruitful mother as she is of such progeny,

has no claim. Germany hatched it, out of the Transcendental Metaphysics, Morell and Carlyle introduced it favorable to England, and it was only at third hand that Messrs. Emerson, Parker and Holmes borrowed it, when partly worn out across the water.

But we accept the Autocrat's representation of this infidel phase of religion, and of the company to which it belongs, as more correct in fact than he intended it to be. Christianity has, in a sense, been Judaized, Romanized, Orientalized, and Anglicized. That is, perversions of it have prevailed for a time, in these different regions, but none of them have been true Christianity. And while these earth-born mimnickries of the truth betray their futility by successively dying out, true Christianity has held on her sublime way, always the same, unmodified by the differences of age, race, and country, and uncorrupted by all the parasitical errors which have attached themselves to her. And such is the futility, and such will be the fate, of this new type of (not 'Americanized,' but) *Down-East Germanized* religion. We accept the omen; Oh Autocrat. This *ism* will go whither all other *isms* have gone. But of Bible Christianity it will still be said: "Thou art the same, and they years shall have no end. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee."



## A Mother's Crowning Glory.

(Appeared in *The Central Presbyterian*, Nov 20, 27 & Dec 4, 1867;

vol. 3, iss. 18, 19, & 20.)

---

### *The Matron of Old Virginia.*

Truly may we say, "The Matron of *Old Virginia*—the Virginia that was, but alas, is not." It is not assumed that the excellencies claimed for our beloved mother—dearer than ever in the days when she sits in sack-cloth and ashes—are to be found no where else. We only avow that the exalted character we attempt to portray fills our heart with admiration and love. The task requires a pen more skillful and eloquent; but if a grateful and filial reverence for the class from which it was our honor and blessing to descent, can do ought to inspire the effort, that we may safely pledge. Nor will it, from many of our readers, require any effort to prepare them to receive and even to anticipate, the picture which we would present. All that we need to do is to recall them to the chambers of memory, and bid them revive some of this sweet and pensive reminiscences which people them. They will thus represent to themselves the image of the mother of olden time, in all her quiet beauty and dignity. And perhaps, one of the most familiar features of the pictures will be the thrifty and unflagging *industry* which, rising with the dawn, "gave meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens; which looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness; which laid her hands to the spindle and made her hands hold the distaff," which left no idle moment unfilled with useful occupation, and which treasured up the

fragments of her time as grains of gold. To this busy care, no object was too minute, and no task too humble.

But if any one should deem, that such industry must characterize her rather as the uncultivated drudge than the elevated lady, his impertinent conceit would speedily be shamed by personal contact. Meet the busy matron at the head of her hospitable board; or in her parlor, and he would soon find that her thrift had not deprived her mind of one degree of its elevation, nor her manners of the nicest shade of dignified courtesy. There was, in this class of ladies, that peculiar type of mental culture composed at once of homely practical sense and Attic wit, caustic enough to animate, but too kindly to sting, and breadth and justice of view, and quiet contempt for all that modern commodity familiarly styled "humbug" in politics, literature, and especially in religion; with keen appreciation of literary beauty, and innate nobleness of sentiment. Theirs was not an understanding to be misled for an instant by the pretended new light of Mrs. Abby Folsom, or any of the *genus* of the "strong minded." Its healthy and vigorous constitution threw off the contagion without an effort. They were perhaps, little familiar with the affected tattle of the fashionable modern magazines, and of the novelette; they meddled not with the connoisseurship of modistes and actresses; but they had developed a capacity to appreciate and enjoy the masterpieces of the English classics, as much superior to those vile fungi of our literature, as the genius of a Milton to that of Miss Braddon. They were not, perhaps, just up to the point, in an animated discussion of a fashion-plate, and professed to be much better authority, as to the number of days required to hatch out the several broods of the hen and the duck, than as to the respective merits of imported singing men and singing women. But they knew how "to point a moral or adorn a tale" with the

imperishable gems of beauty, or the sententious wisdom of a Pope, a Shakespeare, a Paul, a Solomon.

Nor did their bearing in society leave any cause for regret to those who loved them.—What true and gracious courtesy, what lofty, yet amiable dignity, what thorough assiduity, with transparent simplicity, was theirs. There was a style of manners, which we shall be ungallant enough to affirm modern usages will never improve. It was a standard for which all the pert conceits of that style, equally repulsive to a just taste, and obnoxious to honest morals, y'cleped, "the fast young lady," were simply impossible. The attempt to associate them in conception even, shocks us with an absurdity, which reveals their utter incompatibility. The true glory of this ancient manner was in this, that it reflected the modesty and dignity of the character; it was the shining through of a stainless and chaste soul within the casket, which touched every point of the surface with so soft and pure a light.

No one could dwell long near those mothers of Virginia without being impressed with the elevation of their sentiments. You heard none of the coarse babble of "women's rights;" you detected no ambition for the glare of publicity. Their whole souls acquiesced with a full and hearty consent in that distribution of powers and duties, in which both the Bible and divine providence have assigned to man the sword, the scepter of power, the struggle, and the dust and the acclaim of the *forum*; and to woman the fireside, the nursery, and the sanctuary of home. Their aspiration was but to fulfill the duties of gentle mates to more rugged natures. But ah! What nobility of soul strengthened the sweetness of their love.—What chivalry of spirit; what high disdain of the taint of dishonor or oppression, what scorn of the false, the mean, the cowardly; what fealty to their pledged word; what moral courage was theirs. Not *Bayard*, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, bore beneath his

iron mail a heart more nobly strung, than these women in their gentle bosoms. Was it not from such a mother, that the Bayard of our chivalry, General Turner Ashby, derived the inspiration of his heroism?

But it was the chief beauty of this lofty spirit, that it did not unsex those in whom it dwelt, did not render them any the less fit for woman's peculiar sphere, the ministry of love, of charity, and of sympathy. The Virginia matron was the good Samaritan of her neighborhood. Wherever there was suffering, there was her mission; whether it was in her own home, or among the poor of her vicinage, or in the humble abodes of her dark-skinned dependents. How benignant is the picture of the unwearied benefactress, hailed wherever she appeared, as the fountain of solace and relief? "The heart of her husband trusted surely in her." In every tempest of calamity which shook his rugged strength, it was her courageous love which sustained him. To her comforting arms her children flew in every trouble, as their natural heaven. In no other of its aspects, has humanity ever approached so near to its divine Exemplar, who "went about doing good," and whose earthly calling it was "to bear our grieves and carry our sorrows," as in these Christian mothers of our land.

#### *Her Character.*

The character of our true Virginia Matron was so sweet and strong because it was Christian. Its crown was the peculiar type of piety by which the Virginia matron of the olden time was characterized.—It was a piety which must be long and intimately known; in order to be appreciated.—Formed, not in the glare of publicity, nor amidst the unwholesome intoxication of modern religious dissipation, but in the calm and pure retirement of home, it was nurtured by the quiet study of the word of God, by meditation, and by the noiseless performance

of unobtrusive duty. It was not a piety which cultivated an ostentatious and pragmatic bustle, at the cost of spiritual pride, and ignorance of self. It had not expunged from its Bible that old rule of the Savior, so obsolete now in the phariseeism of the day. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Nurtured by humility, and self-knowledge, and sincere milk of the word, it was too enlightened to be blown about with every wind of doctrine; but it thrust aside the vain religious novelties of human invention, without a moment's wavering and by a clear and simple insight while many a Doctor of other latitudes, learned with "philosophy falsely so-called," was seduced and deceived by them. This modest piety was not noisy in the temple, nor fanatical in repenting of other people's sins, nor boastful of its own excellence; but would you see it in its strength, you must follow the Christian mother to the nursery, where she led the feet of her little ones, patiently, resolutely, unweariedly, tenderly, along the arduous pathos of godliness; or to the cabin where she toiled for the once pagan Africans, teaching their dark minds the rudiments of redemption; or to the dying cot of the poor Negro, where she shone with unconscious radiance, as an angel of mercy amidst the darkness; or, best of all, to her secret evening prayer. But no; to that sacred spot in the upper chamber, or it may be, the vacant corner amidst her household goods, where she prayed to "Him that seeth in secret," we dared not intrude. She never told us what she did there, when she withdrew so regularly, at evening, to that spot; the communion was too sacred and lowly to be paraded before any human eye, even though it were that of her own child. But we had no need to ask; the peaceful halo which her face brought down into the twilight, from her converse with heaven, the gentle step, the silent caress with which she gathered us to her knees, told us her errand, and assured us that her love had not forgotten us, while with her God. Thus the religion of her home

was one of simple faith, and of a sound mind, of love unfeigned, of modest reserve, of abounding good works.

*From Where Her Living Waters Derive.*

We have now delineated the character before us in a few of its more obvious traits; its diligence, its courtesy, its culture, its chivalry, and loftiness, its affections and its piety.—Well do we know that your own memories have outrun at every step, and that we have not attained to the fullness of that picture which you form for yourselves out of the materials of your own experience. Nor is there cause to be sorry that it is so.

Let us now briefly glance at one of the *sources of this character* of the Virginia lady. The prime source of its peculiar excellencies was the *Bible and its influences*. The peculiarity of the religion of the generation which is now passing away, was its scriptural source. Books were few; and it was rare that any book was read, which had not come from the hand of a great master. This ill-starred activity of the press was then unknown, which has now flooded the land with a tide of mediocrity and published stupidity or folly. Nothing less than a national reputation, such as that of a Newton or Bunyan, was then likely to gain a place for a religious book in the library of a cultivated Christian family. There was no Sunday School Union—a good thing so largely and unhappily perverted—to trade the infant novel reader, by its pitiful religious fictions. Hence, the religious ideas and sentiments imbibed came chiefly from the Word of God, and were of a healthy and vigorous type. The absence of excess, and of unhealthy religious dissipations in the home life of the country, the routine of innocent occupations and ennobling duties, with the deeply fixed habits of devotion which prevailed, gave to the Christianity of that day a depth and purity, which, we fear, is seldom seen now.

Another molding influence of the character we have described was *home education*. We do not mean by this that there were no schools other than day schools; or that the literary culture was inferior to that now enjoyed.—Schools were indeed smaller, and the boarding school was but another home, not large enough, nor public enough to have lost its domestic character. That affair, so often the nuisance of our day—a “female college,” (by which we have to “guess,” the Yankee progressive intends, not what he says, viz: a college which is itself endued with the attribute of sex, but a *college for females*,) was then happily unknown. Seminaries for young ladies were what they ever should be—private schools, where the girl, removed from her own house, was trained in letters, manners, and piety by a matron who was truly another parent, amidst the privacy and home influences appropriate to the elevation and delicacy of the female character. In these or the private schools at or near their own homes, our mothers were carried over less extent of nominal studies; but they were more thoroughly grounded in those they undertook. And if we may estimate the result of education by that which should be its true test, the training of the mind and heart for the true appreciation and enjoyment of their proper food, then they were educated women. Especially did they possess this invaluable result of mental culture, which the more shallow and glittering education of our day fails so often to confer, a taste for good reading. They pretended perhaps, to few accomplishments, but they were fit associates and equals for noble and cultivated men, and not unprepared to join in any high argument of statesmanship, or theology, or practical affairs, into which they entered.

#### *Social Influences Upon Our Mother State.*

Having pointed out some of the chief sources of influence in forming the character of the Virginia Matron, let us point out a

precious trait of the manners and domestic training of the olden time from which much of the superiority of our mothers arose.

When we remember how scanty were the opportunities of many of them, we are amazed at the elevated range of their manners, taste, and intellect. The explanation is that they were educated by the social influences of *their own seniors*, cultivated, and elegant gentlemen and ladies. Those were not the days of juvenile parties, juvenile text books, juvenile hymn books, and juvenile story-books; those ingenious inventions of the latter day wisdom, which seem designed expressly to stereotype the narrowness and feebleness of childhood upon the growing mind and character. On the contrary, when once the young reader got beyond the grade of Mother Goose's Melodies, there was nothing for her, but to sing the noble and grand hymns, and read the Bible and other good books, that her mother read. Nor did the usages of that day favor the segregation of the young from their seniors, for all their social enjoyment. Instead of young miss and young master being set up with a juvenile party, where they might train their minds and hearts to grade of manners compounded of the frivolity, ignorance, emptiness and pertness of undrilled youth, and the mimicry of the airs of grown up fops, they were bidden to remember that "young folks must be *seen* and *not heard*;" and to sit for the most part decorously still, and listen to the converse of their seniors. Now, when in a promiscuous social circle, age and wisdom and experience, introduce those topics of literature, or public affairs, in the discussion of which mind sharpens mind, and the most precious of the lessons of true education are given in their most attractive form, your young miss from the "female college" usually makes it a signal for separating herself, with her admirers, into another coterie, where, after voting the grave discussion of the old folks a bore, they set about drowning the sound of it in the senseless giggle and prattle of flirtation. In the olden time, this was an



*indecorum*, which the rules of good society forbade. No such separation of the inferior members of the social circle was allowed; but their part was to lend a respectful heed to the converse of their seniors, until they were qualified to participate in it. Hence, if our mothers learned less music, or French, or Italian, they had a hundred fold more of the education of the parlor.—And this was because in that domain of strict decorum, it was the best, and not then meanest, the most able and superior, and not the most flippant and ill-furnished of the circle, to whom their attention was lent. They were educated, in the noblest sense, by the wisdom, learning wit, and sentiment of the noble men and women with whom their parents associated, and thus, in due time, they became like them.

One more powerful influence remains to be described, to which much of the superiority of the Virginia Matron was due. It was her superior position as the head of a dependent class. The aristocratic element in our former society was adjusted with a practical wisdom which knew the springs of human nature, for the elevation of its ruling class; and their superiority of character, in turn, diffused through all the orders beneath them, by the powerful influences of dependence, imitation, the aspiration for their higher manners and sentiments. The position of the mistress of many dependents conferred at once self-respect, and a sense of responsibility. She who would govern others, must first govern herself; hence the Southern mistress was the most self-disciplined of women, as the Southern master was of men.—The knowledge of the fact that she was observed of many, and made a model by all observers among her dependents, gave elevation of sentiments and bearing. The duty of providing for the welfare of many, produced habits of benevolent care, self-sacrificing labor, forecast, and economy. The dignity of character was enhanced by the development of the talent of command.

To these causes, but especially to the prevalence of a pure and undefiled home religion, must the peculiar traits of the women of the old times in Virginia be attributed.

And now, the chief question is—*shall this character be perpetrated?* Or must it pass away, with so much that is now gone and going, of the State of the old Commonwealth? This question must be answered, chiefly by their daughters, We fervently pray they may resolve that every virtue and grace of the past generation of women shall be transmitted to the succeeding. And it will be no unimportant means of effecting this result, if they cherish an ardent admiration of their character.

The high and responsible mission of woman in society has often and justly been argued; because it is hers to lay the foundations, of character, in those who are afterwards to rule society. But never before was the welfare of a people so dependent on their women as now and here. We freely declare, that under God, our chief hope of our poor, down-trodden mother State, is in her women. Early in the war, when the stream of our noblest blood began to flow so liberally in battle, the writer was talking to a honored citizen of the State, whose age, learning, and statesmanship need no commendation, if propriety allowed the mention of his name. The remark was made that so many of our best men were falling in battle, there was reason to fear that the staple and pith of the people of Virginia would be permanently depreciated. His reply was:—"There is no danger of this while the women of Virginia are what they are. Be assured, such mothers will not allow the offspring of these martyr sires to depreciate."

But since, this river of generous blood has swelled into a flood. And what is worse, the remnant of survivors, few, subjugated, disheartened, almost despairing, and alas, dishonored, because they did not disdain a life on conditions

such as those which surround us, are subjected to every influence from without, which can be imagined, malignantly designed to sap the foundations of their manhood, and degrade them into material for slaves. If our women do not sustain them, they will inevitably sink. Unless the spirits, which rule and cheer their homes, reanimate their self-respect, and confirm their resolve, and nerve them with the principles of personal honor, they will ere long become the base serfs which their enemies desire. Outside their homes, everything conspires to depress, to tempt, and to degrade. Do they advert to their business affairs? They see before them only loss, embarrassment, and prospective destitution. To the politics of the country? They behold a scene of mercenary domination and often a disgusting subserviency, where the sacrifice of honor is the uniform condition of success.—Only in their homes, is there one ray of light or warmth beneath the skies to prevent their freezing into despair.

Let us speak a word to the daughters of our dear old Commonwealth. In your homes are your domain. There you are to rule with the scepter of love. We beseech you, wield that gentle empire in behalf of the principles, the honor, the patriotism, the independence, the religion which we inherited from our mothers. Teach our ruder sex that only by a deathless loyalty to these, can woman's dear love be deserved or won. Then we shall be saved, saved from a doom more loathsome than the grave, and blacker than its darkness. A few weeks ago, as statesmen of better days who united the polished love of the scholar to the eloquence of the Senator, whose genius and character illustrated the honor of Virginia, when she was a free subject. Among the gems of wisdom which dropped from his lips was this: "A brave people may be overpowered for a time by brute force, and be neither dishonored nor destroyed. But if the spirit of national independence and honor is lost, this is the death of the State; a death on which there waits no resurrection."

Be it yours, to nurse this sacred flame, now smothered, with more than vestal watchfulness. Your task is unobtrusive; it is performed in the privacy of home, and by the gentle touches of daily love. But it is the noblest work which mortal man can perform. For it prepares the polished stones out of which the temple of our liberties must be constructed. We have seen men constructing a lofty pile of sculptured marble, where columns with polished shaft pointed to the skies, and domes reared their arches on high like mimic heavens. We saw them swinging the massive blocks into their places on the walls, with cranes and cables, with many a shout and outcry, and huge creaking of ponderous machinery. But these were not the true artisans: they were but course laborers. The true artist, whose priceless cunning was to give immortal beauty to the pile, and teach the dead stones to breathe the sublimity and grace, were not there. None saw or heard their labors. In distant and quiet workrooms, where no eye watched them and no shout gave signal of their emotions, they plied their patient chisels, slowly, and with gentle touches, evoking the form of beauty which lay hid in the blocks before them. Such is your work; the home and fireside your scene of industry. But the materials which you form are the souls of the men who are to compose the fabric of State and Church. The politician, the public professional man, he is but the cheap, hireling day laborer, who moves and lifts the finish block to its place. You are the true artists; and therefore yours is the nobler task.

## Ancient Roman Wit.

(Appeared in *The Land We Love*, March 1868; vol. 4:5, pp. 371-72.)

---

C. Cæsar speaking in the *Forum* with animation, his adversary, Phillippus thought to disconcert him, by asking sneeringly: "Why does he bark?" (Comparing his discourse to the noise of a brute,) Cæsar, looking at him, instantly replied: "Because I see a thief."

One of the Neros said of one of his slaves who was very roguish, ironically: "He is the only person in my house from whom there is nothing locked up."

Spurius Curvilius had received in battle an honorable wound, which lamed him for life. His mother observed that when he went on the street, he blushed with embarrassment at his own limping; when she said: "But go on, my son: every time you take a step, think of your gallantry."

Scipio Africanus, sitting down to a banquet, was attempting to adjust a garland on his head; but the band of flowers broke repeatedly. L. Varus said: "No wonder, for it is a great brow."

Crassus, the great lawyer, ridiculing the pomposity of Memmius, said: "Memmius feels himself so big, that when he comes to the *Forum*, passing under the triumphal arch of Fabius Maximus, he has to stoop his head." (This arch was, perhaps, fifty feet high.)

Salinator lost the city of Tarentum by his feebleness. Some years after, Fabius Maximus retook it; and this same officer being in his army, boasted that it was done by his aid: "Just so;" replied Maximus, "I should certainly not have *retaken* it, if you had not lost it."

When Metellus was Consul, and was making a levy of men for his army, C. Cæsar excused himself on the plea of bad eyes. Metellus was skeptical, and asked contemptuously: "Can't you see anything at all?" "Yes," said Cæsar, "I can see your villa from the Esquiline Gate." (This villa was a sore subject to Metellus, because it was the popular opinion, that he had not come fairly by it.)

The poet Ennius was much patronized by the family of the Scipios. Scipio Nasica went one day to his house; and the servant girl at the door told him that her master was "not at home."—Nasica knew that she had been instructed by her master to say so, and that he was within. A few days after, Ennius came to see Nasica, and when he asked for him at the door, Nasica himself called out: "I am not at home." "Why," said Ennius: "how is that? Don't I know your voice?" "What an unreasonable fellow you are," replied Nasica: "When your servant girl told me you were not at home, I believed her. But you don't believe me when I tell you so myself!"

Egilius was a festive fellow, who had the reputation of being very effeminate, but unjustly.—Q. Opimius, whose character had been reported to be very dissolute, said tauntingly: "My dear Miss Egilia, do take your distaff and wool along, and come to see me." "No; by Pollux," said Egilius, "I can't do it; I am afraid; my Mamma don't let me go near bad girls."

A very poor speaker made a strong effort, in the conclusion of his speech, to move the sympathy of his audience. As he sat down, he asked the eminent orator, Catulus, if he did not appear to have excited their compassion. "Very greatly, indeed," answered Catulus; "for I reckon there is nobody so hard-hearted as not to pity that speech of yours."

A very bad advocate had bawled himself hoarse in a speech for an accused man. Granius advised him to go home and drink a very cold honey-dram. "If I do that," said the lawyer, "I should lose my voice." "Better lose that," said Granius, "than your client."

The Senate was discussing the management of the *ager publicus*, and many members complained grievously against a nobleman named Lucilius because his herds grazed the public lands. Appius, the elder, said, ironically: "Those are not Lucilius' herds; you must be mistaken; I reckon they are free, for they graze wherever they please."

A fellow of very mean ancestry, being angry with C. Lælius, exclaimed that he was unworthy of his forefathers. "By Hercules," answered Lælius, "that charge does not lie against you."

M. Lepidus was lying on the grass in the shade, looking at his friends who were vigorously engaged, in the open field, in their military exercises, when he said: "I wish lying here on the grass were exercise!"

## Capital and Labor.

(Appeared in *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, April 1879;

Vol. 3, Art. VIII; pp. 378-384.)

---

Time is a teacher. Time brings its revenges. The Southern statesman may find many of these in the confessions to which Northern men are brought, in their recent journals, by the "logic of events." They are now learning in the school of experience truths tendered to them a generation ago from this quarter, and disdainfully scouted then. For instance, Fitzhugh's "Sociology for the South," a book which they scarcely noticed enough to disparage, forewarned them of a defect in the popular application of their favorite science of political economy. He told them that if men were only machines, if money was the only end of social existence, if the moral side of political economy was properly discarded, then the principles of Adam Smith were doubtless correct. The surest way to get most dollars was to leave labor, like calico and pig iron, to adjust itself to the rigid laws of supply and demand. But if political science was to remember that a laborer was something else than an animal machine, then there must be a modification in that symmetrical theory of theirs of "free trade" in labor. Dabney's "Defense of Virginia and the South" forewarned them that on their hireling system the strife between labor and capital must be perpetual and remediless. "Where labor is free, competition reduces its price to whatever grade the course of trade may fix; for labor is then a mere commodity in the market, unprotected, and subject to all the laws of demand and supply. The owner of



land or capital pays for the labor he needs, in the shape of wages, just the price fixed by the relation of demand and supply; and if that price implies the severest privation for the laborer or his family, it is no concern of his. Should they perish by the inadequacy of the remuneration, it is no concern of his—he has but to hire others from the anxious and competing multitude.” The law of increase in population, illustrated by Malthus, at which the philosophers of hireling societies had only railed, while equally unable to refute it or to provide a remedy for its evils, was pointed to as unavoidably diminishing the remuneration of labor in an endless series, and thus ensuring the progressive misery and discontent of the laborers.

All this was folly in their eyes in 1850 and 1865. But it is edifying to see how rapidly they are now learning these truths under Dame Experience, the price of whose tuition and the quality of whose pupils are both so accurately stated in the old proverb. President Chadbourne, for instance, of Williams College, Massachusetts, in the *International Review*, September, 1878, writes on the “Cry of Labor: What Answer?” He makes some confessions. He has found out that the films are as these despised “rebels” had taught. He avouches them both in terms of remarkable similarity. He admits that the problem of the relation of labor to capital has, thus far, found no solution from hireling society; and that it is now looming up as a frightful, urgent, and absolutely unmitigated peril among them. He confesses that whatever Northern labor presented of prosperity or comfort was not due to its right organization, but to the accident of possessing a wide and fresh virgin soil to ravage; and that as soon as it was tested by any strain, it disclosed itself a failure. Their publicists have no practicable remedy. Almsgiving, while a Christian duty, is no adequate solution, because it leaves the fatal causes in full action. Popular education, so boastfully relied on as the American safeguard,

has demonstrated its worthlessness for this end. "It brings the conditions of fever to the patient, but has thus far, to the masses, offered no revelation and no cure." Such is the gloomy result of "free-soil" wisdom and material civilization!

What, then, is the remedy which President Chadbourne advises? He maps out the main lines of a new organization of labor, which the North will be constrained to adopt, in its essential features, while he admits many details must be left to the teachings of experience. Here it is:

Having distinguished the community into the two main divisions, capitalists and laborers, he claims that "society," by which he means civil government, must lay its regulative hands on both and fix the relations between them. As for capitalists, whether individual or corporate, they are no longer to be permitted to avail themselves freely of the law of supply and demand in the labor-market, and get labor for the least remuneration that market allows. They are not to be allowed to run such a career of competition against each other, as so reduces the cost of their productions that remuneration of labor becomes inadequate to its comfort and respectability. That is, every capitalist that employs labor is to be compelled by government to give the *employees* enough, in wages, homes, and perquisites, to enable them, 1<sup>st</sup>, to live in human decency; 2<sup>nd</sup>, to rear families intelligently and reputably; and, 3<sup>rd</sup>, to lay up savings "for a rainy day."

But then, labor may not wisely employ these, its legal emoluments, in the designed way. So our writer proposes that "society" shall see after that point also. He next distributes laborers under the two classes of those who have work, and those who too ignorant, lazy, or unlucky to get work. The former class is to be so regulated by law that they shall be compelled to apply their adequate wages to the three legal ends. They are not to be permitted to misuse them, and thus disable

themselves from the attainment of comfort, present and prospective, and trouble, pauper or socialistic, for "society." As for the unemployed class, "the strong arm of the law . . . must see that they have some employment, and that they work. *They are wards of society.* It comes to this at last, when such persons reach the prison and almshouse, and the earlier the wardship recognized the better."

Is it objected that all this indicates very extensive intrusions into individual liberty? His answer is: "We have listen to this cry long enough. *Whatever is essential to the preservation of society can never be against individual rights, but must be for them.*" We cannot forbear Dominie Sampson's exclamation: "Prodigious!" Is Saul verily among the prophets? Time is a potent teacher indeed! President Chadbourne, after so long a time, finds himself confidently asserting the very (and conclusion even) by which we have been refuting the Abolitionists for forty years! Well, he has been a slow pupil; but "better late than never." "We have listened to this cry long enough," viz., that the right to personal liberty is inalienable, being natural no supposed right of individuals is valid against any measure which is essential to the preservation of society. Just so; and the personal restraint of the Africans being a measure essential to the preservation of our "society," that measure was "not against their individual rights." But, on the contrary, the Africans being a part of our society to be thus essentially preserved, that measure "must have been for them." That is to say, Africans among us *had a right to the protection of bondage.* Excellent; only our writer, unfortunately for the South, "listened to the cry" some forty years too long; until he and his people had time to destroy Southern "society" in the pursuit of what he now finds out was a "cry" *i. e.*, a sophism, a mischievous heresy. He adds: "We must not, from our *fine ideas about freedom*" [consoling irony for us, ruthlessly

destroyed by precisely those "ideas"] "wait for them (laborers) to come to the prison or almshouse before we care for them by controlling them . . . . *In a word, let society, through organized forms of law, become his guardian before he is sentenced as a criminal.*" How quickly is the North unlearning its "fifteenth amendment," so lately boasted as the axiom of political justice: that in this free land no person shall be subjected to personal servitude except for crime. Here the proposal is, to subject a whole class, not for crimes but for lack of employment, which may be no fault of theirs; nay, for a mere prospective liability to give trouble at a future day. Verily, the Massachusetts Rehoboam maketh his little finger thicker than the Southern ruler's loins.

Let us see what is unavoidably involved in this plan of organizing labor. It unavoidably implies, first, that "society," that is the civil government, shall dictate to employers, of all classes, the rates of wages paid by them for labor, and also the rates at which they shall sell the commodities produced. The former will be both impossible and wrong without the last; for if capitalists are allowed to compete against each other in low prices, they cannot pay the high wages. Second, the government must dictate to the laborers how they shall spend their money after they earn it, how much for current subsistence, how much for education, how much for the savings bank. To do this with any effect, government must, of course, go deep; it must be virtual treasurer and housekeeper for the laboring families. Then, to the unemployed class, government is to be "guardian," and is so to control it as to cause it effectively to work, and to use the wages of its work wisely. This must obviously imply, first, the government's power to choose an employment for the individual laborer. The government says to him, "Work." The poor fellow has no answer but the question, "Work at what?" The government must give the practical reply, *i. e.*, choose his

work. Then, second, the government must, of course, be armed with a coercive power to ensure obedience; for the unemployed man is presumably so, according to our author, because he does not wish to work. Shall the coercion be imprisonment? No; for if he is locked up he cannot work. Shall it be *the rod*? Third, the plan must, of course, include the government's control over his person and locomotion. For when the law says to this laborer in western Massachusetts, unemployed because lazy, "Work," he will almost surely take himself off to Boston, or some whither. But tramping is not working. So, "society" must treat him in a way amazingly like "slave-catching!" Fourth, if the "unfortunate" cannot be trusted with himself, *à fortiori*, he cannot be trusted with his family, for thus he would inevitably disappoint this precautionary system, by multiplying himself into a whole household of "society's wards." Hence government must govern his family for him. Let the reader now gather up these features of the "guardianship," and ask himself what it looks like; what it used to be called in South Carolina! But this is the present Northern politic philosophy for white men!

One more point remains to be viewed: the executive agent through which all this "control" is to be exerted. President Chadbourne says it must be "through organized forms of law." These, of course, imply organs; that is, officials. Government office-holders, then, are to be invested with all this power over capitalists' wealth, prices, wages, and business enterprises; and over the laboring classes' liberty of motion, toil, wages, families, and expenditures. Certain questions here become relevant. Must not some chief office-holder have the appointing power for all these office-holders, who are to be the "guardians" of labor? How enormously will this swell his prerogatives? Shall he be magistrate or Czar? Again: will these laborers, so benevolently "controlled" for their own good, vote or not? If

not, what limit have they to this subjugation, or check on their "guardians'" use of them, their earnings, and their families? If they vote, what chance will *other voters* have against the will or ambition of the "guardians" advancing to the ballot-boxes with such cohorts of "wards?" Again, have Americans, especially, encouragement to expect of government officials such philanthropy, integrity, intelligence, or disinterestedness, as will qualify them for these large trusts over the interests of the rich and the persons of the poor? Is there any danger of their "manipulating" the questions of prices, products, wages, in the interest of parties or persons? What is the experience of business men about Washington, Albany, and Boston on that point? Will they be just and faithful, as well as humane, to the "wards" over whom they are to have so much power? Will none of the wages find their way into their pockets instead of the "wards" savings banks? Will they be in circumstances to feel any of that family tie which so naturally grows up in domestic dependence and intimacies between superior and inferior? And above all, will they have any of that keen, wakeful prompting of self-interest to care faithfully for their "wards," lest their own pockets suffer by their sickness or destruction, which that "barbarous" old system of the South produced? Or will they, being mere officials, know that either the happiness or misery, life or death, of the hirelings entrusted to their oversight will have no effect whatever on their own emoluments, save as the death-rate may diminish their own labors and make their snug places more of sinecures?

These are questions which "give us pause." The illustrative reply which they receive from an experiment of Northern wisdom of recent date, strikes us rather unfavorable. Americans have an unsavory remembrance of the "Freedmen's Bureau." When the Africans were found precisely in that category of "unemployed" for which President Chadbourne is now

legislating, and from the same causes of ignorance, laziness, and ill luck, we remember how that Congress fell very much upon this plan organized the "Freedman's Bureau." It selected the "Christian statesman and soldier," Gen. O. O. Howard, who turned out not to be just the Howard of Burke's splendid panegyric, and made the freedmen say to him, after the fashion of the Danites to Micah's Levite: "Be thou unto us a father and a priest." But we have a dim reminiscence that the experiment was not a success, and that the Danites, instead of plundering Lachish plundered themselves; that the "nation" became excessively weary both of "wards" and "guardians;" that the former became more lazy, dependent, and helpless as the latter became richer, and that the howl of disgust and indignation which consigned them to "the tomb of all the Capulets" was louder in the North than the South.

Yes; all such organizations of labor are but forms of political slavery, having every bad feature ever erroneously imputed to domestic slavery, without a single one of its redeeming features. It would fix on rich and poor every outrage and oppression of despotism and communism at once. President Chadbourne may be assured that there is no remedy in that direction. He assures us that some remedy is essential, because the evil is in full tide of progress, it has found as yet no solution at all, and it threatens society with certain calamity. He is doubtless correct in this he speaks what he does know, and testifies that which he has seen.

But the remedy? He has given an accurate diagnosis; but his "physic is worse than the disease." What is to be done? It does not become guilty rebels to obtrude a prescription—we only echo the question, What? One quack remedy has killed the Southern patient, a result exceedingly comforting; to the Northern "Sick Man" in the hands of the same doctor.

Quis?

## Popular Education as a Safeguard for Popular Suffrage.

(Appeared in the *Princeton Review*, July-Dec., 1880; pp. 186-206.)

---

THE extension of suffrage in Britain under the last "Liberal" ministry was closely followed by an extension of primary education. The argument was, that the new popular element, now invested with power in the government, must be fitted for its new franchise by being made more intelligent. The ministers of the crown were reported as saying that they could not govern England by popular suffrage unless the populace were educated. In like manner, we meet perpetually, in ethical, philanthropic, and even in Christian writings, with the declaration that "Ignorance is the parent of vice" (meaning the sole parent). Americans express the same ideas: "popular suffrage and popular education must go together." So, it is heard on all sides of the bestowal of suffrage on the Africans: "If they are to vote, then they must be educated." By this "education" is practically meant a training in literary rudiments.

One truth plainly implied in these popular propositions is: That without some safeguard, universal suffrage is liable to be abused to work injustice and calamity. This is a clear concession that this proposed remedy for unjust government, the right of all the ruled to vote for rulers, is capable of being itself perverted to oppression. The other proposition implied is that such literary culture as state-schools may make universal is the adequate safeguard against the perversion. It is upon this



position that the views of the opposing parties will be dispassionately compared.

It is presumed that no party holds ignorance to be preferable, *per se*, for any human beings, over intelligent; and that none deny that ignorance is an evil, and is often an occasion of aggravation to the evils which originate in other causes. Doubt only exists to this extent: whether intelligence alone is the adequate remedy. It is presumed no one denies the ignorance of voters to be dangerous to the commonwealth; the extent of the inquiry is only this: whether popular intelligence may be relied on to eliminate the peril. The skeptics here argue on the general principle that the admitted reality of a danger is not enough to lead, by the mere rule of contraries, to the adequate remedy. Famine destroys life; and yet food may be so administered to the famished as to hasten their death. To the safe exercise of power two conditions are essential. One is sufficient intelligence, and the other is righteous purpose. Ignorance in those who rule is a great evil, because it makes the unrighteousness of purpose blindly aggressive. Yet something else than the diffusion of intelligence may be necessary to remove the unrighteous purpose; and it may even be that if this remains, increased intelligence will arm it with deeper powers of mischief. On the other hand, it appears almost self-evident to multitudes of our people that the diffusion of intelligence is the obvious and the adequate remedy. They hold that the purpose to act wrongfully proceeds from thinking erroneously. "Ignorance is the parent of vice;" and therefore, it is self-evident, knowledge is the remedy; for ignorance and knowledge are the obvious opposites. In other words, the philosophy of this party in our Christian country is that which Plato imputes to Socrates: the key-note of whose inculcation was that any soul may be imbued with virtue by didactic instruction; or, that right thinking is the sufficient and sure condition of right acting. Which of these rival views is

true? Or are they both half-truths, dangerous from their confusion of partial truth and error ?

1. To reach an answer to this question, the first requisite appears to be that we shall perceive how, and from what cause, the dangers of the perversion of popular suffrage are to grow. This will be best seen by retracing a few of the admitted rudiments of the science of government.

Civil government is founded on the will and ordination of the Creator. These he makes known to his believing servants in Revelation; and to the reason of mankind in certain necessities of their nature and facts in their existence. Of these, one is that man must be and is a social being. For social life he was created; and its conditions are necessary for his proper development and happiness, not to say to his very existence. Consequently God constituted man a sympathetic and social creature. But man has also personal and self-interested principles; and the general law is *that these are far stronger than the social*. The importance of this law is not weakened by the fact that a few extraordinary persons are wholly disinterested, and that the immediate domestic and especially the parental affections tend towards impersonal actions. The general case, for which political philosophy must provide, is this: that in society the personal or self-interested principles override the social. Now, out of these two facts emerges the necessity for civil government. Men cannot exist apart. But which they come together, the principles of self-interest, which always dominate over the social, tend constantly to aggression upon their fellows. Government is, in its simplest idea, the forcible restraint which is necessary to curb this tendency. Without this, man's social existence would be a perpetual competition of individuals against their fellows for personal advantage, tending to anarchy and a universal violence which would break up social existence and either destroy life or drive men again into solitude. This

result, without restraint, would follow in large degree, though man were actuated by no principles of self-interest except the natural ones. But the case is greatly strengthened by that fact which observation should teach us, without Bibles: that all men are naturally depraved. Man's natural will is not only more inclined to personal than impersonal ends, but it is also unjust. Thus man in society is prone to yet more mischievous and wicked aggressions on the social order, amidst which he is yet ordained to exist. Civil government is the necessary restraining power upon this perpetual tendency.

But plainly: civil government cannot be an abstraction, executing itself; neither can it find superhuman beings to administer it. The power of restraint must be committed to human beings. But in these governing human beings, also, the personal principles are stronger than the impersonal. Hence the general tendency will be for them to use, for unjust aggressions on their fellows, the power of control entrusted to them to prevent such aggression. The additional power of rule annexed to their own individual powers only enables them the more for the unjust engrossing of others' rights to their own gratifications. Thus the remedy, unavoidable as it is, reverts to the disease! Experience tells just this story in all history: that while government suppresses the anarchy of rival, private wills, it introduces in its place the unjust tyranny of the ruler's will over the ruled. As men felt this, they learned their first lesson in the science of government. Suffrage seemed to be the obvious expedient for obviating this peril. Let the ruled elect the rulers, so that the rulers shall derive their powers from, and return them to, the ruled, at stated times; and it was hoped that this danger would be precluded.

But experience soon dashed this hope also; for the most radically democratic commonwealths were found to be far from the most justly governed. Whence this disappointment? When

the answer to this question is reached we shall have the central truth which solves our inquiries. It was found that, though every citizen were made an equal voter and equal to the candidates also in eligibility, still all could never have, or think they had, identical interests; and there must ever be wide natural differences of natural strength, talent, appetencies, and will. Hence it was possible that a line of governmental policy could be made to press differently upon individual interests. Any one line of action which was specially promotive of the personal interests of one class of citizens must be, for that very reason, adverse to the different interests of another class. In every country, climates and other geographical causes force some parts to pursue different industries from other parts. Or, if the country were so small as to be absolutely uniform in its industrial conditions, still native differences of powers, tastes, and wishes must dictate to different people a preference for different pursuits. Or if, by some miracle, every man's heart were made exactly like every other's, the necessity of raising and disbursing taxes must still generate an inevitable difference of interests, that of the tax-payers and the tax-expenders. Even if taxation, the only equitable way to provide the cost of a government, were distributed with absolute equity upon rulers and ruled, still the ruled cannot equally share with the rulers the power of disbursement. Whence it must ever follow that there will be here two classes with clashing personal interests.

Hence, in a freely elective government, sameness of interests and unanimity of wishes must be forever impossible. But there is no other practicable rule for electing than that the majority must prevail. Now, let it be supposed that the theoretic power of the electors over the elected were not in the least interrupted, or obstructed, or swayed by any arts of faction, *caucus*, press, or demagogue, the *utmost and most accurate result of suffrage would be: that the elected, in ruling, would exactly reflect and*

*reproduce the wishes of the dominant majority of electors.* That would be all. In fact, suffrage never gains so much; because the arts of those who manipulate it always pervert it, in large measure, so that the majority of electors is really but the tool of a designing, or more acute, or more active minority; and it is only the aggregate personal wills of this minority which are virtually reflected in the administration. Let this fact be added: that as political experience is gained and mental intelligence diffused, a perception of ways in which the government's action can be made to promote or injure classes of private interests is acquired by classes of citizens. Possible combinations for advancing some interests, to the detriment of others, are thought out. Thus, the same law of nature with which we set out reappears: that the personal and self-interested principles of men are stronger than the impersonal and equitable principles. The same problem confronts us. Our first experiment in constructing a government, that of the one-man power, gave us, in place of the anarchical despotism of individual aggressions, the despotism of the monarch. Our second, that of free suffrage, gives us, in place of the oppressions of a tyrant, the despotism of the majority over the minority—or, more probably, of the shrewd oligarchy who wield the majority over both them and the minority.

And here, interposes every intelligent reader, appears the necessity of constitutional stipulations or limitations, protecting the rights of minorities and regulating the mode and limits within which the majority shall govern. Not any preference of any major number shall be the righteous law for all; but in the immortal words of the Scotch freemen of the seventeenth century, *Lex Rex*. The Constitution is the king. For it is simply childish to demur to the mere arbitrary will of one human being, because he is a selfish and fallen being and thus ever prone to injustice; and then accept the mere will of an aggregate of just

such beings. For if the natural traits of the sinner who is made a monarch incline him to injustice, the same traits in each individual of the majority made a monarch will cause a far stronger tendency to injustice, because it is an invariable rule of human nature that *it feels less responsible to conscience in associated than in individual acts*. It always yields, more or less, to the temptation to view the responsibility as distributed out, divided among the multitude, and thus diminished. From these results no reflecting man dissents; but thus far all sides agree. Thus the problem again recurs: how shall power to control the unjust, personal principles of man be trusted to man, and not be liable to abuse?

It is equally obvious to all sides that as we found civil government could not be an abstraction executing itself, so these constitutional limitations would be a mockery if they were left a mere abstraction, self-executive against the encroaching ruling power. To curb power, they must be somehow imbued with power. How shall these protecting safeguards be reinforced so as to become practical? The answer has taken three shapes. One plan has been to arm the restraining safeguards with protective energy, by so distributing the actual forces of government between the different parts of the commonwealth that while capable of combining for good to the whole, they shall lack the ability, or the motive, to combine for the unconstitutional oppression of a part. By this happy expedient the very principles of human nature which we dread as prompters of aggression are enlisted as preventives of aggression. All the functions of rule are not aggregated in the hand of one class, even though that be the most numerous; but they are distributed between different representative centers, each of which is armed by law not only with the abstract title but the practical forces for defending its own legitimate functions. And it is from this expedient, in one or another form, that all the

regulated liberty which has been known in history has proceeded. In the Roman commonwealth powers were distributed between the annual consuls, the senate, and the *plebe*, who were armed with its tribunitial *veto*; and as long as that constitution was maintained in actual "working order" Rome was free and prosperous. So, in Great Britain the powers were divided between king, Lords, and Commons. From William and Mary until this day Britain has enjoyed a longer period of true liberty with order than any modern people. But just so soon as the distributed powers of the European governments were engrossed in one center, it mattered not which, despotism was the immediate result. Thus, the French Republic of 1790 professed to be founded on the freest basis of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." But as soon as the French National Convention had engrossed to itself all the functions of state, France had the most wicked, despotic, and worthless, as well as the most corrupt government on earth. Its diabolical tyranny and outrages on equal rights actually surpassed those of Louis XIV. when he was able to say *L'état, c'est moi*, by absorbing into his monarchical hand the former feudal rights of the nobles and political and judicial rights of the parliaments of the provinces.

Another expedient for solving the difficulty of just government is to imbue the minds of those entrusted with power with justice, benevolence, and virtue; or, in other words, to rely on moral power to curb the tendency of human nature to forcible injustice. This was one of the chief expedients urged by the Father of his Country in his "Farewell Address." So far as it is available it is excellent. But since man is a morally fallen creature, and since the state as an organism is equipped with no agencies for sanctification, its ability of self-help in this direction must be very limited. Hence Washington, after pointing to moral restraints as the best foundation for liberty,

correctly pointed to the *Christian Religion* as the chief source of moral restraint. The old adage says: "If a man wishes to thrive, he must ask his wife." So, if the commonwealth desires to possess this safeguard of moral power for the liberties of the people, it must look chiefly to its equal and ally, Christianity, to propagate it for them. But in this the simile does not hold: the state must not marry Christianity, lest it should paralyze it; but must leave it to help it as an independent friend.

The third reliance for solving the problem of just government in human hands is the mental culture of all the voters. Their expedient is: Let the state itself undertake the work of giving the rudiments of mental culture to all the people, and their intelligence will ensure their using suffrage safely. In other words, their remedy is dictated by taking the dangerous half-truth, "Ignorance the source of vice," as a whole truth in the light of the examination made above, their reliance on this expedient is obviously the same as the assertion of this proposition: Sufficient knowledge will render the selfishness natural to man unselfish in its associated actions. For, as we saw, it was man's natural selfishness which necessitated civil government. But free government is only power wielded by men associated.

Reflecting men would hardly deem this proposition, on which the third expedient is really grounded, either tenable or debatable (viz., that sufficient knowledge will render the selfishness natural to man unselfish in his associated actions), did they not tacitly mingle with it the second expedient. Moral discipline, so far as it can be applied efficiently, is a valuable remedy for this tendency; and thus a real solution for this great problem. But, as was pointed out in this REVIEW in a previous essay ("Secularized Education"), it is exceedingly hard to eliminate the moral from the mental discipline. The soul is a monad, and cannot be cultivated or nurtured by patches. In this



respect it is a fortunate thing that this is so. Let education be in theory secularized, yet it is almost impossible to communicate secular knowledge without both teaching theological ideas and wielding moral control. This mixture of the Christian and moral discipline, in what is heedlessly called mental culture, is the thing that misleads the extreme advocates of the half-truths, and causes them to suppose that they see, in simple training of the intelligence, a remedy for the tendencies' of natural selfishness and injustice. But, in order to a just discussion of the several theories, the different elements of moral discipline and mere mental culture should be viewed apart. Let the question then be entertained for a moment: How much would mental culture do if it were, or could be, conferred alone, as a safeguard for suffrage? Is there any justice whatever in this Socratic yet pagan theory that social vices are removed and virtues are propagated by simple inculcation of knowledge?

The fairest, because the most general and scientific, mode to test this extreme opinion is to examine the relation of knowledge to volition and desire, in the fundamental law of human action. Sound psychology settles these propositions. Man is a rational free agent. Every soul has, in addition to the powers of cognition, appetency, and choice, some natural disposition. This natural disposition expresses itself in the desires and consequent volitions, and thus discloses itself as the regulative principle of them. The object to which the soul moves is never the efficient, but only the occasion of its activities of desire and choice: otherwise the man would not be a free agent: the efficient of his action is his own subjective and spontaneous appetency, moving from within outwards, according to the regulation of his own native disposition. These are simply results of experience and facts of consciousness, which need no argument with such readers as those of this journal. It follows from them that neither is cognition the efficient, but only the normal occasion of

free action; because all that cognition does in the case is to set the object before the soul in the aspect of the actual or the real. But does that soul view that object also in the aspect of the desirable? Here is the hinge of the whole question! Notoriously, not every object viewed in the intelligence as in the aspect of the real is desirable to man: some objects are, some are not. Bread is desirable to man's animal, and applause to his mental, appetency; grass and ridicule are not. But now, what is it in man that determines that to eat grass or to be ridiculed is not and cannot be desirable to this man? Is it his cognition of them or of the mode of their attainment? Is it any degree of clearness in that cognition? Obviously not; but there is something original in the man which has potentially determined, in advance of cognition, that the ideas of eating grass or being ridiculed shall never be the desirable, for their own sake, to that man, however clearly thought. That something is, indisputably, *disposition*. Whether a given object, when presented as real in the intelligence, shall be felt as desirable: this is determined *a priori* by the nature of the soul's disposition. Hence it is obvious that no presentation of an undesired object in the intelligence—which is just what cognition apes—can reverse or modify the regulative disposition. The effect cannot reverse its own cause. It is the native disposition which has already determined that this object shall be undesired. This native disposition is as ultimate and fundamental a fact of man's constitution as the intelligence itself, and is coordinate therewith. But does not man feel as he sees? Yes; cognition is the necessary condition of his feeling; but it is disposition which determines how he shall feel towards the object seen.

The application of this psychology to the question whether sufficient knowledge will infuse civil virtues is made by this assertion: That the personal and self-interested affections, together with their ordinary preponderance over the disinterested

affections, are natural to man. *They are of the native disposition* which is regulative of appetencies and volitions. This, sound observation proves by all the *criteria* by which any original disposition can be ascertained. This preponderating selfishness is the common trait of natural men in all ages and countries. It develops itself from the beginning of their lives. It molds their average conduct. In a word, every practical man knows that it is as natural to man to love himself better than his neighbor as it is to fear pain or to dislike being laughed at. This being so, it appears as unreasonable to expect selfishness to be conquered by mere increase of knowledge in the intellect as to expect a man's natural revulsion to pain to be revolutionized by studying pathology.

The abstract argument is greatly strengthened by the experimental. If we look at the influence of mere mental culture on individuals devoid of morals, we do not usually see these persons grow better with their attainments. Such authors and artists are by no means famous for morals superior to their fellow-men. The cultivation of the taste is not found to rectify the heart. The morality of seats of learning is rarely so good as that of the classes of society which furnish their occupants. No business man accepts the mere mental culture of his employee as the essential guarantee of his fidelity: were one to tell the shrewd banker that his cashier might be safely trusted because he was well posted in physics and algebra, he would resent it as a mocking of him. This rapid enumeration shows that sensible men recognize no causal tie between mere mental culture and integrity. If we look at aggregates of men, we find that the cultivated Greeks were confessedly more immoral than those whom they called "barbarians." The fall of Athenian liberty came soon after the splendid meridian of her art and literature. close after Pericles came Cleon, the murder of Socrates, and the Macedonian subjugation. Egypt, the schoolmistress of Greece

and the old world, became "the basest of the kingdoms." The "Augustan age" of Rome was also the age of the fall of the republic, and the military despotism. These instances may be thought irrelevant, because in all the ancient commonwealths, however free in name, far the larger number of persons was disfranchised. The political *populus* was a small minority, and, however cultivated, was underlaid by an uneducated mass. But this ignorant body was without power or influence in the government. The fact then remains that ancient liberty was ruined, in each case, in the hands of the educated.

But recent history is more instructive, because it offers us illustrious experiments of popular education, carried for two generations as far as it is ever likely to be carried. Our overweening hopes of good from mere mental culture are much curtailed by observing that the condition of Christendom was never more ominous and feverish than it now is, after these efforts at education. Military preparations were never so immense, or so onerous to the national industry. The spirit of war was once ascribed to the ambition of kings, regardless of the blood of their peace-loving subjects. But we now see that since the instructed peoples have acquired influence in the governments of Europe, this fell passion is more rife than ever. It seems, moreover, that the German nation, the most educated one of all, is in as unstable a condition as the rest. The wildest political heresies prevail; and these rulers, the special and boasted exemplars of popular education, rely least on popular intelligence, and most on the sword, to save society from destruction. Intelligent men there dismiss the idea with ridicule that any actual diffusion of intelligence among the peasantry, by the schools, is the real safeguard of their universal suffrage. They tell us that not one in three exercises his accomplishment of reading, when an adult—a statement which the scanty circulation of newspapers among them confirms. They say that

the primary schools are useful chiefly as *a drill in obedience*. They teach the child early to submit to superiors, to move at the sound of a bell, to endure tasks, to fear penalties, to study punctuality, at the command of others. Then comes the conscription, and seven years drill in arms, to confirm the habit of submission. Thus the German system produces a peasant who is in the habit of voting as the upper classes bid him; not of thinking for himself! It is presumed that this picture of the virtues of the system is not very flattering to our American hopes.

The extremists who seek to depreciate to the utmost mere mental training as a source of virtuous civic action even claim experimental arguments from American history, which, if not sound, are yet plausible. They remind us that in these States the educated classes have usually been as wide apart in political convictions as the uneducated; and this result seems to show that mental culture has no regular connection with right thinking about politics. They say that the demagogues again, whom every enlightened patriot dreads more than he does the mob, are usually from the educated, or at least the shrewd, active-minded, and self-educated classes. They point to the great newspapers, which in fact represent the prevalent political literature and mental activity of the American people, and they ask, What political heresy which has ever plagued the country has not been confidently advocated in this newspaper press? And from these assertions they draw the inference that there is no causal tie between mental activity and civic virtues. They also propose to test the moral effects of mere mental culture by examining its control over individual conduct as disclosed by the statistics of crime. We claim such statistics as in favor of our system of popular instruction, because it is reported to us that the large majority of criminals are illiterate. But they reply that this is not a trustworthy mode of making a comparison; because hitherto

letters have been the accompaniment of reputable and pious domestic surroundings and easy circumstances; while illiteracy has been the usual accompaniment of degraded and destitute circumstances. And they claim that the prevalence of crime is produced by the want and degradation hitherto associated with illiteracy, and the comparative virtue by the comforts and decencies hitherto connected with letters: not by the mental culture itself. They say that, were popular education made really universal, the idea that mere letters diminished vice would be exploded by our finding a larger percentage crime in the whole community, other things being equal, than before. And such, they exclaim, is already the mortifying result; as is visible to the eye of the traveler in America. Where the State-school system is in its infancy, as is evinced by the sparseness and humility of the school buildings and the poverty of the endowments, the jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses are few and small. But when the observer begins to admire the magnificent endowments and palatial buildings of the public schools, he is also struck with the number and vastness of the prisons. The two kinds of structures seem to flourish together.

Experience thus confirms reasoning, in moderating our hopes of result from the mere enlargement of knowledge. Man's disposition, including his overweening personal affections, is as original and fundamental as his faculty of intelligence. Hence this disposition determines, by its *a priori* force, that disinterested actions, however known in the intelligence, shall not be so attractive to the human heart in the general as personal actions. Increase of knowledge then has no more efficiency *per se*, to change this inclination than would a flood of light thrown on an object intrinsically repulsive to a man's taste, to make that object beautiful to him. The natural man does not postpone the disinterested virtues merely because he misconceives them. He

does it, correctly appreciating them and self-interest in their essential nature, because his nature is selfish.

But it is pleaded that knowledge may curb the unjust passions by presenting, as a better alliterative, enlightened self-interest. This wider intelligence may not make natural selfishness unselfish in its associated actions, but it is hoped it may show men that equity is the most enlightened self-interest. Again, experience answers that this hope usually fails whenever a strong temptation to unjust but self-interested action arises. The thoughtful observer is not surprised at this failure, when he considers that the principle cultivated by this plan is still selfish. What is it but to expect selfishness to cure selfishness? The popular remark that "enlightened self-interest is a curb on passion" involves this mistake. It implies that self-interest is not in its nature a passionate but a rational principle, and thus opposite to the passionate. But why does any object engage man's self-interest? Because it gratifies some passion! Be it, for instance, money: this only enlists self-interest because it is the object of the passion of avarice. Our passions are the animating souls of our interests. He who acts from the most steady and clear-sighted self-interest is the very man who is governed by the most intensified passion. So, again, the mistake appears of relying on passion as the cure for passion. The most likely result of such enlarged intelligence will be that the self-interested affections will only employ it to devise more indirect and astute means of unjust advantage, more injurious to others' rights than the simple aggressions of the ignorant man, as they are more extensive.

In the light of these views, the overweening value sometimes attached to mere knowledge, apart from moral training, as the efficient of man's civil elevation, is sufficiently exploded. But when mental culture is put in its proper place, as the ally and handmaid of moral culture, there are still several facts which

cannot but moderate our expectations from it, while they will not cause us to deny its value. We have seen that the problem on our hands is: How to make man, naturally selfish in his personal, unselfish in his associated actions. But we have shown that he is far more likely to yield to unjust selfishness, in the latter class of acts; because his responsibility is apparently so divided and concealed among the numbers. For instance: a little reflection will show any man that if he buys the manufacturer's calico for silver coins really worth but ninety cents on the dollar and sells it for a par currency, he is wronging his fellows precisely as though he had cut one ninth from his yardstick when he sold. Few men are prepared to use false measures in selling; but multitudes were willing to clamor for the "silver bill." Men who would not steal from a creditor yet demand from the government a depreciation of the currency in which they hope to pay that creditor. Britain probably contains more truly honest and Christian persons than any other country; and yet its government practices the most flagrant wrongs, such as the opium trade with China, and the annexations in South Africa. There is not a nation in Europe which does not deal with its neighbors in international affairs on principles of suspicion, violence, and injustice which the average private citizen of those governments would blush to imitate in his own acts. The work to be done to secure just associated action is, then, a peculiarly arduous one.

It must be remembered that the civil affairs of the great industrial nations become exceedingly complicated. The interests of classes are exceedingly diversified. Legislation touches these interests in most intricate and unforeseen ways. Hence it is obvious that a very wide and mature knowledge is needed to judge public measures equitably and wisely. It needs no words to show that the popular discussions of such a government offer an almost boundless field for the plausible



ventilation of those sciolisms and half-truths which are so seductive to the shallow scholar, and yet so perilous. How thorough and profound ought the popular education to be in order to qualify each voter under universal suffrage to judge independently and wisely for himself! Every man would need to be a profound statesman! But can we hope to communicate this breadth of culture to all, and also to cause them to retain and employ it during their toiling existence?

But if the voter cannot judge for himself, and yet votes, then he is the prey of the demagogue, that fated curse of all popular governments. The greed and selfishness of human nature will always ensure the presence of men who will plan to use free suffrage as a tool for their own unjust ends. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there the eagles will gather together." Now, it must be remembered that in the demagogue we often have to meet not ignorant, low cunning only, but the highest subtlety, armed with the most extensive knowledge. Can popular education so furnish with statesmanship and knowledge the laboring man who votes as to fit him to cope with the accomplished demagogue who aims to use him as a tool to destroy liberty? can it fit him even to listen, as an intelligent umpire, to the debate in which the accomplished and true statesman unmasks the sophistries of this accomplished demagogue? But if this laborer is to vote safely, it would seem that this is the least attainment he ought to have.

In the face of this requirement we now ask, How much knowledge can popular education confer on the masses? All that is usually attempted is to give the rudiments. The result, if realized, would be chiefly to put the voter in the way of reading the journals of the country and a few other works of ephemeral nature. But a more serious question is, How much of this culture can we make the laboring voter retain? We have seen that the Germans testify that although every child there is taught

to read, only one adult in three retains or uses his accomplishment! The causes of this disappointment are patent. Civilization means, first, a great deal of labor, and, second, great aggregations of capital, with extreme contrasts of condition between capitalist and laborer, with a keen struggle for existence for the larger part of the people. Now ordinary men are not usually energetic in two independent directions. The motive power is not sufficient to drive two sets of machinery. Men of capital energies present rare exemptions; but the rule is that those who are addicted to manual labor are not active in any other sphere of exertion. The average man who spends the day in work for his daily bread, sleeps or lounges at night. This law sealed the fate of the "manual-labor schools," which were expected to do so much for the classical education of the poor. The students could not both work in earnest and study in earnest. But it may be argued that our wonderful progress in physical science will soon make a few hours' work, by the aid of machinery, earn a day's living. Thus the laborer will have leisure for reading. There is a cause in human nature which will always and infallibly disappoint this hope. Desire always outruns the means of attainment. If the laborer earns in five hours what his father got by twelve hours' toil, he and his family will speedily come to regard additional indulgences as "necessaries of life," so as to require again the twelve hours' labor. The capitalist will think, now that profits on every hour are larger, that it is far more intolerable to have his machinery stand idle and rusting nineteen hours per day. He will bribe the operative to fullest work. It will be precisely the provident, the industrious, who will be thus stimulated to continuous labor and larger gains. It will be the listless and idle who will stop with the five hours work. But these will be the very men to spend the rest of the day, not in study, but at the bowling-alley and tavern.

Once more: if education is to be the safeguard of suffrage, who is to be the safeguard of education? The popular theory answers, No other than the civil magistrate. For if the direction is given to any other, that other director may so shape education as to injure the commonwealth. This is precisely the argument which is to-day prompting Belgium and France to secularize education. For they have learned that if the Jesuits direct it, it will work wholly against free suffrage and free government. But we have seen that this is precisely the weak point in our theory of government by suffrage: that as "the majority must rule," the danger is the civil magistrates will represent the majority and not the commonwealth. And the safeguard against that danger we propose to entrust to those civil magistrates! This is very much as though we should build folds for our sheep for fear of the wolves, and then appoint the wolves to keep the doors of the folds. To repeat: It is the selfishness of human nature which necessitates government. But the same human nature must ever tempt the men who are entrusted with the governing powers to use them selfishly instead of equitably. The very heart of the problem of free government is here: How to trust to fallible men enough power to govern, and yet prevent its perversion. The theory we discuss proposes popular education as the check. What is it we need to check? Our elected rulers' possible selfishness. Then we put into those rulers' hands the control of the check itself. But the very selfishness in them which makes them dangerous will be just as certain to prompt them to pervert the proposed check as to pervert any other public power. The plan moves in a vicious circle. There will be an ever-present temptation to use the schools as a *propaganda* for the rulers' partisan opinions instead of useful knowledge and virtue. The ultimate result of this tendency, if unchecked, would be, in the second generation, to extinguish utterly the wholesome competition of a rival party,—

the very condition of free government,—and to realize a Chinese civilization.

Such are the deductions which must be made, from our expectations of security in popular education, against the dangers of universal suffrage. They do not imply that education is valueless, or that ignorance is preferable. The drawbacks are not found in the worthlessness of true education, but in the objective difficulties which it has to meet. The good ship is not to be slandered because it has to buffet perilous storms and head-winds. Yet when we freight our fortunes in it, we shall be wise to take into account the tempests and gales it must meet.

Let the reader be again entreated to weight this argument, not as an argument against true education, or against its great value as a political safeguard, but as a refutation of the claim that mere intelligence is the efficient of civic and social virtues. This dangerous half-truth, openly advanced by some, is heedlessly accepted by many. They claim for this partial culture, misnamed “education,” the honors which can only be challenged for true, moral discipline. Education is the nurture of the whole spirit, as a whole. This point is demonstrated in an essay against “secularized education” in the number of this REVIEW for September, 1879. No true education of the faculties of the intelligence can be given without involving the discipline of the conscience and affections. And in this complex process the mental culture is ancillary to the moral; from this subordinate ministry to the moral it derives all the value it can ever have as a means of propagating virtue. The primary education of Scotland, Germany, and America has doubtless been of advantage to these nations. It is because it has fortunately always been essentially a moral discipline. One of the arguments against a secularized education was that it is practically impossible; that religion, morals, and knowledge are inseparable. It is because this has been true hitherto that all the

efforts to educate the people have done good. But could education be really and truly secularized, then it would become as utterly disappointing, as a safeguard for free government, as the most gloomy extremists, who have been heard in the previous pages, represent it. And just in degree as Christianity, the only mother of sound morals, shall be eliminated from the state education, in that degree will the results approach that futility.

This discussion explains why it is that popular education has been useful just in proportion as it was grounded on the Scriptures. The Bible is, for the laboring masses, preeminent as an instrument of culture; as it is as the instrument of redemption. With them mere literary interests must ever be feeble. They may have sufficient piquancy to interest the genteel leisure of the rich. There are also, among the laboring classes, a few extraordinary minds who are strongly bent to literary pursuits by idiosyncrasy or native vigor. But to the average workingman, materialized in his ideas by all his surroundings, and bound by the needs of existence to daily toil, letters must ever be too weak an attraction to be heartily used for self-culture. The grand advantage of Bible-truth for this end is that while it is a system of truth, an ethic, a theology, a philosophy, a history, an epic, and that the noblest, and thus a more manifold implement of culture than any one human science, it also meets and grasps, as a system of redemption, the master-principles of all souls. It answers the deepest want. It stirs the most deathless affections. It solves those questions of duty, trial, and destiny, which at some time assume the foremost place in every soul not utterly stolid. Hence it is that Christian duty and redemption, draped as they are in the most moving history and poetry on earth, energize the torpid soul, which is stirred to true activity by nothing else. The best hope, therefore, to have the great toiling masses readers of anything good would be to have them Bible-

readers. Unless this *primum mobile* of mental activity be applied they are not likely to retain any. Here was the wisdom of Knox in his scheme of universal popular education, and hence his transcendent success, that he made the Bible and catechism the universal text-books. Other rulers have taught all the children of their land to read; no other ever succeeded, so nearly as Knox did, in rearing a people who actually continued to read after they became men. Among no peasantry in Europe has the actual taste for and practice of reading been so nearly universal as among the Scotch. It was because Christianity was the *stimulus* of the national mind, and the Bible was the text-book. It is the only mental interest which can maintain the competition with material wants in the sons of toil. Their recreation, if literary, will be in this, or else it will be in animal repose, or sensuality. Even when a heretical religion, like the Mohammedan, makes its sacred books the textbooks of popular education, it impresses a far higher mental activity than their other unwholesome conditions would ever produce.

One other lesson should be derived from this discussion. It is suggested by the question, can a nation living under a free government secure its own future by any means or expedients whatsoever to be employed by the government? To many an eager mind this question causes only astonishment and offense; he answers hotly in the affirmative. His boast is that a great people is master of its own destiny. How often has he not heard it eloquently proclaimed from the hustings and the Fourth-of-July platform that if the people are true to their free principles they are invincible? There is a sense in which this is true; but it is not the sense of this boast. Both the Scriptures and history teach us that nations have not their destinies in their own hands; neither are there any statesmen or institutions on this earth that can assure them absolutely. God says: "Lift not up your horn on high speak not with a stiff neck. For promotion cometh neither

from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the Judge: he putteth down one and setteth up another." There is no human wisdom, power, nor virtue great enough to control the complicated and mighty issues of a nation's destiny: It is one of the exclusive prerogatives of divine Providence. It is a task beyond the power of teachers, rulers, congresses, and constitution-makers. It is true that this Sovereign Providence treats nations as corporate personalities, holds them responsible, and rewards and punishes according to justice. It is from this source, and from this alone, that we can infer the nation which is true to his righteous precepts will receive the reward of prosperity from his judgments, and in that sense can assure its welfare by being true to itself. The divine rule is, "It is RIGHTEOUSNESS which exalteth a nation." Some are so overweening as to suppose that they can do it by literature. But mere knowledge cannot take the place of righteousness. God will not permit himself to be thus refuted. And if even his own church is unable, in its own strength, to sanctify a single soul, but is dependent on the dispensation of sovereign grace, still less can the state, a mere world-power, propagate true righteousness. When God bestows the conditions of national freedom and greatness, he works as a sovereign, and men, with their plans, are but instruments in his hand. Nor are the legislator and the office-holder usually important instruments: they do not direct the current of destiny, but are rather the straws floating with it. The efficient instruments are "men whose hearts God hath touched," the great elaborators of vitalizing truths—the Gospel—and the godly parents of the land.

Must magistrates, then, stand idle like fatalists, awaiting God's sovereign dispensation of weal or woe? By no means. God does not work without means. And the most effectual way for the government "to educate the people" in the interests of national prosperity is to make every official act a lesson in

straightforward righteousness. Thus the tremendous influence of the government's example is directed to inculcate the valuable lessons. But if that influence teaches dishonesty, all the book-lessons of all the State schools in the broad land will be too weak to correct it.

Prophecy assures us that God is shaping the fortunes of empires with supreme reference to the spread of Messiah's kingdom. Here is another truth which politicians will probably hear as disdainfully as the proposition that no people is master of its own destiny. They little think that a secret but omnipotent hand is making all their mighty policies subservient to that spiritual dominion of the despised Nazarene which they scarcely deign to remember. But doubtless the Almighty intends to teach men both truths effectually; and it may be done at the cost of destroying many admired theories of worldly wisdom.

ROBERT L. DABNEY.



## Woman Suffrage.

(Appeared in *The Presbyterian Quarterly*, January 1896; vol. 10:35, pp. 121-23.)

---

THE WOMAN-SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: A Study. *By a Lawyer*. Boston, Mass.: Arena Publishing Company. 18mo, pp. 153., 1895.

This is a vigorous and eloquent protest against the proposed innovation. The dedication, which is as beautiful as brief, foreshadows the author's position: "To my mother, whose mind moved the hand that held the pen." The main tenor of his plea throughout his argument is, that woman be left in that sphere for which her creator fitted her and to which his revealed law assigns her, the sphere which southern matrons occupied so faithfully and adorned so nobly, that of mother and queen of the household.

The foundation stones of our author's impregnable structure are chiefly these: That according to Scripture and sound reason the marriage of one man to one woman is not merely a civil contract of two free equals, but a divine and religious ordinance, instituted by the Heavenly Father for the creation of the family and the godly rearing of children (See Mal. 2:15). That to fit woman for this destiny, God created her not inferior to, but essentially dissimilar to, the male, and expressly ordained her domestic subordination to the husband as head of family. That the family thus instituted is the foundation integer of the commonwealth, so that, if the former be vitiated, the latter will be unavoidably corrupted, and at length destroyed. That when

we make marriage merely a civil contract between free equals we thereby destroy its permanency, because legally and equitably the right of dissolving such contracts inheres in both parties to them; that thus the family is broken up, the right rearing of children destroyed, and the wife reduced to a concubine, stripped of all security for her rights and honor as mistress of the household. That the deduction of so-called "woman's rights" from the doctrine of universal equality is a sophism, and is not republicanism, but deadly Jacobinism. That the new theory, like the abolitionism which was its fatal forerunner, is simply infidelity; for both distinctly contradict the word of God, either openly with profane insolence, or covertly with malignant deceit, in that Scriptures expressly declares what they deny, that the women shall be subject to her husband, and that involuntary bondage for life may, in some cases, be legitimate and righteous; and hence, that when "woman's rights" prevail, marriage and the family will perish, woman will be degraded, children will be reared in vice and impiety, Christianity will be corrupted, and civilization will putrefy.

The innovators will doubtless characterize this view, in the terms of their customary nauseous slang, as thoroughly "pessimistic." And here is one of the darkest features of our times, that whenever philosophy, historic experience, or the wisdom of God himself in Holy Writ, utters its protest against some new caprice of these socialistic loco-focos, however certain and solemn the warning may be, they think they can flippit it away with the flippant and impertinent cry: "Oh, that is pessimism!" This way of dealing with arguments, sensible men are aware, is nothing but willfulness and humorsomeness, follies which can lead only towards the perdition of those who indulge them. But our author fortifies his conclusions by many broad and just citations from history. He shows that the theory of marriage on which the claim of "woman's rights" proceeds is

the pagan theory (while the true one has been taught only by the Bible and the church). That in pagan society this theory was what vitiated the family, led to frequent divorces, and at last destroyed the civilizations of Greece and Rome, and made the Dark Ages. This he supports by the testimonies of Christian synods, of Gibbon, of Leckey, and Mommsen. He shows that the United States, in which this pagan theory of marriage is now current, already have the bad eminence of granting more divorces annually than all the rest of the civilized world together. This he holds is an alarming confirmation of the law that the new doctrine must always destroy true marriage. Our author also lays a severe accusation against the Christian pulpit in our country for its cowardly silence concerning innovations. The charge is in part just. He argues that this is an entirely proper topic for pulpit inculcation and remonstrance; because the true doctrine of marriage is a proposition of Holy Writ and concerns itself immediately with morals and religion, as well as sociology. But our readers must peruse the book itself in order to acquaint themselves fully with its boldness, vigor, and wealth of illustration.

It is most true that "woman's rights" like abolitionism, are a natural and unavoidable corollary from the false Jacobinical construction of human equality. The latter has already reared the horrent crop from its dragon's teeth; the former seems equally likely to prevail; and when it does will work a yet wider ruin.

There is a sense in which "all men are by nature equal," the sense of the British laws (peer and peasant equal before the law), and of all constitutional republican states. All men, namely, have the same humanity, the same Heavenly Father, the same immortality, and the same moral accountability. All have the common moral right to use their faculties and improve their several franchises for realizing their several shares of righteous

welfare in this life, and their future destiny. But *those shares are not equal, because the faculties and franchises of different classes of men are not equal*. The fact is, that these are endlessly unequal. Therefore the Jacobean attempt to confer all the same prerogatives on the naturally disqualified which are righteously due to the qualified is not a moral quality, but an equally violent folly and wickedness. But this is the sense in which this democratic fad is now almost universally held and taught—That whatever prerogatives the law confers on the best-qualified citizens, all the same must be conferred on all the citizens, or a natural injustice is perpetuated. This monstrous dogma needs only to be dragged into light in order to show its absurdity. The attempt to give it full effect can never construct society, but must ever destroy it. It is the universal law of nature, that all her structures, and, much more, all her organisms, material, vegetable, animal, and social, must be built, not of equal parts, but of unequal and dissimilar, which must have, not the same, but unlike functions in the organism. The apostle found this true even of the church of God, the highest of all (See 1 Cor. 12:14-23).

Our author teaches that marriage cannot be reduced to a mere contract between free equals, so that both of the parties shall exercise equal privileges in it, without destroying its permanency. He might have proved this, not only from history and jurisprudence, but from universal domestic experience. We presume that there never has been a marriage in which husband and wife practiced this equality in fact. One or the other has always held a predominancy. If the husband has not been head of his family, he has always been more or less henpecked, and the wife was the virtual man of the house. It is no more possible to have this actual equality and freedom in a permanent marriage than to have an inverted cone stand permanently upon its apex in unstable equilibrium. R. L. D.—*Victoria, Texas*.

## Sterrett's "Power of Thought"

(Appeared in *The Presbyterian Quarterly*, October 1897; vol. 11:42, pp. 567-70.)

---

THE POWER OF THOUGHT: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT DOES. *By John W. Sterrett, Esq., of Rockbridge, Va.* With an introduction by J. Mark Baldwin, Professor of Psychology in Princeton University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896. 12mo, pp. xiv, 320.

This is a remarkable book. It is such for its authorship being the work of a country gentleman, who was moved by his love for thought to employ the leisure and retirement of a rural life in the profound and long-continued study of philosophy. He was a large farmer, a Presbyterian elder, who had carried his musket in the war between the States, and an alumnus of old Washington College, in the days of Dr. Henry Ruffner. His text studies were in the law, but the cares of a great inherited estate soon allured, or, perhaps, constrained him to relinquish his chosen profession. Those who are familiar with the reflective character and native vigor of the Scotch intellect will not think it so strange that a retired country gentlemen should have produced a work on an abstruse science second in learning and power to none issued in our century.

Mr. Sterrett does not profess to have given a continuous and complete text-book upon mental science. For instance, he gives no complete classification of the mind's powers and faculties. He does not treat of the great faculties of suggestion, memory, and imagination. He gives no theory of the logical inference or

syllogism. He does not profess to give any complete scheme of the feelings. The singular title of his book foreshadows its real design and contents with great precision. His system of psychology is obviously the Scotch in its main traits. He is a dualist, rejecting both the current modern materialism and idealism, and dealing at both these philosophic heresies deadly strokes of refutation as he passes along upon his chosen road. His one dominant purpose is to explain and establish his theory of volition, free agency, and moral responsibility. His central idea is, that rational thought is the active forth-putting of spontaneous mind, provoked, indeed, by sensation, but not created or directed by it. Sensations furnish the occasions, indeed, which incite the opening intellect to thought, but it is conscious mind which gives the form and power to its own thoughts. The author's main doctrine is, that cognition is by no means to be viewed as a passive function of mind, non-active in its quality; but that every thought, every concept, every rational idea is active, involving spiritual energy, engaging the soul's most intimate interests, and thus carrying in itself "ardor," "emotive energy," "desire," "rational impulse." With him, thought is not only a light, but a power; and it is this power, and this alone, which culminates in choice. The power of thought, thus conceived, is the power which acts in a rational disposition, appetency and desire, and consummates itself in volitions. Thus the mind is only free, as it is a freely thinking power; thus the human agent is a rational one, and thus he is a morally responsible agent. In a word, Mr. Sterrett, thought is not only a light, but a power; and this is the power which constitutes man a free, rational and responsible agent.

In defending this theory through twenty-four chapters, the author delivers some gigantic blows against the current philosophic heresies of our age, with a directness and crushing weight delightful to the friends of sound philosophy. Here is

one specimen. He adverts to that piece of mischievous ingenuity, propounded by Kant, and since taken up by Darwin, Spencer, and the whole evolutionary school, viz, that the teleological concept cannot be validly drawn from the observed order and laws of the created universe, so as to be ascribed to God (if there is any). And hence, the teleological argument for the being and attributes of a personal and rational God, the very corner-stone of our natural theology, must be given up. "But," says our author, "suppose it be found upon correct inquiry that all human thought is teleological; that the whole interest and tendency of every thought in every rational human are towards some practical end and action; that were it not so, no thought would subsist in the human spirit? And this is just the truth. Now human thought is the only kind of thought of which man has any conscious experience. But if all known thought is found to be teleological, then for the human reason it is an inevitable induction that the thought seen in nature must also be teleological. In short, without teleology there can be no mind, no thought. But the universe is full of the products of thought, in its order and adaptations. Therefore teleology is true; and it leads us up by one grand step to belief in the infinite creative mind.

Take another instance. Do Alexander Bain, Spencer, and their company try to persuade us that thought and volition may be accounted for as reflex sensations? Mr. Sterrett asks, Where is the physical seat of sensation? In the sensorium. How is the molecular tremor translated into a rational cognition, *and who translates it?* Only the conscious ego! And is not this the absolute condition of every such translation of physical sensation into thought, that I shall first cognize the me, the self, as a thinking agent over against the objective thing, which stimulated the sensorium as independent of it and antithetic to it? Yes. I must first know the ego, consciously and intuitively,

in order to know the non-ego; and the absolute condition for cognizing the objective is that I must first distinguish and separate myself from it. Yet this wretched materialism would juggle us into the admission that the objective thing can generate the subjective as its own mere reflex! Which is precisely as absurd as to teach that the child generates its own father.

It is with similar power and directness that our author, in his twentieth chapter, annihilates the opposing heresies of a will fatally necessitated, and of a will *in equilibrio*, and endued with the power of contrary choice in the very instant of a determinate choice. He there established and accounts for the freedom *of the mind*, not of a distinct faculty of will, as consciously known to every man, and also asserts the doctrine of determinism or the certain directive power of the mind's own strongest subjective reason or motive. If any one has been embarrassed by that groundless antinomy, advanced by Sir William Hamilton and Paul Janet: "Since motives cause volitions and efficient causes act necessarily, the will must be necessitated; but *per contra*, consciousness tells us immediately that we are free, and consciousness is an authority as high and original as the intuitive law of causation," let him read Mr. Sterrett's masterly exposure of the sophism.

The reader will notice two singular traits of this book. One is its highly figurative, not to say metaphorical style. This, indeed, is the natural expression of the thorough independence of the author's mind, *in verbis nullius magistri addictus jurare*. He has read numerous authorities; he bows to none. Having done his own thinking for himself, he created his own vocabulary, and indeed, his own nomenclature. His propositions are, in their dress, frequently metaphorical; and the metaphors are as bold and original as they are expressive. The reader who is familiar with nineteenth-century philosophy easily translates our author into the more exact terms of the science. But we may say of him



who attempts to read Mr. Sterrett without previous knowledge of philosophy, what Socrates is reported to have said concerning the writing of Heraclitus, "that the reading will require strong swimming."

The other trait which we note with some regret is the absence of distinct explication of the great fact of native active disposition in man as one of the ultimate subjective determinants of his will. Aristotle, the most thorough of ancient annalists, arrives at this and stops at it as a simple fact of humanity, incapable of further analysis by us, that every spirit has its own native *hexis*. This is what the Latins called *habitus*, not *consuetudo* in our modern sense of habit or wont, but the "holding" or attitude of the spirit, as to the preferableness of an objective reported in thought. We inevitably conceive of every active spirit as naturally *disposed some way*, this way or that, rightly or wrongly. And its native disposition cannot be the mere product of cognition, seeing that it is one of the determinants of whatever cognition the mind may take up concerning objects of preference or aversion. Our author seems to us in error, when he asserts that *every idea* we have carries with it essentially the vigor of a personal interest, a potential desire and a potential choice. It appears to us that plainly there are ideas which carry no such interest whatever, because they appeal to no native *habitus*, regulative of our preferences or aversions. For instance, let one say to his fellowmen: Let us hasten to Cripple Creek in Colorado, and dig there, because we shall find there abundance of waste earth and stones. This idea will certainly lead to neither desire nor action in any sane man. Why not? Because there is no disposition in any human spirit attaching any value or preference to waste earth and stone. But let one say: Let us hasten to Cripple Creek, Colorado, because they dig much gold there. If his proposition is believed, men will recognize a motive for going, because their native

disposition prefers wealth. Once more, let this be the appeal: Let us hasten to dig in Cripple Creek, Colorado, in order that we may thereby contract a malignant fever while we get no gold. This reason, if believed, will certainly repel all hearers, and prompt a negative volition, because their native disposition is averse to suffering. In a word, this is the simple account universally true of all man's rational free choices, that the reason or motive of choice presents in thought a something which stands in the double category of the true and of the desirable. Multitudes of objects in thought, which are believed true, are not desirable, and multitudes of objects which are desirable are not believed true. As it is evidence which determines the true, it is native disposition which determines the desirable. And here are the two co-ordinate and ultimate determinants of rational action. Our analysis should omit neither. Our author stands in curious contrast with Victor Cousin. He makes thought impersonal and finds our only personality in the function of will. Mr. Sterrett asserts that it is thought, and thought alone, which constitutes our personality. The theory of the Virginian may give us a useful counterpoise to that of the great Frenchman. The faculty of cognition and the energy of disposition are the two inseparable factors which together constitute the rational, free, responsible person.

R. L. DABNEY.





---

Historical  
and  
Biographical  
Writings

---

## The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.

(Appeared in *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, April 1882; vol. 33:2, pp. 290-313.)

---

*The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.* By JEFFERSON DAVIS. *Prosperum et felix scelus vertus vocatur.* D. Appleton & Co., New York: 2 Vols., 8vo. Pp. 707 and 808.

The natural theologian observes that God, in his providence, governs men on a vicarious principle analogous to that on which he redeems them. He who would deliver his fellows, or bestow on them any succor under their dangers and miseries, must Usually do it by enduring for them the burden of those evils. The loftier the sphere of effort to which the leader or philanthropist is called, the more awful does he find this law in its demands upon his heart. The President of the fallen Confederacy has been required, doubtless, to meet this solemn law, in the full force of its bitterness. In addition to the anxieties and fears of the individual citizen, and father, and patriot, he was required to bear, during the pendency of the great struggle, the vicarious cares troubles of the whole people whom he represented. He was obnoxious to his individual portion of the animosities and reproaches of the enemies of his people, and to a large share of passions directed against them. When the people were overpowered, the malice they had provoked pursued his person, while received their amnesty. During the long years of oppression and obloquy, the anguish of every patriot has come into his soul, multiplied by the sense of his

high responsibility. The bitterest part of this pain has doubtless been from that tendency, so natural to men defeated, and yet so cowardly and unjust, to cast the blame of their calamity on their leader. This long agony Mr. Davis has borne with a dignity, calmness, and courage, which must, in every fair mind, reinforce that respectful sympathy which is felt for him. Now, after years of reflection and careful study, he presents his people and the world, in this history, an account of his stewardship. On every principle of justice, he has a right to be heard by all the civilized world, but especially by the sons of those for whose liberation he toiled and suffered so manfully, if vainly. As head of the Confederate movement, a head so active, devoted, and influential as to be better informed of the whole struggle than any one else, he is entitled to speak for his cause at the bar of history. The overthrow of that cause will unquestionably be judged in future in its effects on human destiny, as the most momentous secular event in Christendom since the fall of the first Napoleon in 1815. To every educated man in the world, then, ignorance or misjudgment of this grand catastrophe would be an opprobrium. To the sons of Confederate sires, it would be a shameful disgrace. Their duty to themselves, as well as to the memories of their country, requires them to possess themselves of this plea for the Confederacy, by this farther reason, that the enemies of the cause are so diligent in misrepresenting. The claim that Mr. Davis lifts up, *Audi alteram partem*, amidst this huge torrent and flood of slander and falsehood, by which truth and our fathers' honor are sought to be drowned, comes, therefore, to the people of the South with a high and sacred right.

He has been fitted to make this plea for his "lost cause," not only by statesmanship, wide knowledge, and eloquence, but by his providential position. He has stood absolutely aloof from *post bellum* politics. He has known, all along, that for him this

arena was forever closed. Hence he has been able to tell the story of Southern rights with unfettered candor and boldness. Other great leaders in the Confederacy, who have resumed their careers and hopes as politicians, find the jealousy of that divinity, the "majority," in whose hand is the breath of the American public man, an inconvenient obstruction. It is, but natural for them, therefore, to speak for their former cause "with bated breath." Mr. Davis has finally removed his plea from the lower tribunal of the populace to that of the future of history, and of God. Hence, there is no restraint upon his assertion of all those facts and principles, in their full breadth and authenticity, which once all manly Southerners were wont to assert with him. The other providence seems no less remarkable: that the ennobling poverty to which he was so honorably reduced by his sacrifices for his country, was relieved so unexpectedly, when it threatened to obstruct his task; and that, by the thoughtful generosity of a Southern lady. But this pleasing fact coheres with the whole tenor of our struggle, in which the women of the South ever proved themselves the truest and bravest. It is with eminent fitness that Mr. Davis dedicates his history to them. Doubtless he had in his mind another reason: that amidst all degrading and debauching influences of subjugation, the best hope for the propagating of truth and manly sentiments in the future is in the inculcations of the mothers of the land. He would provide the topics and the evidences for this fireside instruction.

When we thus claim a hearing for him by the right of his position, we by no means imply that he is not able to support this title by the merits of his own statesmanship and authorship. These are of a high rank. The great mass of his materials is digested into lucid order with a masterly hand. His narrative is eloquent, animated, and perspicuous. His forbearance towards those with whom he had to differ is dignified; his only heat is



against the assailants and traducers of his country. His argument is weighty and intelligent. And while he stands before the world as the impersonation of the "lost cause," there are few in the South clearer of the blame of its loss than Mr. Davis. While others were precipitating collision, he was conscientiously striving to postpone it. But when it came, none met it more promptly, wisely, or courageously. He would doubtless be the first to acknowledge that his plans were not infallible. But so much may be claimed for his administration, that had others high in office, had the Confederate Congresses, had the States, had the soldiers and the people, all done their parts wisely and well as Mr. Davis did his, the Confederacy would be now free. The energy and skill with which he created the resources of war out of nothing, and organized victory, were the wonder of the world. And there is this striking attestation to his part of the struggle, that to the day the Southern people wearied of fighting, he had left no lack of weapons and ammunition with which to fight.

Mr. Davis candidly declares that it is not his design to write a detailed military narrative. Of the events of the war a clear and judicious outline is given; but the main design pursued is to present in a just light the constitutional claims and the diplomatic history of the Confederacy. With full resources of statesmanship and historical knowledge, he asserts the rights which the Southern States attempted to defend, in a logic which we here only recite, without asserting it. The positions which are argued and implied are such as these:

That throughout the controversy, the Southern States were not factious, or sectional, but stood upon the defensive, only claiming in the federal association such rights as were equal, and the demission of which would have relegated them to the place of conquered provinces.

That when this equality was refused them, peaceable secession was the unquestionable right of the States, and their most moderate remedy; conceded by all the fathers of the Constitution; expressly left to the States by that instrument itself; never disputed by any respectable authority or great party; asserted in theory from time to time by all parties and by nearly every State, North as well as South; conceded ever by the assailants of the South, up to the very verge of hostilities, and then only impugned by the after-thought of an unblushing and inconsistent passion. A powerful presumption is raised in advance for this truth by the extreme unlikelihood that our revolutionary fathers should or could have been so unwise as to submit their rights, just so hardly bought with blood, to another consolidated and irresponsible power. They had just before found themselves compelled, in order to escape political slavery, to grasp deliverance by the perilous means of *revolution*; becoming rebels in order to be free, and contending for their natural rights with halters over their heads. This right of revolution had always been the recognized resort of the oppressed; but a resort only accessible through fearful difficulty and peril, and at the dear cost of civil war. Is it credible that these clear heads, just escaped from British halters, designed to bind their children so soon under another centralized government, from whose future usurpations the only deliverance would be by the bitter throes of other revolutions? Did these sagacious men imagine that the tendency and likelihood of power to usurp further prerogatives, and re-enslave the people, could be sufficiently restrained by mere paper bands? Every argument and every enactment show that they did not. Did they construct a free Federal Government on principles new to the whole world, with the intention of securing for liberty no advancement; of providing for invaded rights no defense cheaper, readier, more beneficent, than the old one of bloody

revolution? This is incredible. No; they thought they were providing, instead of the fearful ordeal of force, the appeal to free consent. They thought they were securing for the liberties they had bought so dear, the prompt and easy defense of a reserved sovereignty, the resumption of which, when liberty was imperiled, should peaceably take the place of revolution, and so open an easy and bloodless way for checking usurpation and rearranging powers found too liable to abuse. To suppose that they voluntarily merged their States into a Union, from which, however fatal to their rights, there could be no egress except through the blood of other revolutions, is to suppose that they deliberately threw away for their children the very prize they had won for themselves.

Accordingly, Mr. Davis argues, every fact and every stipulation shows that they did not design to construct such a consolidated and irrevocable union. The thirteen States had compelled the recognition of their separate and individual independence by the mother country. Beyond all doubt they stood at the end of the war thirteen sovereignties—thirteen little nations, allied together. In making their amended Union, they exercised the right of seceding, of their own movement, from the previous one. They expunged from the new Constitution the pledge of perpetuity expressed in the old one. They expressly refused to the central government the power to coerce the continued adhesion of any State. They did nothing more than invite the voluntary accession of States. Three States, in acceding, expressly stipulated the right to secede, and there was no demur. The first act of the common government was to accept a solemn amendment, in which the States reserve to themselves and to their people every power not expressly granted to the general union.

Mr. Davis argues, again, that all publicists and lawyers, of all parties, including such New Englanders as John Quincy

Adams and Webster, confessed—what cannot be denied, without moral obliquity—that a compact, such as that which grounded the General Government, if broken on one side, was broken on both sides; so that the aggrieved parties to it were fully released from its obligations. But Mr. Davis holds that the enactments passed by the most of the Northern States, repudiating the fugitive slave law, and the election of a sectional President pledged to an immediate assault on that equality in the federal family of States guaranteed us in the Constitution, and pledged, only a little more remotely, to an assault on our lawful property, were a clear violation and repudiation of that federal compact. But the grounds on which the South claimed the right of peaceable withdrawal have been so ably argued in a recent number of this journal, that a recital here is needless.

Mr. Davis also contests the truth and justice of every one of those sophistical “catchwords,” which, taken as arguments, did so much to inflame the passionate minds of his adversaries. In every case, he shows, that the popular cry was the opposite of the reality. Thus: the secession of the South did not “threaten the life of the nation;” first, because *there was no nation* to have such a life, as is clear from the act of the Constitutional Convention, erasing the words “nation,” and “national,” wherever they had been proposed by its committee; and second, because the Confederacy gave, from the first, every proof of a pacific desire to let their late partners be a “nation” if it suited them, and “live” any way they pleased, uninjured and unmolested in every just right.

That the story, perpetually repeated to this day, that the Southern people were inveigled into disunion by a few ambitious leaders, was and is a sheer falsehood. For the leaders, like Mr. Davis, were behind their own people in the movement. The secession was wrought by the clear good sense and honest, manly spirit of the masses at home, against the dissuasions of

their leaders, and far in advance of their expectations. This all well informed men here know to be the truth.

That it was the North, and not the South, which really “appealed from the ballot to the bullet.” For when the Confederate States withdrew from the Union by a peaceable “ballot,” in the very same form in which they had “balloted” themselves into this Union, it was the North that flew to arms in order to obstruct the ballot.

That Mr. Lincoln’s pretexts for beginning war, for the professed objects of “repossessing” Federal property of which the laws made him guardian, and of dispersing insurgent assemblages of individuals resisting the laws, were as obviously false, as truculent; because there stood the Commissioners of the Confederacy offering to pay for every penny’s worth of the property belonging to the United States; which would have met Mr. Lincoln’s pretended object without the cost of a drop of blood. And he knew that the bodies he stigmatized as insurrectionary assemblages of individuals, were, in fact, sovereign States, performing the acts in question, with every feature and form of Statehood, and sovereignty, and validity by which they had at first become members of the general government.

That the South did not “begin the war” and “fire on the flag.” But while she was anxiously offering peace, the flag fired on her, by arming fortresses, and sending a fleet and army within her borders, to which her resistance was purely defensive.

That it was a mere sophism to argue there was no tyranny in coercion, “because the North only required us to live under the same laws under which they lived themselves.” Practically and virtually, their requirement was, that the minority should obey, in points vital to their rights and even existence, laws made by a majority who had no concern at all in those points. Should the pastoral dwellers on the mountains say: “We do not

go to sea in ships: therefore the maritime dwellers on the coast shall not go to sea in ships;" we should have just a parallel mockery of "equal laws."

That slavery was not the cause of secession or war on the Southern side, but only the occasion. That the choice of Northern fanaticism and usurpation was to attack slavery as our vulnerable point, which circumstance rendered it the occasion of strife. But the end pursued by the South in her secession was to preserve her citizens from political slavery, and not to perpetuate the domestic slavery of the Africans; a point with which the Confederate Government had no concern whatever, either way, as that of the United States rightfully had none.

That had Southern slavery been anything more than a pretext of Northern greed, for sectional strife; had it been a real cause; all sectionalism would have ceased when the South absolutely and finally surrendered slavery. But sectionalism, instead of ceasing, is now more embittered than ever, on the part of the North.

That the South did not "go to war for the extension of slavery." For, properly speaking, she did not "go" to war, at all, but was driven into it, against her choice, by the North. And that the policy claimed by the South would never, if conceded, have really "extended slavery," by the addition of a single bondsman, inasmuch as the South forbade the only mode of its further extension, by the importation of additional Africans, even more stringently than the United States had done.

That every charge of "treason" and "rebellion" on Confederates, was insolent nonsense. For the sovereignty of the States being the original one, and that of the general government being only derived from, and deputized by, the States, the rebellion of a State was as impossible as that of a father against his own child.

That the only “treasons” and “rebellions” perpetrated within the Confederate States were those to which the United States incited the so-called “Union men” in them, in levying war against the sovereignties to whom their allegiance lawfully belonged. The establishment of the so-called State of West Virginia, for instance by force of arms, was a literal rebellion and treason against the State of Virginia and against the Constitution of the United States expressly forbidding such formation without Virginia’s consent. For, that the pretended assent to the partition, wrung from the “Piedmont government,” was a contemptible farce, is plain from the total lack of the attributes of a State in that petty imposture, and from the further fact that the general government soon after set aside that pretended State government as invalid, by its own act.

That the plea of “necessity” for assuming, in consequence of a state of war, powers not conferred on the general government was, as usual, “the tyrant’s plea.” That a government founded on and created by a constitutional compact, and only possessing such powers as this conferred, should usurp other powers under the pretext *of upholding the Constitution*, and especially, should usurp these powers against States its own constituents, is simply monstrous. This is simply that the constable should go a-stealing, to execute the law against theft. The Constitution gave a certain war-power to the general government; thus teaching it what, and how much war-power, it was intended it should exercise. If this measure of war-power was found insufficient for the successful prosecution of a war against States, then the only possible inference was, that the government had no power to make such war on States; for the Constitution had said, that every power not granted was thereby reserved to the States or their people. He must be blind indeed, who does not see, that if a state of war is to justify the usurpation of unconstitutional powers, the people have, in a

Constitution, no guarantee for their liberties; because a state of war may at any time be brought about by action which the people do not wish, and cannot prevent. Such a people must ask their enemies' leave to remain free.

That the Washington government was responsible for the horrible and multiplied barbarities of the war; because they were, in most cases, either commanded by that government, or the perpetrators of uncommanded crimes against the laws of war were usually applauded and rewarded for them by the government.

That the whole responsibility of the sufferings and death of prisoners, on both sides, lay upon the Washington government; because the Confederacy always fed its prisoners of war as well as its own soldiers; and in every case, the breaches of the cartels for exchange came from the North. The Confederacy treated Federal prisoners with far more humanity than the Washington government; because, notwithstanding the cruel scarcity at the South, the blockading of medicines, and the more sultry climate unfriendly to men in confinement, the Confederacy only let less than nine per cent of the Northern prisoners die; while the Washington government let more than twelve per cent of the Confederate prisoners die. Its motive for letting its own soldiers thus perish in a confinement imposed solely by itself, was, to keep Confederate veterans from returning to their own ranks. This was confessed by Gen. Grand at the close of the war. But, in order to infuriate the Northern people, every false pretext, and every measure contrary to the laws of civilized war, were coolly employed, in order to make the apparent blame of arresting exchanges rest on the South.

That the European powers, and especially England, while pretending neutrality in the struggle, construed every important question with shabby unfairness, in favor of the aggressor. Under the presence of not undertaking to decide between the



right of secession on the one side, and of coercion on the other, she practically and efficiently sanctioned coercion. She had laid down for herself, and all other nations, the rule that a blockade should not exclude the ships of neutrals, unless efficient. Yet, just when the decision was most injurious to the Confederates, she recognized a paper-blockade. She had invited the United States, in 1856, to join her in delegalsing privateering, hitherto employed as a legitimate means of war. This invitation the United States had expressly rejected; thus retaining the use of, but also making herself liable to, privateering, in future wars. England accepted this as the result of this refusal; yet she effectually shielded the United States from this, her own elected mode of warfare, by excluding Confederate privateers from British ports and maritime tribunals; under the illogical pretext that Britain had disclaimed privateering for herself.

Mr. Davis also argues, that the pretended legislations of the Washington government, in organizing spurious State governments, contrary to the Constitution, within the territories of Confederate States and without their consent, out of pitiful minorities of tories or rebels against their own States, were all illegal and void *ab initio*. But these *simulacra* of States, and that too, under duress, were the bodies which nominally abolished slavery in the States, and nominally ratified the 13th, 14th, and 15<sup>th</sup> Amendments. Hence, to this day, there has never been a legal and valid emancipation of the Africans, or enactment of these articles. They rest, to this day, on no better basis than the right of conquest. But this is a ground which cannot be righteous or valid for a power which solemnly declares that "all just government rests upon the consent of the governed."

He concludes, finally, that the real overthrow, which the Northern people, in their lust of aggrandizement and fury, inflicted by force of arms, was not only of the Confederacy, but

of the whole liberties of themselves and their children. That the equitable, constitutional, and federal government, created by the Fathers, has been annihilated, and is replaced by a consolidated democracy, which, under the name of a "Republic" is in fact a virtual oligarchy of demagogues and capitalists.

He shows that the so-called "reconstruction measures" were the crowning and most violent usurpations of all. For the Washington government had declared all along, that there was no way under heaven by which a State could cease to be a member of the Union; that the States called Confederate had been in and under the Union during the whole time of their attempted secession, and at and after the end of the war. The presence of the States in the Union had been recognized in every way, and the forms of their State governments were those imposed on them by the United States. But these State governments, declared indestructible, and this membership in the Union, declared inalienable, were annihilated by the United States Congress two years after, without any crime or offense of the States, or of a single person in them. While there was not a hand lifted against the United States, but the conquered populations were submissively obeying all even of the illegal laws, the States were thrust out of the Union, every magistrate and citizen in them was disfranchised without trial, or even indictment; and all were stripped of the inalienable rights of trial by jury and *habeas corpus*, and thrust under bayonet government. No invasion of human right, so monstrous and sweeping, over so many millions of human beings, was ever before perpetrated, in time of peace, by any usurper, military emperor, or arbitrary conqueror. This crime, committed by a democracy, under universal suffrage, proves that this government of a popular majority now dominant in place of the Constitution and the States, is capable of just as enormous outrages as any other despot, and as much needs the restraints of

distributed powers and restricted construction. For the usurpation was not wrought to enforce submission to any existing law, even of the latest innovation, nor to abolition, nor coercion, nor any other professed claim, even of the conquerors; the whole population thus disfranchised being perfectly quiet and docile at the time, and ever since their surrender, to all these claims. But the crime against human rights was done simply to perpetuate the partisan grasp on power of the most disreputable faction ever known in American politics. And the cost at which this end was gained was the permanent fastening on the South of State institutions utterly opposed to the will of its people, alien to their history, and almost ruinous to the public morality and prosperity.

Of course every clear mind sees, that if these views of President Davis are just, the current boasts as to the results of the war are precisely the reverse of truth. "That the war has, forever settled the question of unity," etc. Rather has the war forever unsettled the unity of the country, as well as every other institution. For, just as soon as any section feels again the pressure of a grievance and consciousness of any power to escape it, that section will of course pronounce—what everybody knows to be true in fact—that the war of 1861-5, substituted a government of brute force for one of right and popular consent; that force, as everybody but robbers confesses, settles no question of morals, and grounds no claim of right; and that the domination of the Washington government has therefore always been illegal and invalid ever since the fraudulent "reconstruction;" whence any section has a right to reject it, whenever strong enough to do so. This unanswerable argument is not heard, indeed, just now; because the country is now arranged into only two sections: the one, recently conquered, exhausted, and helpless, and the other, still enjoying the triumphs and spoils of conquest. But this arrangement will in

due time be changed by the movements of population and business. And he is a very shortsighted man indeed, who does not see that the inference above stated will certainly be resorted to, just as soon as the occasion exists. Mr. Davis closes his narrative with the pious prayer for the Union, *Esto perpetua*. If his doctrine be true, this petition must be, like that of the martyr Stephen, rather the expression of his Christian charity, than of his hope.

Such are the claims he makes, as to the rights of the Confederate States he governed, and such the logical inferences from them: To assert or deny their correctness may not be the proper function of this REVIEW, which seeks not to propagate a school of politics, but to chronicle and to estimate the literary movements of the country. It is useless to conceal the fact, that these positions and conclusions of Mr. Davis together form a tremendous indictment against the conquerors of his country. But they of course profess to regard the whole as a heap of absurdities and extravagances. For the very deeds which Mr. Davis attempts to prove enormous crimes, they are in the habit of arrogating to themselves great merit. It was, on the one hand, inevitable that to utter a difference of claims and doctrines should result in such a war as Mr. Davis describes. But it is equally clear to the discriminating mind, that the holding, however blindly, of two creeds of right so opposite, involved great criminality on the one side or the other. As it is obvious that whichever side was wrong was enormously guilty in fighting for its wrong instead of repenting and forsaking it, so it must be inferred that, since the fighting for its creed was the natural result of the passionate holding of it, the first crime was in having adopted it. The wicked theory was wicked, because the natural mother of a multitudinous progeny of crimes. The issue to be tried before the tribunal of history is, on which side the initial crime lay. Mr. Davis claims to have cleared his side

by arguing that the theory of the Constitution on which his side acted was the one held by the makers of the Constitution, claimed in turn by nearly every State, and by all leading parties, admitted *in thesi* by all, contested by no decent authority even up to 1860, and admitted even by those who so soon after, by an inconsistent revulsion, became its assailants.

Foreign notices of Mr. Davis's great work, from the most competent sources, admit the power of his plea. It is evident that it is destined to carry great weight with future history. This impression cannot but be deepened, when such observers note the contrast between the ponderous historical facts and arguments of this book and the replies of its American critics. The staple of them is chiefly the tossing of abusive names, and the favorite remark that Mr. Davis is a "Bourbon who learns nothing, and forgets nothing." Now, of course, the very nervous desire of oblivion, implied in the frequency of this complaint, that the ex-Confederates "forget nothing," is very natural for men who are conscious of having done so many things the memory of which will be infamy. But we presume Mr. Davis will deem it a natural reply, that *he is writing history*; and the very business of history is to remember and record; and that while the rights and institutions which he describes are "things of the past," the gigantic consequences, and the solemn retributions are still to come. And these will be much! Impartial readers cannot fail, again, to remark further, that the logic of Mr. Davis's opponents, abating a few hackneyed sophisms and oft-exploded historical falsehoods, resolves itself, when rendered into plain English, only into a disdainful rejection of the idea, that a great people should be expected to keep faith and to respect their own covenants, at the expense of their own convenience and interests. This, indeed, is Mr. Davis's unpardonable insolence, that he should, at this time of

day, urge so antiquated a claim—a claim as old-fashioned as the Bible. This, of course, makes him a Bourbon indeed!

But they ask: Does Mr. Davis design, by reasserting at this time the claims of the dead Confederacy, to revive them? Does he seek to incite the Southern mind to a second secession, and a new attack on the power of the conquerors? We presume that nothing is farther from his thought than to seek to disturb the North in its victory: he only aims to do justice to the memory and principles of the departed; a duty in his eyes as substantial and sacred, as it is idle and useless to others. While he does not think that brute force reverses truth and right, he doubtless sees a solid security for the triumph of the conquerors, in a far deeper cause. The Northern people resolved that the differences of the Southern civilization and social life from theirs, should not be tolerated, although conservative, beneficent, and complimentary to their own, instead of hostile. They resolved that we should be like themselves. They have made us like themselves. And therein is their security against another succession. While men are men and live on different soils and under different skies, they will always have differences of sectional interests. But in the future prosecution of our sectional interests and rights, the South will never again use the measures of the Confederates; rather those taught by her masters. The conquerors may be absolutely secure that there will be no more Southern slaveholding, States' rights, secession. Our demagogues will have learned from theirs the wondrous advantages—to the demagogue—of corrupt and ignorant suffrage. They will find it much more to their interest to have the many Negroes for voters than the few for servants. They will find that it is a much easier way to utilise federal institutions for the oppression of others, than to disclaim them when perverted to their own oppression. Probably it will be found that the happy assimilation of the sections has already gone so far, that Mr. Davis's assertion of

our fathers' principles seems as importunate and untimely to many of us as to the Northern people; we do not wish to have our politicizing and money-getting, under the reconstruction, jostled for any such shadowy objects as the substantiating of historical truth, the assertion of right principles, or the clearing of our own fathers', mothers', and brothers' memory from the amiable charges of "barbarism," "rebellion," "man-stealing," and "treason." Surely this should comfort our conquerors!

No; the last resort to Confederate principles has doubtless been made by the South, and future rivalries will be pursued only in that way which the North prefers. The "New South," taught by her period will hereafter prosecute, not constitutional *rights*, but *interests*. It has been taught by its fathers' defeat, and will not be so foolish again as to rely on righteousness and constitutional covenants, but on material strength, numbers and money. And these it means to have, and will have. The land echoes with the cry: "These be thy gods, O Israel," and not the departed gods of our fathers. The grand cry is; "Develop, develop." The old North has had its development, and that of the Northwest, is pressing fast on the snows and deserts. The South, say they, "is undeveloped;" and here the future growth will be. While the "Empire State," replete with human life, is at a stand still, the "Empire State of the South" will grow to her five millions. Old Virginia will become a Pennsylvania; Tennessee and Illinois. The Mississippi, cleared of its obstructions, will again be the highway of the continent, and its great city the vast *emporium*. The great Delta, from Cairo to the Gulf, will be drained, and yield more than the wealth of the Euphrates and Nile to a multitude outnumbering that of Egypt and Assyria. That titanic Southern energy and resource which extemporized the means of a gigantic war so as to amaze the world; which endured and outlived such plunderings and exhaustion of the war, and the worse war in peace which

followed, as would have sunk any other land into famine and depopulation; which raised the crop of its great staple to several millions of bales, and at the same time opened a thousand new channels to wealth under the ponderous and polluting *incubus* of "reconstruction;" what will it not effect in the next half-century? And, as it grows rich and strong, how will other sections come bowing to it: the great prairie-States, beholden to it for an outlet and a market; the new States to be in the empire of Texas, and that are to grow on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad? Thus, the time may come, when the South with its natural allies, and not the North, will be dominant at Washington. Then it will talk no more of States' rights and secession, nor permit the North to talk such "treason." It will practice the lesson learned from its present master, to wrest the common powers of the general government for expoliating the labor of the feeble section for its own aggrandizement, and to punish all evasion from their yoke as "rebellion."

Such is the fertile ingenuity the South has shown under subjugation, that it may be hard to predict the precise forms in which it will apply the principle taught it by the conqueror. Doubtless its expedients will be marvels of "cuteness." Perhaps tariffs will then be manipulated so as to transfer profits from New England pockets to Georgian, and to ensure the concourse of immigration, capital; and votes in Southern centers. Perhaps the principle of "taxing luxuries" will be applied by an internal revenue law to the fine cutlery, lawns, silks, laces, watches of Northern manufactories; while the plain cottons of Southern looms, and tobaccos of Southern fields, will go free as "necessaries." Then, it may be, instead of a fishing-bounty to fatten New England ports, every cod-fish will be made to pay an internal revenue. Then, the national debt created in crushing the South, and owned in the Northeast, will be held, like the property in the West and South liable to a heavy taxation. Then,



the vast Southern ports will have too much carrying trade to tolerate present navigation-laws; these will be swept away, and the same European competition admitted to the coast-wise commerce, which has already swept Northern ships from the ocean. Then the dominant section may demand at least an equal expenditure of national wealth on its highways, and especially its great water way; and as there will be no more public lands to lavish, the hundreds of millions for the future railroad kings must be wrung from the people by taxation. Then, the shrewd sons of the North will desert her inhospitable soil, no longer fertilized with Southern gold, and will flock to the Yankeeized South, leaving factories and cities to decay, and New England hills to lapse to their original nakedness.

Does one exclaim: Surely the constitution-asserting South will never have the face to announce so inconsistent a purpose! We reply: Not at all; she will very decently disclaim the purpose, while steadily pursuing its execution, just as her master and teacher did as to her subjugation. But surely these honorable old Confederates, now so influential in the South, will protest against so shameful an inconsistency! Doubtless they will protest; but the North now requires that their principles be decried and their influence destroyed. The North will have been obeyed in this also: the "New South" will whistle them down the wind as "abstractionists," "Bourbons," and "old fogies." The oppressed North will appeal to the Constitution? But, when it was dominant, it had decided, in 1861-5, that *the preference of the majority is the proper Constitution* of America; and the South with its political allies will be that majority. Fifty years before, the North had made *the majority sovereign*, instead of the Constitution and the States; it need expect no sympathy when it begins to whimper under the pressure of its own elected king. "But the vote of our grateful and faithful allies, the freedmen, will defend us," says another. This also will fail: this

great and increasing Negro-vote, invented by the North to be a marketable commodity, will then have a better market nearer home. The "New South" will have more money to buy with than the old North. And the freedman, the more he is "educated" will but read the more clearly, that political gratitude was a quality so unknown by his liberators, that it would be a mere impertinence for him to ape it. Would he deem it good manners thus to condemn by his example his liberators of Ohio and Illinois, for instance, who repaid their mother, Virginia, for the free gift of the fat soil on which they batten, by rending her vitals? No; the proper thing for the freedman will be to imitate his benefactors, and return evil for good.

In a word: the great North, reassured by its complete success in assimilating the South to itself, may calmly tolerate Mr. Davis's reassertion of a dead system. It may be certain, that in all future rivalries, the South will eschew Mr. Davis's remedy, peaceable secession, and will employ only the methods which the North prefers, and which must therefore always be acceptable and grateful to her. As good citizens, and especially as Christian journalists, we feel a justifiable complacency in giving this assurance of the future peace of the country, and, in the very act, contributing our mite to that good end.

A topic still more appropriate for us is presented by the moral and religious aspects of the great struggle Mr. Davis records. Northern Christianity deservedly claims a foremost place among the causes of the war. Religion chiefly animated its abolitionism. Its pulpits hastened to bless and sanctify the invasion of the South, and emitted the most stirring calls to war. Its church-courts set the first example of defining as "treason" that State secession which no great political party or tribunal had before ever dared to call illegal. Its Bible was made to assume a new exposition in order to condemn the South. The war was, therefore, eminently the expression of the Christianity of the

North. Now, Southern Christianity did, indeed, behave in exactly the opposite way, in not intruding into politics and secular rights. Yet, as it expressed itself in the convictions and acts of individuals it distinctly sustained the rights of the South. Every man was devoted to them just in proportion, usually, to the intelligence and sincerity of his religion. The few Southern Tories were found usually among prejudiced aliens, or debauched political hacks, or men of desperate reputations and fortunes. The most venerable of the clergy, the most godly of the citizens, the purest Christian women, were ever found, the strongest in supporting the rights of their country. Southern Christianity, then, through the legitimate expression of the right of private judgment by individuals, gave as decided a sanction to the Southern cause, as Northern Christianity gave to coercion and subjugation. But between the two lay a great issue, which must involve, for the one or the other, enormous error of judgment, and fearful guilt.

It may not be the proper place to decide here, on which side this guilt falls. But one inference is unavoidable: the Christianity of the South and the North must have been very unlike, even opposite, things. Professed creeds and external forms may have been alike; but they must have been held in widely different spirits. For the working of the two was antagonistic: the one attacking precisely what the other defended; the one glorifying in actions which the other conscientiously abhorred as stupendous iniquities. Another inference is equally clear, that a Christianity so boasting as much as the American, so many pulpits and Bibles, such purity of creed, scripturalness of order, and mental culture, ought to have been able to "keep the peace" between the rival sections. The questions in strife were just such as the Bible ought to have settled: Should covenants be kept by the stronger party to them as well as by the weaker? Does God ever allow a Christian man

to own the labor of a fellow creature? That this boastful Christianity should have miserably failed, then, to clear these points of Christian ethics for the mind of the country, and even to keep down the hands of brethren seeking each others' throats; that it should, instead, have only inflamed the quarrel, cannot but be a mark of spuriousness upon it. It is hard to conceive how the shortcomings of any of the effete and apostate Churches, recorded in history, could more effectually convict them of hollowness. Must not Churches so branded with impotency be expected to signalize their disease by a regular course of decadence and corruption? On which side should this indictment lie? Shall we wait for the future to decide, watching which of the two religions verifies its title by the blacker career? This test may be wholly inconclusive. For the conquerors assimilate their victims to themselves; and therefore should Southern Christianity become as corrupt as Northern, it will still remain to decide whether this corruption was not the result of the conquering type they are forced to assume, rather than of the old type they bore when free.

This suggests the other religious and moral aspect of the great struggle. The coercive party loudly claimed to be the "Party of Moral Ideas." Its charge against the South was, that slavery was immoral and demoralizing. Its professed mission was, to purge the South, and lift it up to its own moral plane. Well; it has had the most sweeping success imaginable. In the sphere of military operations, its opponent was not only subdued, but destroyed. Every resisting commonwealth was literally annihilated, the human beings who had composed them dissolved into a helpless mass of individual slaves, divested of every right and franchise, at the absolute will of their conquerors; and the new commonwealths were reconstructed absolutely according to the theory and philosophy of the conquerors, with hardly a voice of dissent to "mutter or peep."

But more. The ethics and politics of the coercive party are now the professed creed of all parties. The "opposition" headed by Hancock and supported by the "solid South," declare in their platform that they believe in consolidation, that they repudiate secession, that they have done with slave-holding and delight in immediate abolition, that they approve universal Negro suffrage, that they are devoted to this Union as now founded on force. Indeed, had this identical Hancock platform been announced to the Lincoln party in 1860, the only objection it would have made would have been that the platform went much too far, and was too radical for the "Party of Moral Ideas." So that, in every way, this great party has had an absolute success in its harsh tuition: it has taught its pupils the whole lesson it professed, and assimilated the "New South" completely to itself.

But is the teacher satisfied? So far from it, the party of moral ideas now brings heavier charges of demoralization against the South than ever before. It is complained that this miserable and degraded South now defiles itself with kukluxisms, with persecutions and murders of the freedmen, with fraudulent ballots and counts in elections, with bribery and corruption, with repudiation of private and public debts; in a word with every abomination of public and private immorality. This, then, is the strange thing: that the great "party of moral ideas" should have so demoralized its victim, by having precisely its own way with him! Two facts must be placed alongside of each other. One is, that before 1861 the South presented the best moral *status* seen in this sinful earth. Business morals and domestic purity were confessedly equal in it to those of any other section. No Southern State, no representative Southern party, had ever, in the whole history of the country, defaulted to any federal obligation, or attempted to warp any federal action to any unfair sectional advantage, or repudiated any State debt, or constructed any system of electoral

fraud, or been convicted of any legislative corruption. We challenge an exception to this glorious record. Such was the South in 1861. The other fact is, that the party of moral ideas now says that, since the war, the South is corrupt and treacherous. Such, according to its own testimony, is the moral effect of the victor's tutelage and principles!

Again we say that it may not be seemly for this journal to affirm or dispute this adverse testimony. It may not become the servant to contradict his master. But if this accusation be true, then the *rationale* of the way the mischief was done is clear. *Everything has been done to the South* which was calculated to ruin the morals of a people. Experience says that few men can pass through a bankruptcy without resistless temptations to tarnish their principles. The North, not only by a war waged in defiance of civilized usages, but by a universal confiscation and ruthless overthrow of our industrial system, has inflicted bankruptcy on nearly every property holder in the South. Every thinking person knows how perilous it is to a man's or a woman's integrity to break down his *point of honor*. The point of honor of the South was studiously prostrated by putting an alien, barbarous, and servile race over us. All the Southern States, cities, and counties, were forced to repudiate the payment of all those debts which, to any but scoundrels, must ever rank as the highest, most binding, and sacred—money borrowed to defend their soil and their hearths from violence, arson, and rape. When the people have been compelled to embrace the infamy of dishonoring such debts, how natural that they should cease to be scrupulous about loans made for the sordid purposes of business and gain! Then, the season of universal distress and debt was selected for enacting a bankrupt law, which invited to innumerable frauds. The free can resist intolerable oppressions by manly and open strength; and in resistance not only be delivered, but ennobled in their virtue. The subjugated, while

crushed under unendurable wrongs, have no escape except chicanery. Reconstruction began, as we saw, by making every man a slave; they must either endure, or resort to the slave's weapons—concealment and deceit. The subjection of the property, intelligence, and virtue of the land to the servile barbarism of the land, stimulated by the greediest and vilest adventurers from the North, was an engine of torment for estate, heart, and body, which inflicted a more chronic agony and ingenious torture than was ever experienced under an inquisition. Was it in human nature to lie and suffer on this rack of torment? The alternative was, to see the civilization of the South absolutely perish, or to learn from the conqueror some of those arts of evasion which the free South had disdained. To crown all, the example has been steadily urged on her, of systematic defamations and falsifications of history, in which the teachers of Christianity have been most active of usurpations; of world-wide venality, extending to the highest places; of a universal "spoils-system," wresting public trusts to purposes of private plunder. Here is a system of instrumentalities, applied to the South by the "party of moral ideas," whose ingenious fitness to debauch the principles of a people could not be surpassed by the inventive malice of Satan. Our conquerors say, that it has had its natural effect. If it does not have that effect, if the conquered people escape the resultant pollution, it must be by reason of two causes: that they entered the ordeal fortified with the strongest *stamina* of moral health and virtue; and that the salt of Southern Christianity proves the purest and most saving on this sinful earth. If the present charge of our conquerors be true, then in this demoralization of subjugation they will have inflicted on us an evil, compared with which, invasion, the slaughter of a quarter of a million of men, and the destruction of billions of wealth, were small. Those miseries afflicted us for the once; the woe of this moral

debauchery would repeat and propagate itself in the distant future.

Now, to the religious journalist, the crowning wonder of the history which Mr. Davis records is, that the most eager advocate and patron of this Satanic school for our tuition in degradation has been all along Northern Christianity! These measures of spiritual debauchery, some of them first suggested and urged by Church-courts and pulpits, have all along found their warmest, steadiest support from the Churches. From pulpits, religious journals, and divines, the teachers in the school have always received the loudest applause. It is from the religious opinion of Northern people, that the relaxation of these measures would meet with most opposition.

In view of this fact, is it surprising that all intelligent and faithful Christians in the South, wishing well to their fellow citizens' souls, should resolutely shun intermixture with such a Christianity?

\* \* \*



## Dr. Dabney's Reply to General Early.

(Appeared in *The New Eclectic Magazine*, January-June 1869; vol. 4.)

---

GEN. J. A. Early:

*My dear General:*

WHILE your interesting article on the first battle of Manassas does me more than justice, in ascribing to me "ability, learning, conscientiousness, and earnest search for the truth," I think it does me less than justice, in charging me with "being imposed upon by some of the current fictions in regard to this battle, and incorporating them in his life of Gen. Jackson." Upon comparing your narrative and my own, I can find *but two real variations between us*: one is, that I affirm, you doubt, the christening of the 1<sup>st</sup> Va. Brigade by the heroic Bee, as the "Stonewall;" the other is, that I support Gen. Jackson in his opinion that the attempt should have been made to push our victory, while you support Gen. Johnston in his opinion that is was impracticable.

Before speaking of these, let me say, that I then concurred, as I now do, in your estimate of the fables of the newspaper correspondents and the "bomb-proof" critics. I do not remember that I ever troubled myself to read one of their lucubrations upon this battle; I do remember that I made no use whatever of them as materials in writing my narrative of it. Although I had been nothing but a civilian, what little I know about the art of war was learned in a school at least as practical as West Point, and under one of the greatest of teachers,—

beside Gen. Jackson's saddle, and in the smoke of battle. The only materials which I used in writing my account of the battle of the first Manassas were the following: my own observations on the field, upon which I was present during the whole engagement; the letters of Gen. Jackson to his family, detailing, in his own words, the doings of his command; the official reports of Gens. Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson, which were carefully studied; the original orders of Gen. Beauregard touching the proposed advance upon Centreville; autograph correspondence between Gens. Beauregard and Ewell, concerning those orders and their miscarriage, explaining the whole plan, and exculpating Gen. Ewell,— with statements verbally received from Gen. Ewell, Cols. Withers, Harper, and Baylor, and the members of Gen. Jackson's staff. Pretty good material this; was it not?

Let me also premise an explanation of three points which you may have understood me as misstating. If you will read my narrative more carefully, you will find that I do not fall into the error of making Gen. Beauregard the commander-in-chief over Gen. Johnston, but imply the contrary. It was impossible that I could fall into this error, for I was told by Gen. Beauregard himself during the progress of the battle, (very much to my surprise at the moment, for I had not known before that Gen. J. outranked him) that Gen. Johnston was in command; and I was sent to him to deliver a message to him as commander-in-chief. Second: I do not misstate the facts as to Holmes' brigade. My words are, (speaking of the closing scene of the battle) Holmes' brigade was "now at hand." I saw a gallant officer ride up to Gen. Johnston, (who I was told was Col. Lay) and exclaim in words to this effect: "General, Holmes' Brigade has been embarrassed about finding the right road, but I have gotten them straight at last, and they are just arriving." To this Gen. Johnston answered, in his prompt, decisive way: "Just in good

time, sir. Ask Gen. Holmes to send forward his battery, and post it just there, to beat off that column of the enemy"— pointing to a heavy column then approaching the Stone Bridge, to make a last essay at retrieving the day. Accordingly, I saw this battery in a very few moments take the position pointed out, and open briskly on the enemy, who immediately broke. I was always under the impression that Gen. Holmes' infantry took no actual part in the battle, in which you confirm me. The third point is this: perhaps you misunderstood me as adopting the *canard*, that Gen. Kirby Smith stopped the train west of the Junction, and moved without orders to the sound of the firing. If you will examine my language, you will find that I do not. I speak, just as you do, of his opportune arrival, and of his "marching direct to the field;" by which I designed to express the promptitude with which he left the Junction immediately on his reaching it.

But about Gen. Bee's memorable words, we do differ; and I believe I am right and you are wrong. I relied upon the words of Gen. Wm. Baylor, then major of the 5<sup>th</sup> Va. Regiment, and next to him, on the statement of Col. A. S. Pendleton. Both of these are in soldier's graves. Gen. Baylor gave me the incident as certainly authentic, within the week of the battle. And I still remember a connected circumstance, which impressed Baylor's statements indelibly on my memory. Harper's 5<sup>th</sup> Va. regiment being on the right of Jackson's brigade, was next the position last assumed by Bee. The latter, in the excitement of the hour, had uttered some criticism on the handling of the 5<sup>th</sup> regiment, which was instantly resented by Baylor and the field officers of that regiment; and a brief but angry altercation between Bee and Baylor had followed. But after the battle, Baylor having heard his tribute to the 1<sup>st</sup> Brigade, and seen his gallant death, all of which occurred in a short space, lamented his own resentment, and told me that he grieved much that he could never offer the hand of friendship and reconciliation. He had also written with

a pencil on a little scrap of paper some words, which he told me, he was convinced, by careful recollection and comparison with other bystanders, were just the words Bee used when rallying his own men for their last stand. Of these I took a copy.

The last point of difference between us, concerning the propriety of an attempt to push the victory, must, I suppose, remain very much a difference of opinion rather than of fact. But I wish to call your attention to the source whence I derived my opinion. I should never have presumed, in a published life of a great soldier, to obtrude my own inexperienced judgment upon this question. Nor did I echo the crude opinion of the ill-informed rabble, or of conceited, bomb-proof critics. The opinion which I defended was that advanced by Gen. Jackson himself; that which he emphatically asserted to me in private many months afterward, and which he was accustomed to the last to advocate pertinaciously; as witness his private conference with Col. Boteler, at Berkeley, in Charles' City, after the campaign of the Chickahominy. And my purpose in arguing the question was to defend Gen. Jackson's credit as a soldier.

I would also beg you to notice the extent of the position I defend. I expressly state, that I did not presume any one held the Confederate authorities responsible for failing to take Washington, but only for failing to try. Would it not have been far better for the army, for the country, for our reputation in the enemy's country, that the victory should have been pushed so far at least as to threaten Washington, and appear before its walls? You mention the strength of Runyan's Federal division, which had not been disorganized; the works about Alexandria and Arlington, the lack of means of crossing the Potomac; the war ships; the lack of siege guns, as obstacles which would have been insuperable. Well; suppose so. Still it would have been far wiser policy to have let our victorious men pursue the routed enemy, whip them into the very gates of those impregnable

bulwarks, and plant their triumphant banners proudly against them; it would have been far better to let the army see and test those obstacles, at least to a little degree. For then, they and the country would have been satisfied. As it is, they were, and are, profoundly dissatisfied upon the question whether all the fruit of the victory was saved which was in our reach.

The above view is on the assumption that our chances of a *coup de main* were, in fact, worth nothing. But I am still to be convinced of this,— I still believe with Gen. Jackson, that they were worth a great deal had they been skillfully handled. Remember, the thing which we wished to see tried was not to ford a navigable river, nor to besiege great works without a siege train, nor to fight a fleet of war-ships with muskets and bayonets. But we desire that the works at Arlington (which commanded the city) should be threatened with a prompt, yet prudent audacity, that we might see whether the enemy's confusion, of which we had such evidence, might not even lead to their evacuation. We desired, if this did not occur, to have the communications between Patterson and the panic-struck capital cut by a prompt crossing of the Potomac above Georgetown, in the hope of that this step might either procure the evacuation of Washington or the occurrence of another successful battle with a divided foe or both. These chances, I repeat, were worth the trying. You will find, General, that such is still the fixed opinion, not only of the vast majority of the sensible men of the country, but of the fighting men and officers of the army, as well as of the bomb-proof critics. How natural that they should cleave to this opinion, when they see how it was virtually avouched and acted on by our "Great Captain," Lee, after the second Manassas. His proceedings showed very plainly what he would have done, when, after a less decisive rout of the enemy, and with the full knowledge that Washington was held this time by a competent officer (Gen. McClellan) and a strong army, he

yet followed the very program I have indicated. (And this program would still have been a glorious success, notwithstanding the greater obstacles, but for the shameful straggling of a part of our men, as is testified by our best officers on the ground.) Again, the chances were at least *worth trying*, when we see how gallantly the victor at Monocacy, in 1864, pushed a somewhat similar opportunity, with his little, foot-sore, war-worn corps of 10,000 men, against this same city, now elaborately fortified, now how near he came to capturing it.

You mention Gen. Johnston's ingenious, elegant, and caustic criticism of my history, published in Selma; but you seem never to have met with my reply. The *Selma Messenger*, *Richmond Dispatch*, and a few other papers which had published the attack, admitted my defense. The most of the Southern papers which circulated Gen. J.'s strictures, treated me most unjustly, in declining access for me to their columns; although my only motive to be heard, as I told them, was to prevent my imperfect work from being depreciated *any more than it deserved to be*, because it was nearly the only patrimony of a widow and an orphan who should be dear to every patriot's heart. As for the Northern papers, they, of course, printed garbled extracts of Gen. Johnston's criticisms, with a flourish of trumpets, as though he had asserted my whole book to be false and worthless. I ask you to read my answer. You will then find that, with the exception of one or two errors of numbers, (for which I thankfully accepted Gen. Johnston's correction) I sustained every position of fact by military testimony of the most irresistible nature, and that I also justified every position of inference. I have not heard the opinion of a single military man who read both papers, and I have heard a good many, who does not assure me that my defense is, in substance, good and sufficient. When you read it, you will think so too.

I see from the newspapers that your persecutors have dropped their pursuit of you, and that you are now free to return to the South, if you please. I do not know whether to congratulate you or not, or whether I can speak of you as "returning from exile," when you come to a land where all the honest people are virtual exiles in their own homes.

I am, dear General, as ever, yours truly,

R. L. Dabney.

## Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman.

(Appeared in *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, January 1876, vol. 27:1, pp. 187-192.)

---

*Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman: Written by Himself.* D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 405, 409.

Darwinians say that the first of a new *genus* is created by its "environment." No other environment than that of Yankee "civilization" could have rendered possible such a book as this from a man holding such a position. Its author is a distinguished member of an educated profession, and commander-in-chief of the armies of this Empire. His book may be briefly described as lively, perspicuous, egotistical, reckless, slashing, with a spice of profanity, a large infusion of slang, and a general complexion of vulgarity. Military and political criticisms are out of the sphere of this Review; and, for literary criticism, the work does not present a subject matter at all. Our only object in noticing it, is to remark upon its code of official ethics.

Gen. Sherman here not only avows, but glories in his ravages of the South. During his career, his usual answer to remonstrance was: "You Southern people chose war; and war is war." Mankind will yet decide that, while Gen. Lee's career in Pennsylvania *was war*, Gen. Sherman's, in Georgia and Carolina, *was brigandage*. It is a duty which every civilized and Christian person owes to his kind, to insist on this verdict. *Grotius*, whose international code was the harsh one of the ancients and of the middle ages, declares, (*De Jure Belli et Pacis. Liber III.*, Chap. VI., §27):



"But this external right to acquire possessions captured in war, is so restricted to formal wars arising out of the law of nations, that in other wars it has no place; for, in wars between foreigners, the property is not acquired by virtue of force of arms, but for compensation of dues which could not be otherwise obtained. *But in wars between citizens*, whether they be small or large, *no transfer of ownership takes place, except by authority of a judge.*" The doctrine is, that, in no war, does mere superior force create any just title to the spoils obtained; brute force decides no right. Hence, when at the end of a war between foreigners, the conqueror retains his spoils, it is not on the ground of superior force; but on the ground that, where there is no common arbiter, these spoils of war are his only means of getting just indemnity; and the strong hand, the only process. But civil wars, between citizens of the same nation, are waged for the avowed purpose of reducing opponents under the regular jurisdiction of the laws and magistracy. In this the combatants have a common umpire when peace returns. It is the judicial decision of law which confers a just right of property, not brute force; and hence *civil war confers no right of spoil.*

Says Vattel, Bk. III., Chap. 9: "It is lawful to take away *the property of an unjust enemy* in order to weaken him." But . . . . "only with moderation, and according to exigencies of the case." "If an enemy of superior strength treats in this manner a province which he might easily keep in his possession, he is universally accused of making war like a furious barbarian." "The pillage and destruction of towns, the devastation of the open country, the ravaging and setting fire to houses . . . . are measures odious and detestable, on every occasion when they are evidently put in practice without absolute necessity."

Gen. Sherman claims a belligerent right to take or destroy everything, which if left might have enabled the South for farther resistance—even including, according to that practical

explanation of his code given in Georgia and Carolina, plate, watches, jewelry, spoons, pianos, harps, pictures, statues, churches, libraries, sacred vessels of the sacraments, clothing of females and infants, bedding and dwellings; as much as ironfoundries and powder-mills. Why did he not apply his doctrine also to murder the children, because they might speedily grow up into soldiers; and to murder the women, because they might breed soldiers? This would have been just as consistent.

Gen. Sherman's crowning exploit, as is well known, was the sack and burning of the city of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, peacefully and formally surrendered to him by its civic authorities, upon his express guarantee of its protection. This beautiful town, then containing twenty thousand people, was systematically sacked during the day, and at night fired with equal system in various places, and the larger portion of it burned to the ground. We will not attempt to detail the complicated horrors and crimes of that night; but will present Gen. Sherman's own version of their cause. Vol. II., p. 287, he says:

"Many of the people thought that this fire was deliberately planned and executed. This is not true. It was accidental, and, in my judgment, began with the cotton which General Hampton's men had set fire to on leaving the city, (whether by his orders or not is not material,) which fire was partially subdued early in the day by our men; but when night came, the high wind fanned it again into full blaze, carried it against the frame-houses, which caught like tinder, and soon spread beyond our control."

Every intelligent person in Columbia believed that Gen. Sherman, probably without formally ordering it, designed and managed this burning. In their eyes, this method of procuring the crime only added to its meanness, without diminishing

anything of its atrocity. The impartial reader may, perhaps, determine where the truth lies, from the following facts:

Gen. Sherman, on the same page which has just been quoted, adds: "In my official report of this conflagration, I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him. for he was in my opinion a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina." Above, he confesses that he had not sufficient evidence to show whether Gen. Hampton was responsible for the fire or not, this point not being "material." Here, he avows, that in a formal, official report, he "distinctly and pointedly" charged Gen. Hampton with the act, for the purpose of defaming him with his own people! The curious reader will perhaps be embarrassed in deciding how much (or little) weight may be attached to any averment of one whose views of the obligation of veracity are so peculiar.

Next, let it be added, that according to express testimony of eye-witnesses, this cotton, placed in a very wide open street, was not fired at all by Gen. Hampton, or by any Confederate agency; but by the pipes, cigars, and matches of Sherman's soldiers lounging upon it; and that this fire was not "partially," but utterly extinguished by a fire company of the city, who saturated and drenched the whole mass with water; and that the same wind was blowing then and afterwards. Let it also be considered, that threats were notoriously uttered by officers and men of Sherman's army, reflecting his own vindictive temper, before it crossed the Savannah river, against Columbia, as the capital of the State which was first to secede, the place of refuge for the people and the wealth of hated Charleston, and the seat of important Confederate works and stores. The broad track of ruin left through the State shows of what this General and his army were capable. Who so likely to have burned the city, as they who avowedly burned the whole country over which they

marched? We remind the reader again, that a multitude of soldiers and officers, some of considerable rank, declared that the city was to be burned at night. Accordingly, the work was begun, at an appointed time, by a preconcerted signal, (the rise of sundry rockets,) and by large bands of soldiers deliberately prepared with combustibles, and acting with perfect deliberation and method. To show that it was a purposed crime, we need only add, that when the fire companies of the city endeavored to arrest the flames, they were driven off, their hose cut, and their fire-engines disabled. Will it be said, that all this was done by the army without the consent and approbation of its commander? Then let the following facts be noted: That from 10 o'clock a. m., Gen. Sherman was, according to his own statement, riding or walking about the town nearly during the whole day (as during the subsequent night); while his people were openly engaged in the pleasant pastimes of robbing stores and dwellings, murdering blacks, committing rape on their women, stealing watches off the persons of ladies, and tearing rings from their fingers; that he had his whole army otherwise under rigid and perfect discipline; and that, accordingly, when the work of destruction had reached a certain point, a single bugle call from headquarters sufficed to arrest it, and at the first bidding of authority, the tumult subsided, the hordes of drunken soldiers vanished, and order was at once restored. Why was not this authority exerted at 8 o'clock p. m., instead of 5 o'clock a. m.? It was only because the designed work was unfinished.

Gen. Sherman recites his amiable charities to those whom he had ruined, with a refreshing simplicity. He gave a parcel of bacon and half a tierce of rice to each of two widows. But the provisions were stolen from their fellow-citizens. He left with the Mayor five hundred cattle. But these were driven from the farms, and were famished, unable to travel, and dying a score a day of exhaustion!

When any attempt was made to shame the incendiaries, they usually replied, that on their return home they should glory in the act, and that nothing would be so grateful as their vengeance to the people of the North. Did they estimate their country aright? The city of Chicago rung joy-bells at the news; and the chief actor has since been rewarded for it by "a grateful country" with the highest military-honors in her gift.

Recent journals have told us, that when a representative of Great Britain lately met the Spanish General, *Burriel*, in his own country, he refused him all recognition, because this officer had ordered the execution of the "Virginius prisoners," whom, from his point of view, he regarded as caught in the act of piracy. Gen. Sherman's little finger has been thicker than Gen. *Burriel*'s loins. But the journey of the former through Europe was almost an ovation! Why this? Because it happened that Gen. Sherman's victims were the protectors of those poor Africans, whom the slave-trade, fostered by Europe and New England, had torn from their homes! Well; we presume that the people who could calmly look up to the righteous heavens amidst the horrors of that *pandemonium* which reigned in Columbia the 17<sup>th</sup> of February, 1865, will survive this injustice also, with an equanimity only disturbed by a quiet contempt.

There are two disclosures in Gen. Sherman's memoirs which have some value to the South. The Convention made with Gen. Jos. E. Johnston at Raleigh, in April, 1865, promised to the Confederate people restoration of all their constitutional rights and franchises, on condition of their submission to the Washington Government. How came Gen. Sherman to promise terms so much more just than those actually granted by that Government? Not, certainly, because of any special mercifulness or justice in the man; as the fate of Carolina clearly showed. The solution obviously is, that the blunt soldier, zealously engrossed with his war, in a region remote from the

capital, had not kept pace with the developments of faithlessness in the ruling minds there. He had not comprehended, that all the solemn pledges made to the country and the world, of waging the war to uphold the constitution and laws, meant that, so soon as the South was helpless, the war was to be used to destroy them. It should be added, however, for Gen. Sherman's credit, that as soon as he was corrected, he hastened to amend this little error.

The other item is contained on p. 373 of Vol. II. We are there informed that Mr. Chase (doubtless the Ahitophel of the conclave) demanded of the President, so early as April 12, 1865, suffrage for the Negroes; and that the reason which was assigned for this insane and criminal measure, was simply the desire to strengthen the radical faction in the Government after the restoration of a nominal peace. Thus the sagacity of Mr. Calhoun is verified, who had long before predicted that this dishonest motive would make Negro suffrage the sequel of abolition; and the flimsy pretence of justice to the Negro is dropped.

## Sketches of General "Stonewall" Jackson.

(Appeared in *The Land We Love*, September 1866; vol. 1:5, pp. 310-14.)

---

GEN. JACKSON'S mind was remarkable for its directness and originality. When it was necessary for him to participate in the discussion of a mooted question, he rarely took up the line of reasoning which had been pursued by any of the previous disputants: he paused neither to discuss or refute them. His method was to recur to some premise which others had overlooked, and which led, by a short and convincing direction, to his own conclusion, thus making an end of controversy.—And it was very likely that his manner of stating this premise, and indicating his argument (for he rarely said more than was necessary to suggest it) was by jerking out a sharp question. When he drove Banks from Winchester in 1862, an instance occurred, which although trivial, illustrated this habit of mind. A multitude of sutlers had followed the Yankee army thither; and among these were two Marylanders.—Jackson's movements, as usual, were rather too prompt to give these trading gentry time to remove their wares; and the Marylanders adopted the expedient of secreting so much of their stock as they could by removing it to private houses before they decamped. After the Confederate Head-Quarters were quietly established in the town, a reputable widow lady, resident in the place, appeared before the Adjutant and stated that she was in trouble about two barrels of fine French Brandy, left in the cellar of her dwelling by the Marylanders, who had boarded with her. She said that she had always tried to do her

duty, and that although she had reluctantly consented that her guests might deposit their brandy there for concealment, being misled by their specious reasoning, her conscience was now uncertain whether by keeping their secret she should not be defrauding the country by violating the sequestration law of the confederacy. She had therefore determined to make a clean breast, and state the whole case. The Marylanders had urged that they were not alien enemies, that they were citizens of a state known to be friendly to the Confederacy, that their own sympathies were with that cause, and above all, that the sequestration law expressly excepted debts and claims due to citizens of Maryland from seizures. This had seemed to her at first satisfactory; yet when she remembered that they came to Winchester with the Yankees, and fled thence with them, she had misgivings. Her case was stated to General Jackson, when he answered with great quickness, and seeming impatience. "Did those men *pay license tax* to the Virginia Commissioners of Revenue in Winchester, sir? Did they expose these goods to sale here in compliance with Virginia laws? No, sir. They came here under the protection of the public enemy: let them share his fate. Turn the brandy over to the Commissioners of sequestration, and tell Dr. McGuire (medical director) to apply for it for the use of the sick." In the blockaded condition of the Confederacy, French brandy was at prices even more fabulous than the famed Johannisberg, the drink of Austrian Princes; and two barrels were no SMALL PRIZE for the scantily supplied hospitals.

Gen. Jackson's silence was attributed by some to his inability to express himself with ease and propriety. Some have been absurd enough to say that when subordinate officers ventured to argue in justification of their conduct, with a fluency which Jackson felt himself incapable of equaling, he was accustomed to take refuge under the assumption that their language was



insubordinate, and to save himself the difficult labor of reply, by the short decision: "Please do consider yourself as under arrest, sir." Certain it is, that many restive young officers, during their "breaking in" to his iron rule, found themselves "brought up all standing," by this sentence, very unexpectedly to themselves. But it was a great error to suppose that Jackson was deficient in the power of ready and appropriate expression. At least, when animated, he occasionally gave utterance to passages of almost inimitable beauty and power. If they were very short, as they almost always were, it was because his terse, direct style of thinking required but little time to eviscerate his subject. An instance of this true rhetorical power occurred during the quiet respite after the battle of Port Republic. A gentleman came to Head-Quarters, whose costume, courteous and stately dress, and silvery locks, bespoke him at once as one of the class, now, we fear, destined to an early extinction, whose high honor, hospitality, breeding and cultivation, once gave such *eclat* to Virginian society. His only son, a gallant and staunch soldier, was Captain in one of the Virginia regiments. He had come from his home, upon hearing of the victory, to see if his darling boy was alive, and to get for him a few days leave, that he might receive the embraces of his anxious mother. But on the question of furloughs, the Adjutant was politely inexorable. He said his orders were positive, to let no man leave the command, who was well enough for duty; and that it would be more than his (official) head was worth, to violate them. Mr. C. said that he *could not* carry back so cruel a disappointment to his wife, and asked leave to have the application referred to the General. "I cannot do it myself," said the Adjutant, "for it will only procure a stern reprimand for me, and no furlough for Capt. O. But if you choose to expose yourself to the certain rebuff, I will introduce you, provided you will wait until the General seems at leisure." Mr. O. accepted these terms. After a time the General

was seen sauntering from his tent for a moment's relaxation, and the applicant was introduced. He began by gracefully congratulating Jackson, without fulsomeness, upon his successes; and the General was evidently very impressed by the person and bearing of the visitor. Mr. O. then immediately improved his opportunity to push his request, in about these words: "General, my boy is captain in the — Va., and I want to borrow him for his mother, just for three days, now while things are quiet. I am proud to hear that he has tried to do his duty like a man. He is the only son of his mother; and she has not seen him since the war began, for he has never had a day's leave. If you will lend him to her, that she may only see him, I promise faithfully that I will bring him to camp myself, at the end of the third day."

The Adjutant was inquisitive to see how the General would meet this petition. He began with a tone and manner of inimitable tenderness, to express his sincere sorrow at being unable to confer the happiness desired. "But," he said, "our armies are inadequate in numbers to their task; they are now suffering greatly from "absenteeism;" they have an arduous task before them. He could not believe that such an officer as Capt. O. (for he knew his gallant character,) would rather sacrifice present gratification, dear as it was to the heart of a son, than set an example injurious to the service, and thus undo what he has so nobly aided to accomplish by his toils and dangers.—If he might be pardoned for presuming to estimate the heart of Mrs. O. as a Virginian mother, he should judge of her by the chivalrous qualities of her noble boy, derived, as he believed, from her. And thus judging, he felt sure that her mother's heart would justify his refusal, and prefer not to see her son at the expense of duty, and to reserve the joy of embracing him until they could taste it unalloyed by that thought."

As he delivered these remarks his air of gentleness was

gradually mingled with an increasing dash of martial fire. When he closed, the old gentleman seemed to have forgotten all about his son's furlough. At least he made no farther allusion to it; but with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his features working with emotions, seized the General's hand between both of his, and shaking it warmly, exclaimed: "May God bless you, Gen. Jackson! If it only pleased Him that the weight of fewer years were resting on these old shoulders, I should be with you myself, to aid in fighting this quarrel through, under your banner."

Gen. Jackson's favorite horse, Fancy, or as he was more familiarly called, Little Sorrel, and his groom, black Jim, were almost as familiar objects about the camp as the General himself. This horse was purchased in 1861, at Harper's Ferry, and was selected by him chiefly with reference to Mrs. Jackson's use. But he learned to stand fire so quickly, and proved to be a horse of such capital paces, courage and endurance, that he was appropriated to less gentle uses, and became the General's favorite charger. Rare must be the circumstances which would induce him to ride any other horse in action, if Little Sorrel were not positively *hors de combat*. His stud was recruited, by present or purchase, with many other, and more stately steeds; but to the end of the war, this horse held his place in his master's preference; and he was on his back, when, in the thickets at Chancellorsville, he received the fatal shots which ended his life. After the General was lifted, almost fainting, from his back, he stood quietly beside the group which surrounded him endeavoring to bind up his wound. When he was placed upon the litter to be borne from the field, Capt. Jas. Power Smith, the General's aid, having lifted one corner of the precious burden upon his shoulder, drew his other arm through the bridle, and led the horse before him. But when those

frightful volleys occurred, by which a part of the litter-bearers themselves were struck down, the animals seemed to be seized with uncontrollable terror, broke away, and rushed through the woods, no one knew whither. Some days after, he came into the encampment of Gen. J.E.B. Stuart, *minus* his saddle and bridle, and gaunt with famine. There he was at once recognized, cared for, and sent to Gov. Letcher, by whom he was forwarded to the home of Mrs. J. in North Carolina. In this quiet retreat he still lives, cherished for the memory of the immortal deeds in which he bore his humble, but faithful part, pampered with the biggest ears of Indian corn. May Little Sorrel live to a green old age! May it be his to face no more hurtling shells, and to feel no more the armed heel, urging him with quivering ears and fiery, dilated nostril into the sulphurous war cloud. But may his task be to bear, with patriarchal pride and heed, the lithe form of the heiress of his glorified master, along the shaded green lanes which the Southern girl is wont to thread, on her way to the country school, or the cot of the suffering poor, or the rustic sanctuary.

On the night which succeeded the battle of Fredericksburg, a little incident occurred which confirms at once the statements made above, and illustrates the kindly relations existing between Southern master and servants, and the way in which the latter often govern the former. Long before daylight the friend with whom Jackson was sharing his cot was aroused by his arising from his short slumber and returning to the writing of dispatches. After a little he called: "Jim!" (Sir.) "Saddle Little Sorrel for me, I must ride." (Yes, sir.) Very soon he donned his overcoat and left the tent, when the following colloquy was overheard from without: "Why, Jim this isn't Little Sorrel; I told you to saddle him." "Yes, sir," said Jim, "but I thought you rode him so hard yesterday it was out of the question for you to ride him again to-day." "No," said the General, I must have Little

Sorrel; you know I *never ride any other in action*.”—[Hereupon the friend within the tent exclaimed to himself: “Aha! So there is going to be another battle! There is secrecy off its guard, for once, at least.”] But Jim replied, “I declare, General, Little Sorrel ain’t fitten for you to ride to-day. He is done knocked up, sir, completely, this time, certain. You blegged to ride some other horse to-day, anyhow until I rub him, and get him straightened up again.” Upon this the General said, in a deprecatory tone, “Well, well; you must have your way about it,” and mounting, road away.

General Jackson was exceedingly unobtrusive in his manners, and unwilling to give trouble.—He shrunk from receiving attentions which were paid to his rank, and especially when he supposed that they were paid at the cost of inconvenience to others. An instance of this feeling was related, while his *corps* was upon its march towards Port Royal, after the battle of Fredericksburg. Winter had now set in, and the weather was inclement. Night overtook him and his Staff, upon a by-road which they were pursuing, far from their baggage; and some of the younger members, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of Hayfields, the seat of Mr. Taylor, and Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. Corbin, during their frequent errands on army business, suggested to the General that he was not far from these houses, and would be received with honor at either of them. But he demurred at imposing himself, with so large a suite, on strangers, and insisted on *bivouacking* for the night. “Why,” he asked, “should they think it a hardship to do so, when so many thousands of brave comrades were doing it nightly? Besides it was a soldierly and picturesque way of resting; and no sleep was more healthy or refreshing than that *subDio*, beside a glowing camp fire.” The staff acquiesced, and in a manner savoring very little of enthusiasm, selected a place in the forest, where they tethered their horses, and kindled a fire.—They then prepared

such accommodations for sleeping as their saddles furnished, and went supperless to bed—but not to sleep.—The night became increasingly stormy, and a chilling nor-wester rose to a perfect gale. If they ventured near the fire smoke, ashes and embers were blown into their eyes; if they kept at a distance they were nearly frozen. At length, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at a blast of unusual severity, an enormous dead pine came thundering down across the fire, scattering the brands afar, and falling very near where the General was lying in uneasy slumber. The advent of this new enemy seemed to revolutionize at once his admiration for the *bivouack*, and when a new suggestion was made to adjourn, at that unseasonable hour, to Moss Neck, and ask shelter, he received it most approvingly.—About midnight, the party arrived there, thoroughly chilled and dispirited. The house was occupied then only by its mistress, and some female friends, refugees from Fredericksburg; and a summons at such an hour, from a group of armed men, was received, as may be supposed, with no little trepidation. But when they learned who their visitor was, their alarm was changed into delight. This visit resulted in the selection of Moss Neck as Head-Quarters for the remainder of the winter. But General Jackson, when he removed thither, was too considerate to accept quarters in the noble mansion, and insisted on confining himself to a hunting lodge at the edge of the lawn.

## Reminiscences of John Randolph.

(Appeared in the *Union Seminary Review*, September/October, 1894.)

---

When I settled in Prince Edward county in 1853, I formed intimate friendships with three men who had been contemporaries and constituents of John Randolph: Henry E. Watkins, Esq., Dr. Wm. Morton, and Rev. Drury Lacy. The statements derived from the last named were published by him in a series of delightful letters in the *Central Presbyterian*. I cannot recall the date, but it must have been before Dr. Lacy's retirement from public life. They should be recovered, for they are very valuable.

Dr. Wm. Morton was the son of old Maj. James Morton, of Willington—"Old Solid Column." whom Randolph greatly admired for his steady integrity. This regard for the father combined with a certain sympathy of classical tastes, to make the young Doctor a favorite with Randolph. One day he received a note from him, written in terms of exquisite courtesy and elegance, inviting him to visit Roanoke. The note stated that his adopted son, Dr. Dudley, and one of the young Bryans were there; that as his own health was very bad he feared the two young men were having but a dull time, and he wished Dr. Morton to come up and assist him in entertaining them. He accepted the invitation. He found Mr. Randolph an invalid from his old chronic diarrhea, and occupying the small two-roomed cottage. The young men slept and had their meals in the new library building. One morning the black valet, John, came in as they were finishing their breakfast and said his master sent him

to invite them, if they felt inclined, to join him in the little house in his family prayers. Of course the young men vent over. They found Mr. Randolph looking feeble and languid, sitting in his large padded armchair, wearing the dressing gown which he had on at his duel with Henry Clay, and still showing the two bullet holes made by Clay's bullet. He invited the young men to seats and said: "I hope my domestics, young gentlemen, attend to all your wants and have given you a comfortable breakfast. I have taken the only breakfast my bad health allows me, my crackers and cup of black tea, and as this is the time for our family prayers, I am glad that you join me in them." He had at his elbow a little stand supporting the family Bible and prayer book, and the domestics about the place had taken their places. Dr. Morton said that he read the Scriptures and prayers with all the propriety and solemnity which would have been shown by old Dr. Moses Hoge, or Dr. Alexander. The young men then made motions to leave the room, when Mr. Randolph said to them: "My young friends, I know the society of a sick old man may not be very attractive, but if you have time to sit awhile, you will really do me a favor, as I am not well enough to do any study." They resumed their seats, of course, hoping to hear much of his brilliant and instructive conversation. But he seemed languid, and disinclined to talk. The young men had to make conversation in which he took but small part. After a time one of them mentioned a recent escapade of Wm. M. Watkins, of Mossing Ford, who then took occasional but terrible sprees. It was reported in one of these he had recently become so violent towards his wife that she felt constrained to flee from her own house at a dead hour of the night in her sleeping apparel, and take refuge in the overseer's house. Dr. Dudley commented on this with severity, remarking that Mrs. Watkins was a lady of high family, of exemplary virtues and piety, and a faithful wife and mother of his numerous children. Dudley said that the



husband who could maltreat his own wife under these circumstances was a monster, and hanging was too good for him. Here Mr. Randolph checked him, and with all the gravity of the most saintly pastor, addressed him about as follows: "Oh, my young friend, do not be severe, remember the good rule, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Doubtless the wise being who uttered this had a far tenderer conscience than any of us, and a far keener disapprobation of all sin, yet he enjoined this as the rule of charity for us towards our fellow sinners. You think you see the grossness of Capt. Watkins' fault, but probably you do not know his temptations nor the depth of his repentance." This pious rebuke of course damped the conversation a little. After awhile Mr. Randolph said in a weak and weary tone: "My infirmities are so extreme that they constrain me to expedients which I greatly dislike. Without some stimulant, my weakness becomes a burden greater than I can bear. John, you will have to give me a glass of that old Madeira." The servant took down a bottle of wine from a shelf, and a straw-stem wineglass, and placed them on the stand beside him. Mr. Randolph slowly sipped one glass, and in a few minutes it produced a change in him. A faint color came to his pallid cheeks, his wonderful eyes kindled, he sat more erect in his chair, his voice lost its languor, and he showed a disposition to take interest in the conversation. The young men were only too glad to give him the lead. He became animated and fluent. One racy incident or witticism followed another while he filled another glass of wine and drank it. This continued till he had taken about half a dozen, and Dr. Morton felt sure that he was as unconscious of doing so as the habitual snuff faker is of the number of pinches he inhales while his mind is absorbed. Mr. Randolph became first animated, then brilliant, and then bitter and profane. His talk returned to Capt. Watkins' treatment of his wife, when, forgetting his own rebuke of Dr. Dudley, he denounced him as a monster who should be

burned alive. Dr. Morton's explanation was that his digestive organs were so enfeebled by disease, and so sensitive that a small portion of wine such as would have been-entirely temperate for him when in health, produced at first a mental intoxication under which he at once lost his self-control and almost consciousness of his own actions.

Mr. Randolph was very instrumental in securing the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, as representative of the Republican States' Rights party. Jackson professed to reward him with the mission to St. Petersburg. The very one which Mr. Randolph did not desire and which was utterly unsuited to his health and tastes. He resigned it pretty soon and retired with broken health to private life. Not long after came about the contest between Jackson and the State of South Carolina, concerning the reserved rights of the States. Jackson induced congress to pass a Force Bill, issued his famous proclamation, and prepared for war against the State. In this proclamation he rejected the vital principle of the party which made him President and clearly asserted the very principles of the old usurping consolidation party which had misnamed itself the Federal Party, and which had been denounced and overthrown by Jefferson and Madison. Jackson had been inclined to this political apostasy by his personal hatred of Mr. Calhoun, and by the adroit flatteries of Martin Van Buren, who wished to thrust Mr. Calhoun, then the ablest and foremost Republican Statesman in America, from his path to the Presidency. Virginia prevented for a time an armed collision by her mediation between the parties. But Jackson's ill-starred measure permanently divided old Republican Party. Its best and most enlightened members went into opposition. Among these was Mr. Randolph, who immediately emerged from his retirement and exposed the dangerous nature of the President's doctrine. But a large part of the Jackson party in Virginia, headed by

Thos. Ritchie, editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, styled the "Napoleon of the Press," adhered to Jackson and Van Buren, and, discarding, the time honored name of the Constitutional party, dubbed themselves the "National Democracy," while they vilified their late comrades as Federalists and Whigs. Mr. Randolph, though not a candidate, met and addressed his constituents in most of the counties of his old district, expounding with great earnestness the true doctrine of the Constitution, and the defection of the Jackson party. Among other places, he spoke at Cumberland Court. The courthouse was packed with people. Mr. Randolph's health was extremely bad and his appearance ghastly. He was too feeble to stand during, the whole of his long speech. He requested some one of his friends to stay beside him on the judge's platform. After standing until he was fatigued, he continued his discourse sitting and then, availing himself of the help of his friend's arm, rose again. Mr. Randolph had been standing and speaking for a time with much animation, when he closed that part of his address in about this way:—"Fellow citizens, the inconsistency of these pretended Republicans is so glaring, in thus deserting the constitution in favor of the inglorious leader of their faction, that I hear many sensible persons ask whether they are not venal and wholly without principle. No, my friends, they have principles of their own. Yes, they have seven of them. Those seven, namely, which induced the mercenary Jews to follow the Savior of mankind across the Sea of Galilee after the miraculous feeding of the multitude, the five loaves and the two fishes." He then paused in his discourse, sank into the chair by him, and bowed his head with exhaustion. Mr. Watkins, who stood by him, told me that there was a pause of two or three seconds, during which there was silence, while the point of the satire was finding its way to the people's minds. Then there was a perfect burst of applause and laughter. Mr. Randolph seemed startled,

lifted his drooping head, and pulling Mr. Watkins down by the sleeve, asked in a whisper: "What is the matter? Did I utter some folly?" Mr. Watkins replied, "No indeed, Mr. Randolph, you have uttered a witticism which shall live as long as the English language is spoken." This is the true origin of the famous sarcasm about men's going for the loaves and the fishes, and Mr. Watkins' prediction will prove correct.

I suppose that the testimony taken in the famous Randolph will case proved that Mr. Randolph's infirmities of health at one time resulted in mental alienation. At such times he perpetrated some of those eccentric things of which so many were imputed to him. One of these was related to me by Mr. Henry Carrington, of Ingleside, but not as an eyewitness. It is well known that after Mr. Randolph's religious impressions began, he was zealous for the Christian instruction of his Negroes. There was a large room near his cottage where he assembled them for worship and where he often read the Scriptures to them and instructed them himself. After his health declined he made contract with some respectable Christian minister to give his people an afternoon service. At one time he had such an engagement with the Rev. Abner Clopton, an excellent Baptist divine of Charlotte County. Mr. Carrington's statement to me was that Mr. Clopton himself related the following incident. He went to Roanoke from his morning appointment near Scuffletown and dined with Mr. Randolph, as he was accustomed on the days of his appointment. After dinner Mr. Randolph accompanied him to the log chapel and they found it full of Negroes. Mr. Clopton said that he behaved with all the seriousness of a Presbyterian elder. Knowing the weakness of the Negroes for a religion more emotional than sanctifying, he aimed his sermon strongly against the antinomian abuse of the Gospel. When the services were about to end, Mr. Randolph rose and spoke in substance thus: Rev. Sir, I crave your

permission to add my poor word of confirmation to the excellent instructions you have given these people. My excuse must be my great solicitude for the welfare of the souls of these dependents of mine. Mr. Clopton told him that certainly he should feel at liberty to instruct his servants, for nobody had a better right to do it than the master. Mr. Randolph then arose and began with great point and in most excellent scriptural language to enforce the doctrine that the faith which did not produce good works could not justify. From being solemn and emphatic he grew excited and then sarcastic. He described the type of religion too current among Negroes, which made them sing and bow and shout and weep in their meetings but which failed to restrain them from gross immoralities. This spurious fanaticism he scathed with the keenest sarcasm. At last he evidently lost control of himself: singling out a young buck Negro on the third bench from the front who had been very emphatic in his *amens* and such like manifestations of piety, he shook his long fore-finger at him and said: "Here is this fellow Phil. In the meeting on Sunday he is the foremost man to sing and shout and get happy, and on Sunday night he is the first man to steal his master's shoats—the damned rascal!" Mr. Clopton laid his hand on his arm in protest saying, "Mr. Randolph, Mr. Randolph!" He instantly stopped in the most deferential manner and asked Mr. Clopton what correction he had to offer. He replied: He thought it his duty to protest against the terms which Mr. Randolph was employing. "What terms?" "Why those in which you have just addressed that man Phil. It can never be proper in teaching God's truth to use any profanity, seeing God has forbidden it." Randolph replied: "Sir, you both astonish and mortify me. I had hoped that if my credit as a Christian was so poor (and I know that I am but a sorry Christian) as not to save me from the imputation of profanity, my credit as a gentleman should have done so. I had flattered myself that I should be

judged incapable of insulting a minister of our holy religion while my own guest by using, profanity in his presence." This view of the matter rather provoked Mr. Clopton, and he insisted that the terms in which he had rebuked the Negro were not only cruelly severe but distinctly profane, and that in the midst of a religious service. "What then did I say to him that was so bad?" "Why, Sir, you called him in expressed words 'a damned rascal.'" "And you misunderstood that as an intentional profanity? You fill me with equal surprise and mortification. I considered myself as only stating a theological truth in terms of faithful plainness. Do not the Sacred Scriptures say that thieves are liable to the condemnation of the Divine Judges? And is not this just the meaning of the term which you say I used?" Mr. Clopton said this turn quite took his breath away and he thought it best not to continue the discussion.

When I was a boy my father had a neighbor in Louisa Co. named William Cole Dickinson, who was a horse breeder I heard my father relate Dickinson's account of a visit he had paid Roanoke at the time Mr. Randolph was selling off his racing stock, with a view of purchasing some of his young, horses. Dickinson said that he spent the night by Mr. Randolph's invitation. After supper John came in and said to his master, "The people are ready, Sir." Randolph said to his guest: "My servants are expecting of me this evening the performance of a duty which is very important and interesting to them. I make it a matter of conscience not to disappoint them. It is the distribution of the annual supply of blankets for the plantation. I must, therefore, beg you to excuse me for an hour and to amuse yourself with the books and newspapers. Or, if you prefer to accompany me, I shall be glad to have you witness the proceeding." Dickinson said that he was eager to see all he could of this strange and famous man, and so he eagerly chose the latter proposal. They went to the preaching house where a large

number of Negroes were present, and John and others brought in large rolls of stout English blankets (Mr. Randolph had so strong a sense of the injustice of the protective tariffs that he refused on principle to buy anything of Yankee manufacture which shared this iniquitous plunder. His great tobacco crops were shipped to London and sold there on his own account, and he bought there everything needed for his plantations). He then began to call the roll of the adult servants. Each one as he came forward was required to exhibit the blankets which he already possessed. Some prudent ones exhibited four and received four new ones in addition; some presented two, and received two new ones; some one, and received one. Some careless fellows had none to show and were sent away without any, receiving a pretty keen rebuke instead. When it was over Mr. Dickinson remarked to him that the principle of distribution seemed to be a very strange one, since those who needed new blankets the least got the most, and those who needed them most got none. Randolph answered, "No, Sir, the Bible rule is mine, 'He that hath to him shall be given that he may have more abundance, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.'" He then explained that his purpose was to give his servants an impressive object lesson upon the virtue of thrift. That those careless fellows who could present no blanket had traded off for whiskey what he had given them or had lazily allowed them to be burned or lost and their disappointment would teach them to be wiser in future.

During the evening Mr. Dickinson asserted that he could tell the age of horses beyond nine years by the appearance of their teeth, and upon Mr. Randolph's doubting it he reaffirmed it and proposed that Mr. Randolph in the morning should have his horses brought up and let him try. Randolph answered, "Well, Sir, you must excuse me for saying so to a guest in my own house, but I am still a Thomas Didymus." Dickinson claimed

that the next morning the horses were driven up and Mr. Randolph went out with his herd book under his arm, in which the birthday of each member of the equine aristocracy was set down and that he convinced Mr. Randolph by telling him the ages of the young and the old.

I have heard two of Randolph's repartees which are good examples of his stinging flashes of sudden wit. He was at the Long Island races when a stranger insisted upon making a bet with Sir. Randolph against a young horse which the latter was admiring. Randolph excused himself coldly, saying that he was a stranger there and had no friend to hold the stakes. The jockey replied, "There is my friend Esq. Jenkins; he will hold the stakes for us." "Aye, Sir. but who will hold Squire Jenkins?"

When John Hampden Pleasants, in the *Richmond Whig*, forsook the Republican faith, of which his father, Governor James Pleasants, had been an ornament, John Randolph said of him publicly that he was "the degenerate son of a noble father." This made him excessively angry. Mr. Randolph being in Richmond, Pleasants saw him advancing alone the side walk, and took the middle of it in a hostile attitude and said, "I never give the side walk to a d—d rascal." Randolph instantly stepped to one side with much politeness saying, "I always do, Sir."

R. L. DABNEY.  
Austin, Texas.



## Thomas Carey Johnson.

(Appeared in the *Union Seminary Magazine*, March/April 1892.)

---

The students and friends of Union Seminary naturally feel an interest in the antecedents of this gentleman, who has come to teach there. His parents were of Scotch extraction, his father being a large landholder, farmer and grazer upon the Greenbrier river, in Monroe County, West Virginia, near the railroad village, of Alderson. Here Dr. Johnson was born July 19th, 1859. His childhood passed as is customary in such families, except that a disease incident to childhood greatly interrupted his literary education. The years of his boyhood up to seventeen were largely spent on horseback in the occupations incident to a large estate and field sports. This wise precaution of his parents produced the best results. At seventeen years of age he had acquired a tall and vigorous frame, and if behind-hand in his classics had become an efficient business man. The coming of the Rev. H. R. Laird to Alderson as Presbyterian pastor and classical teacher, made the first important epoch in the youth's mental life. His real literary progress began when he was seventeen years old. At eighteen he entered Mr. Laird's classical school at Alderson. Preceptor and pupil speedily became friends and the later imbibed from the former those honorable aspirations and that honest thoroughness in study which has distinguished him ever since. In two years he was prepared for college and when twenty years old, September, 1879, resorted to Hampden-Sidney, where he graduated with the first honor. In 1882 he returned to his home and spent one year

teaching the Alderson school which Mr. Laird had founded. Even here he began to manifest that power of controlling and inspiring the minds of his pupils and that thoroughness of scholarly work which have marked him ever since. Out of this school came several prominent distinguished men, who acknowledged their indebtedness to his impulse.

In his second year at Hampden-Sidney Mr. Johnson had confessed Christ and joined the Presbyterian church. Thenceforward the ministry began to claim his attention. Consequently in 1883 he suspended his work as a teacher and went to the University of Virginia in order to perfect his own scholarship. He devoted one year to Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, gaining graduates' diplomas in all three. This has always been regarded in that University as a great exploit, which few have the courage to attempt, and in which very few indeed have succeeded. These three schools make something less than half a Master's of Arts course; but to finish them in one year is regarded as a more brilliant feat than to win a Master's degree in the three or four years usually expended for it.

In September 1884 Mr. Johnson began the regular three years' course of theological study in Union Seminary. It is enough to say that his conduct and success there were just what his previous character warranted his friends to expect. Not only did he lead his classes in scholarship but by example and diligence he exerted an unusually good influence over his fellow students. He devoted the Summer of 1887 to Harper's Summer School of Hebrew in the University of Virginia until a perilous fever came near depriving the Church forever of his services. No sooner had he become convalescent than he followed Prof. Harper to Yale, where he devoted a year to a study of the Semitic languages under him, and of Psychology under Prof. Ladd. Here the soundness of Mr. Johnson's judgment and faith and the independence of his spirit were thoroughly tested. He

found himself immersed in the atmosphere of the new criticism and the rationalistic theology. But the result of the ordeal was to convince him of the weakness and worthlessness of their methods and to confirm him in the old faith.

In the Autumn of 1888, upon the invitation of Dr. Dabney, he went to teach Greek, Hebrew, Biblical Introduction and Exposition in the Austin School of Theology, Texas. He also rendered Dr. Dabney some assistance, which his failing eyesight now began to require, in the University classes of Psychology and Logic. Besides this, and an amount of work in the school of Theology sufficient to fill a man's hands, Mr. Johnson studied the whole University course of Philosophy in the Junior, Senior and Post Graduate classes of the Texas University, the first year. He also went again over this whole work the second year. His proficiency would have easily entitled him to honors of the Master's course; but, with a characteristic preference for the substance over the shadow he did not trouble himself with the formalities requisite for such an endorsement. In the session of 1890 Dr. Dabney's severe illness threw upon Mr. Johnson for three months, in addition to his regular labors, the whole University courses in Philosophy and the course of Systematic Theology in the school of Divinity. These were months of literally gigantic labor, which he performed without exhaustion or flagging and with commanding ability. Neither the class of Theology nor the most advanced University classes had occasion to say that they lost anything by the absence of the Senior. Mr. Johnson's scholarship had been fully approved in the older parts of the Church. It was during his two years in Austin that he demonstrated the possession of (what many laborious scholars do not possess) eminent didactic ability. His watchword was ever manly, thorough, bodily work. He inspires by example and precept noble aims and conscientious industry. He displayed his native talent of command by his success in

wielding the University classes with a vigorous, but courteous and prudent hand under the difficult circumstances of his temporary position. His preaching was best appreciated by the most cultivated hearers for its scholarly, logical, and spiritual qualities. He had left the Seminary inexperienced and constrained as a public speaker. His improvement was constant and rapid. It scarcely need be added that his private life was that of a Christian who followed the Lord fully. The two years of his work in the Austin School of Theology were its best years. His removal from it, resulting from causes beyond his control and that of Dr. Dabney, was the severest blow it has ever received reducing its attendance one-half. The reputation thus created in Austin, notwithstanding distance, naturally permeated the whole Southern Presbyterian Church. After one year of humble, diligent and acceptable pastoral labor in Louisville, Ky., it resulted in his election to the Stuart Robinson professorship of Biblical and Pastoral Theology in Union Seminary.





---

# Poetical Work

---

## Christology of the Angels.

(An unpublished poem found in the manuscript collection of R. L. Dabney, Union  
Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.)

---

Place;—The Summit of Golgotha.

Time;—The second night after the Crucifixion.

Speakers;—Michael the Archangel, Gabriel, Zerah, Ithiel,  
Salathiel, Adiel.

These appointed to guard the Savior's body until the  
Resurrection Morn, beguiled the Night watches with high  
discourse touching, "the suffering of Christ, and the Glory that  
should follow." Others of the heavenly host, some singly, and  
others in troops, descend and form themselves in circles around  
the Guard, listening to their debate.

### Michael.

Brothers, the day is near for which were made  
All other days. The hinge of ages past  
And future, which complete Gods best decree,  
Two days ago we saw with sad amaze  
How impious men, madly essayed to slay  
The Prince of life; and we are here to guard  
The sacred flesh, until the Word return  
To reunite the soul to this dead form.  
Our precious trust, and conquered death and hell.



Gabriel.

Great Prince the task set me two nights ago  
 Taught me some dread event was near at hand,  
 Go to Gethsemane, God's Spirit said,  
 And lend thy help to Him thou findest there.  
 I went: and lo! deserted of His friends,  
 I found the Christ prone on the darksome sod,  
 Forlorn and wrung with Solitary Grief  
 Which pressed the bloody sweat from every limb.  
 And while he prayed, came troops of gibbering fiends,  
 Who late had cowered at His word like slaves,  
 Intent to seize their cruel hour, and mock  
 His anguish. Prostrate on the Ground lay He,  
 Woeful and weak, whose birth at Bethlehem,  
 Angelic bands were set to watch, what time  
 The stars stooped from their spheres, and homage did  
 To their Creator born in human flesh;  
 And Seraph choirs made earth and sky resound  
 With that high chant taught in the Heavenly Court:  
 "On earth good will to man; in highest Heaven  
 Glory supreme to God the Three in One."  
 And this was He! whose voice divine we heard  
 Rebuke disease, compel the greedy grave  
 To yield its prey, control the raging sea,  
 And rule the demon cohorts with a word.  
 Him I must strengthen, (I, poor servitor, )  
 Creative source of all my being's power!  
 Must strengthen Him whose arms upheld the world.  
 I heard the mournful cry: "Father, may not  
 This bitter cup pass by: Or must I drink  
 Its dregs of gall? Yet knew I not what woes  
 Infused the draught of death." This task alone

Was mine, to whisper to His ear the pledge  
Of God's eternal love, and promise strength,  
Full of Omnipotence to bear Him, through.

Zerah.

Yea Brother, but the next day's terrors raised  
New questions, darker than Gethsemane.  
Why must the Holy One, by angels loved,  
Alone of men all worthy Heaven's reward,  
Declared of God in words that rent the skies,  
His best beloved, meet so dark a fate?  
Behold the man doomed to a felon's death,  
Deserted by that nearer band who vowed  
A fealty to Him dearer than their blood;  
Spurned by the venal throng who hailed him King  
Six days ago. But this nor new nor strange;  
For man is weak and fickle. Wherefore now  
Is he, forsaken of the Father's care?  
His, by a pledge more changeless than the, stars  
While He, forlorn, must meet His direst need?  
Friends fled, sky dark, the midday sun gone out,  
Earth quaking, outcast from the eternal arms;  
Sure succor of the poorest earth-born saint,  
He dies alone. We heard that bitter cry,  
My God, My God, must thou forsake me too?  
The agony of rending heart strings filled It.  
What this woe that crushed Him? What the pain  
That pierced Him now? More sharp than thorns and nails,  
More terrible than that grim death He sought  
So calmly, freely, through His toilsome years?  
Death came by sin, decreed its righteous wage;  
But here the sinless dies the blackest death;  
Sinless alone, amidst His dying race.

And God yet rules supreme! This maddened crowd,  
 These tempting fiends: all these but do His will.  
 The bigot priests, this ruthless pagan power  
 Are but God's pliant instruments to work  
 His plan determinate, of old ordained.  
 By His permission was this murder done,  
 Foulest of all that blot the earth or hell.  
 Father forgive my thoughts. Let angels stand  
 With folly charged: be Thou all wise, all right.  
 But Oh! illum this narrow mind, resolve  
 These black, perplexing doubts, which chill my heart:  
 And clear my spirit of this sore suspense.

Michael.

Nay Brother, fear not lest thy questioning  
 Be sin, so be it thou do not rashly charge  
 Our God with wrong. Twas He that formed our minds  
 To know, to crave the truth, to love the right.  
 He will approve this thirst to comprehend,  
 So it be humble as befits our powers:  
 The rather that this woe of Calvary  
 Is set by His deep purpose to instruct  
 His angels and the principalities  
 Of all the worlds. Now be it mine to teach  
 My younger brethren somewhat of the mind  
 Of God, all wise, in this dread mystery,  
 And justify His ways to you in part,  
 As finite souls may take the infinite;  
 E'en as the dew drops, tiny sphere, reflects—  
 The sun and sky but in minutest lines.  
 And teach thou me, Oh Holy Ghost, the Source  
 Of light and truth, that I may teach thy sons.

For this I must recall remotest times  
 When some of you were not: When power divine  
 And infinite, beyond angelic ken,  
 First brought this globe from nothing, new and fair,  
 Free hung in empty space. Material, dead,  
 Unknowing, and inert, it must obey  
 That gravity whose universal sway  
 Attracts by mutual ties each world to all;  
 And so must inward wander, helpless drawn  
 To yonder sun, Vast central orb, and find  
 Its speedy end in all consuming fire.  
 E'en such its fate, had not another force  
 Straight outward bearing, with a balance nice  
 Restrained the first, and bent this moving orb  
 In perfect round returning on itself.  
 Whence this momentum? Not from passive earth:  
 But the Creator's hand, which impulse gave  
 With skill of nicest measurement, nor more,  
 Nor weaker, lest this vagrant globe be driven  
 To outer realms of night and frozen death:  
 Or merged by fatal 'traction in that globe  
 Of all devouring flame. Thus wise, Thus strange  
 The power and skill consummate, which could found  
 Stability on motion, ceaseless, swift,  
 And settle rest upon perpetual change.

God doeth naught in vain: A destined use  
 Was set for His new world; to be the home  
 And rest of some among the heavenly hosts,  
 Whose captain Satan was: Name now abhorred,  
 But then of primal rank and noblest held  
 In heaven; my comrade and my single peer,  
 He held with me the archangelic place,

Nearest the throne. Ten myriad Spirits bright  
 Filled his well ordered ranks, and flew and came  
 With holy pride to aid his ministry.  
 Here was their heritage: their Father's hand  
 With glory decked it for his favored sons.  
 Hence they flew forth on joyful errands bent,  
 Hither returned to seek well earned repose,  
 Blessed beneath their Chief's deputed away.  
 For Angels have their dwelling place like men.  
 Their incorporeal substance hath no weight,  
 Nor figure, nor doth feel the downward force  
 Which draws man's limbs to earth: They tread the air,  
 And fly through inter-stellar spaces void.  
 Yet must they have their space definitive.  
 To fill all space at once, confined to none,  
 Is His alone, whose being is infinite.

So rolled this earth through happy centuries,  
 New worlds were born, and younger angels sprung  
 As thou my Zerah, from their Maker's hand,  
 To blissful life. The sequent woe we saw.  
 There is but one who can not err or sin,  
 The Eternal, Absolute, Unchangeable.  
 Wisdom and knowledge, perfect, infinite,  
 Forbid each false, or e'en deficient thought;  
 His Holiness, old as eternity,  
 More fixed than fate, directs His sovereign will.  
 All finite spirits may admit defect,  
 Thought may be incomplete, attention flag,  
 Desire, no longer taught by perfect truth,  
 May leap its rightful bound, and sin is born!  
 Then he alone is safe, or high, or low,  
 Angel, or man, who leans upon his God,

In deep humility, and guides his ways  
 By that sure light, shed by the Eternal Son  
 Of righteousness. Thus fell my great compeer.  
 His state so lofty gendered pride of power;  
 His keen desire beguiled him to forget  
 His place and duty. Wide the space between  
 Him and his humbler mates; but this a speck  
 Beside the distance infinite which metes  
 The chasm from them to God, The downward look  
 Which dwelt on that was sweet; the upward gaze  
 Was humbling, for it set our littleness  
 In contrast 'gainst the immensity of God.

So Satan gloated and forgot: his pride  
 To fell ambition grew; he spurned his yoke,  
 And what was first defect, to treason ran.  
 Let us not rail but fear; we too can fall!  
 But other part befits the Almighty Judge,  
 Changeless, supreme: Vengeance condign is His:  
 The more that now is sin contagious found,  
 And Satan's taint, like mortal pestilence,  
 Infected all his host. Our Adiel  
 Sole incorrupt, amidst the apostate herd,  
 Denounced their crime and made report to Heaven.

#### Adiel.

Now must the plague be stopped by justice dire,  
 Lest it should farther spread, and poison all.  
 Then was there war in Heaven; by God's command  
 My legions fought with Satan's and expelled  
 The traitors from their desecrated home.

Their destined prison is that nearest orb,

Men call their Moon whose cold and lifeless beams  
Now from the Zenith, bathe the silent earth.

Fit goal is this for desperate guilt, a world  
Where utter desolation reigns, and wreck  
Of earthquake throes, and fierce volcanic fires,  
Of horrent ridges, black unmeasured deeps,  
And arid crags. No herb is there, nor tree,  
Nor flower, nor fruit, pasture or verdant mead:  
No fount, nor rill, nor lake, nor spreading sea;  
No air to float their genial wings, or break  
With twilight', neutral shades the contrast hard  
Of midday glare and mid-night's blackest gloom,  
Or to imbibe the genial solar warmth:  
Wherefore eternal cold like alpine snows  
Reigns there, and this white sheen is chill and dead.  
The future wrath is heavier: prison walls  
Are not yet closed forever round the doomed.  
They mitigate their pains by respites short,  
And restless range this earth, their ancient home.  
The distant day will come when respite ends,  
Messiah's mighty arm shall drive their hosts  
Back to their ghastly home, and bind them there.  
Their pangs will change from cold to scathing heat,  
Those central fires, whose rage first wrecked their world,  
Imprisoned long, shall at Messiah's touch  
Break forth again in flame and sulphurous fumes,  
That orb, deceitful silver, then shall burn,  
Blood-red amidst the shuddering stars unquenched  
Through endless time. Such is the sinners doom.

Ithiel.

But can an incorporeal being feel  
These grosser pains of cold and fire and wounds?

We hear those Sadducees in scorn reject  
 All hope and fear of future joy or pain,  
 And call Gehenna's flames a fable.

They say the body dead, resolved to dust,  
 No more can live again than other clods:  
 Its band withdrawn, the disembodied soul  
 Exhales to nothingness. Or could it live  
 Without a sense or nerve, or limb, or form,  
 It knoweth naught, feels naught of outward pains.

Michael.

In both they reason blindly, Ithiel ,  
 For we are spirit pure; no bands of flesh  
 Need we to give us being substantive,  
 Essential, permanent. Not matter dead,  
 But spirit is the spring original  
 Of power and e'en of that material force  
 Which moves all else. We have no eyes but see;  
 No ears, yet hear; no hands, and yet we move  
 The sea and air. If bodies thus we know  
 With all their properties, we might percipient be  
 Of their assaults and force to gander pain.  
 We see these corporate men receive, indeed,  
 The pangs of heat, or cold, disease or wounds  
 Through nerve and sense; but whose the consciousness  
 That feels and knows its feeling? Not the nerves,  
 But that percipient soul, which dwells within.  
 Let but that soul depart, these quivering nerves  
 Are senseless as the clouds. The spirit claims  
 Knowledge and consciousness as hers by birth,  
 So, when its outward vestment falls away,  
 'Tis but more sentient of all outward things.



Ithiel.

But say, O Prince, was that fair world decreed  
To stand untenanted? Or was it struck  
From being back to nothing, whence it came?

Michael.

Nay, Ithiel; we stand Upon it now.  
Hearken, while I, its wondrous story tell.  
Long time it bore the curse of Satan's sin.

Disease and death broke out in plant and tree,  
And beast, with mutual war and carnage fierce  
Huge creatures God had made to serve his son's  
Whose bones men dig from rocky graves, and name  
Leviathan, or mammoth, Plesiosaur,  
Or Octopus; with giant strife's torment  
The seas, and drench the lands with blood,  
Till none remained to wage their deadly feuds;  
And death, Sin's off spring, ruled the vacant globe.  
Then rose the Almighty, weary of the shame,  
To work his final wrath. That scepter dread,  
With which He rules the stars, He raised aloft;  
One stroke sufficed! The shattered world remained  
A mass unformed, a chaos black and dead  
Hurled from its orbit, forth it wildly shot  
To outer darkness, roaming space immense,  
Aimless and lost; until its deadly blot  
Be purged, by long lustration. Then at last  
Was God's full purpose seen, not new to Him,  
Though hid from us. The sin cursed earth, restored,  
Must fill a nobler use and new design.  
God, with Almighty hand, outstretched, arrests  
Its vagrant flight, and from that outer night

Of void immensity the wanderer brings  
 To meet its sun. So was fulfilled the word;  
 "Let there be light:" and light again illumed  
 The blackened wreck. But what did it reveal?  
 No land, no rock, no sea, no air, no sky,  
 One weltering mire, foul mixture of them all.  
 Formless and void. Again the hand divine,  
 Made the dark sphere revolve upon its poles.  
 So eve, and morn complete the primal day,  
 In quick succession moved the Mighty acts  
 Of reparation. Next the Spirit divine,  
 With brooding wings infused the foul abyss  
 With energy, and disengaged the air.  
 Drowned in the murk. The seething deep the while  
 Surged like a caldron huge. The finer part  
 Released, elastic rose, transparent, pure,  
 And spread the azure firmament around  
 The grosser globe. Then through the level waste  
 Uprose the land as huge behemoth slow,  
 From miry couches; crags and mountain peaks  
 And hills and rolling plains, with varied shape,  
 Divide the solid ground. The waters shrink  
 Into their lower beds as lakes and seas,  
 And cleansed of soil, they emulate the skies  
 Which they reflect with purest tints of Heaven.

And now we saw the Maker's fruitful hand  
 With prodigal profusion, sow the seeds  
 Of plant and tree, o'er mountain, hill and plain.  
 Forthwith up sprang, the innumerable forms,  
 Nurtured by light and warmth, and soil and air,  
 From tiniest mass to stateliest Alpine fir.  
 One day sufficed; for such the power divine,  
 To bring the blade, the stem, the flower, the fruit.

So earth was in her verdant vesture robed.  
 But life demands the sun, and season's change,  
 From Spring to Summer, Autumn's ripening glow,  
 And Winter's rest. So set he back the globe  
 In her old orbit, governed by the sun,  
 The moon by her, restoring days and months,  
 And Years full rounded, measures of her time,  
 But angels' lives by grander aeons move.

Now was the field prepared for fuller life.  
 Creative power with lavish hand bestrews  
 Air, sea, and land, with germs of richer growth  
 Motion, and sense unfolding. Every realm  
 Of nature swells with the prolific birth.  
 Insect and reptile, fish and feathered fowl  
 Brake from her womb, and buzzed, or swam, or flew  
 In joyous youth. Then last the quadrupeds  
 Of finer structure and more complicate,  
 Born without sire or dam, bespread the groves,  
 And coursed the smiling meads; peaceful as yet,  
 Of blood still innocent, content to feed  
 On-nature's food until another sin  
 Should blight their home, and teach to hate and kill.  
 God reviewed his finished work and saw it good,  
 With more than pristine beauty bright and full  
 Of life and joy, fit to proclaim His praise.

#### Salathiel.

Yea Prince, we saw the work of those six days  
 Countless, diverse, each kind a multitude,  
 The kinds in number multitudinous;  
 All wrought in wondrous skill. But yet a doubt  
 Revives the question: why not highest life

In place of lower? Rather spirits than beasts?  
 These rank above the plants; they move, they feel  
 They drink the joys which from the fountains flow,  
 Of God's exhaustless goodness, yet their bliss  
 Is brutish, void of thought. They feed, they sport,  
 They grow, they multiply and then they die!

They see no beauty, splendor which God's hand  
 On matter throws. The symmetry of truth  
 Has no delight for them. E'en virtues' ray,  
 Brightest to reason's eye, best influence  
 Of God's chief glory, hath no delight for them.  
 And therefore know they naught of God Himself,  
 Fountain supreme of wisdom and of bliss.  
 They use his gifts, but pay no recompense  
 Of thanks of honor to the Giver's name.  
 Hath Earth no higher end? For such as these  
 Did God this beauteous fabric thus restore?  
 Hard question! Till the sixth day's crowning work  
 Gave answer: Earth's true lord we then beheld.  
 That wondrous creature man, our humbler peer,  
 Angel and animal in one. Of dust  
 His frame was molded. Stately and erect  
 And head not prone to earth, but proud, elate,  
 The sky confronting, claiming, title there:  
 Nor wrongfully! For lo, the Three in One  
 Held counsel high, as though for weightiest task.  
 From the creative hand a Spirit came,  
 Godlike in Knowledge, freedom, holiness,  
 In creatures' finite measure. This they breathed  
 Into the flesh, and bound by wondrous ties  
 To its investment, joining essences  
 Opposed, in union fixed and personal.

And man stood forth connecting earth and heaven.

But here a contrast strong the Maker showed  
 Twixt brutes and man. The first he formed  
 With hand profuse, in countless multitudes:  
 Of man, but One! And why this sparing hand?  
 As jealous lest an essence of such price  
 Be cheapened. Yet our angel ranks he filled  
 With numbers prodigal. It man was held  
 So high, 'twas better to have filled the space  
 So thronged with mindless brutes by human hosts  
 As numerous. So might the Maker gain  
 The larger revenue of loftier praise  
 From sons who could not only use His gifts,  
 But know his love and of His glory speak.

Zerah.

This dual person, Brother, raiseth doubt  
 As dark as thine. Thou askest why all earth  
 Was not bestowed on men, God's nobler sons:  
 I ask why is ethereal mind thus bound  
 In bonds of matter? Why is reason's torch  
 Encased in walls opaque? Our spirits free  
 From contact with the flesh, have percepts quick,  
 Immediate, full of all the outer world.  
 For intuitions certain and direct  
 To see, to know, are our essential powers.  
 But now must God make inlet for the lights,  
 To these imprisoned souls by apertures  
 More dim and weak, of eye, and ear, and touch  
 And quivering nerves without inherent life,  
 Corruptible, deceivable and blind.  
 And worse; may appetite and brutish lust  
 Mix with the spirits rational desires  
 And taint their holiness and cheat the will.

Resolve, O Prince, these weary doubts for us.

Michael.

Parts of the Maker's ways 'tis ours to know,  
His deeper works surpass our finite ken.

Remember how the man stood single, lone;  
When God's creative hand a second made  
Of Adams substance: therefore like him, man  
And yet not man, his beauteous complement,  
His other self, the mother of a seed,  
Who, parents in their turn, should reproduce  
New generations, multiplying each  
Its predecessor, still the mighty throng,  
Out numbering the stars, should fill the world  
With good and glory, worthiest of God.  
Nor think Salathiel, these meaner tribes  
Preclude the spread of man. Each hath its verge  
Ample and large as earth: the space, the food  
By either claimed, is useless to the rest.  
What these must needs consumes, needless to those.  
Nor think the poorest joy of earth too mean  
To share God's thought, or to engage his love,  
From insect basking in the summer beam  
Or grazing lamb or sportful hind  
Or, king of birds exulting in his flight,  
Or war-horse, whose career devours the plain,  
To Godlike blessedness of holy men.  
So infinite His being and His love,  
To Him is naught on earth or great or small!  
So hath He made this world of life so full  
Pleroma of His goodness, nor hath cribbed,  
Nor cabined, nor confined his favorite sons,

But rather set them countless slaves to serve  
 Their wants and multiply their powers.

Nor, son thou, Zerah, man's embodiment.  
 Here too, the Omniscient has His glorious end.  
 We are His son's, but can not parents be:  
 To each is given an endless destiny,  
 Full charged with glory; but to each remains  
 His glory single. To eternal years  
 No son shall spring from him to multiply  
 His joys, no increase swell the angelic ranks;  
 Except creative power renew its work,  
 And rear new sons from nothing: not from us.  
 To man beneath us in all else, is given  
 This honor nearest God's prerogative!  
 To procreate, man must be animal,  
 And male and female. Thus the lowest means  
 Lead to the highest ends and man descends  
 To share the flesh, that he may parent be  
 Of progeny immortal. Thus shall flow  
 An ever widening stream, as ages roll,  
 Of good on earth and glory to its God.

His thought fecund, exhaustless, never needs  
 Repeat itself: Unfathomable depths  
 Of power and wisdom yet remain unseen

Gabriel.

If angels sinned, then man could sin yet more.  
 This lesson dread but wholesome, learned we, Prince,  
 From Satan's fate, for he was pure and wise,  
 In habit stable, in propensions right  
 To utmost height of finite rectitude

But duty's claims, renewed through endless lift,  
 Grow infinite: and so may overmatch  
 All finite strength and watch. To none but God'  
 Belongs impossibility of sin.

While our obedience lasts, our state is blessed:  
 God's justice this ensures. But we are His,  
 Work of His hands; our being is His gift,  
 And all our powers. By natural tie of right  
 We owe Him all our utmost strength can do,  
 And when we fail He owes us naught but wrath,  
 Sin must bring guilt, and by essential right  
 Immutable in God must guilt bring death.

Thus then we stood; without a present pain,  
 Yet ever insecure; from blame exempt,  
 Yet not invested with the heritage  
 Inalienable; servants, not yet sons,  
 What guarantee against some final lapse  
 And fatal doom? Our own stability,  
 Our upright will, and watchful vigilance.  
 But these were fallible; the stake immense!  
 Then came the Eternal Lord, with overtures  
 Of love and grace. By equal rule of right,  
 Fixed as His throne, must duty fully done,  
 Earn blessedness. With generous love our Lord  
 Restricts our trial, by defined bounds,  
 And thus our peril limits; endless else,  
 And haunting us through everlasting years.  
 Our finite task fulfilled, our trial ends.  
 Such was our dispensation new; by men  
 Called covenant of works, so wise, so fair,  
 So gracious. Blessed was the hour we heard  
 Our Father's voice proclaim our task complete:  
 Well done ye faithful servants, enter on



Your free reward; not servants now, but sons,  
 To serve in love secure from sin and fall;  
 Omniscience watching for us; strength divine  
 Upholding us; the infinitude of God  
 Our bulwark 'gainst our weakness and our foes.  
 Yet are we free with liberty like God's,  
 Who sovereign, can not sin, because His will,  
 Changeless and absolute, the right prefers  
 With choice immutable and wise as free.  
 No sluggards we! With eager joy we fly  
 To do our Father's will, with jealous care;  
 Watchful of sin, fearless because we know  
 He watcheth for us.

Michael.

Well hast thou described  
 Our blessed lot, my brother, and God's way  
 Which brought us to it. Such the ways of God  
 To Adam, needful for his native state  
 More than for ours. In him two avenues  
 Made way for error, finitude of mind,  
 And appetites of flesh. Why clothed He then  
 The spirit fashioned like himself in flesh  
 At cost of such a risk? To reach an end  
 More wise, more good. Man must corporeal be,  
 That he may parent be of countless sons,  
 An ever spreading race. By parentage,  
 This race is one, connected by the tie  
 Of simple origin; its head the sire,  
 Who gave them being, and transfused to all  
 Their common essence. Hence his race in him  
 Probation makes to win eternal bliss,  
 Or lose it. Adam, fountain of his race,

Self tainted and condemned by willful deed,  
 Conveys to all his seed the deadly germs  
 Of sin and guilt; in stead of that pure strain  
 God-given for himself, as for his race.  
 But, what more generous pact could heaven propose,  
 Involving less of risk or lighter terms;  
 Except the man be lifted to a God,  
 Incapable of fault, no purchase wrought,  
 Of merit tendered for so grand reward?  
 Such gift was not for us, was it for man?  
 It none benefits, save His eternal Son,  
 Of consubstantial essence, very God.  
 Servants must serve: Yet was man's service made  
 Easy and brief, and bounded by one life,  
 Under a righteous rule as kind as just.  
 One risk should end the risk of all man kind,  
 That risk be met by him best panoplied  
 With holy will, a reason adult wise,  
 Instructed by Omniscience, fortified  
 By daily commerce with his father God:  
 While ends most glorious, won by his emprise,  
 Inspired him for his task, inflaming high  
 Every desire a holy soul may feel,  
 Love of his race, desire for heavenly good,  
 And zeal for God. Let him but win the crown,  
 The Father's pledge made it perpetual;  
 Each son of all his countless progeny  
 A king forever, earth and endless heaven.  
 Such God's proposal! Man self ruined, dies.

#### Adiel.

Thou hast explained this ancient tragedy  
 O Chief, and cleared the ways of God therein.

This midnight vigil, brethren, doth recall  
 By contract black, that watch in Paradise  
 On Adam's nuptial eve. To night we stand  
 On this accursed hill whose dust has drunk  
 The blood of murder done by evil men  
 On their Creator, stooping from the skies  
 In generous love to heal their deadly woes.  
 There lie between, four thousand woeful years  
 Of human crime, and all devouring death.

Then earth lay beauteous in her prime unstained  
 By sin, or tears or blood. Adam, her lord  
 Reviewed his heritage with grateful joy,  
 And met his lovely bride, heavens richest gift.

Then were we set to guard their nuptial bed,  
 While seraphs sang their hymeneal lay  
 In liquid notes so high, so clear, they seemed  
 Soft echo's from the watching stars above.

Sleep, holy spouses, sleep  
 Fold in chaste embrace.  
 Your angel warders keep  
 Their watch with measured pace  
 And sleepless eyes, around your flowery bed.  
 No peril shall assail  
 The couch of your repose  
 Until the morn unveil  
 Her tints of flame and rose  
 And silent stars retreat, by Venus led.

No Cyprian goddess yours  
 Born of the frothy foam  
 Where stormy Neptune roars  
 With fickle heart to roam;  
 And love's pure flame to foul with brutish lust;

But Vestal, who doth light  
 Her nuptial torch above  
 From heavenly altar bright  
 With God's own fire of love  
 And to one troth doth cleave with changeless trust.

She links her golden chain  
 Between two spirits chaste,  
 Not to be loosed again  
 While soul and being last;  
 Though rounded limbs decay, and sense grow dull.  
 The tie she binds on earth  
 Around these forms of clay  
 Out lasts their spirits birth  
 To realms of endless day,  
 Where human hearts of angels joys are full.

Sleep, saintly lovers, sleep  
 And dream of that fair race,  
 While we your vigils keep,  
 Which born of your embrace  
 With other selves your happy world shall fill.  
 No moping owl shall hoot  
 Or noxious vapor chill;  
 No star malignant shoot  
 To blight with omen ill  
 Your rest secure, or break your slumbers still.

So rest ye blessed pair,  
 Beneath your Father's wing,  
 Until the morning fair  
 New waking pleasures bring  
 Of labors joint by mutual love made light,

Let prayers begin your days  
 And tranquil evenings end  
 With grateful hymns of praise  
 Until your Lord shall send  
 The eternal Sabbath day that hath no night.

So sang the heavenly choir, all the while our hearts  
 In sympathetic gladness echoed back  
 Their benediction. Sweet to us to see  
 O man, thy wedded joys, though strange to us.  
 We know them not, nor care to know their taste.  
 They fit thy nature; ours is higher tuned,  
 To nobler chords of bliss. Then strive to rise  
 From thine to ours, when these corporeal frames  
 Be sublimated by love divine to fit  
 Your spirits use alone.

Gabriel.

Brother right well  
 Hast thou recalled that golden age of earth.  
 Remember ye, how, midst that nuptial watch  
 We saw the specter grim, foreshadowing  
 Disastrous change? Beguiling then as now,  
 The lagging hours, with converse high of God  
 And his last creature man and covenant  
 By one probation to exalt his race  
 In him to sonship: suddenly we knew  
 By deadly chill, or inward shuddering sense,  
 Some power malignant near. Deep silence fell:  
 Each to his neighbor whispered; comrade, hush!  
 When lo! 'Twas Satan's voice! What did he there?  
 Why spoke he thus his secret purposes,  
 His cautious guile betraying? Restless hate,

Spurning his icy prison, made him dare,  
 Adventurous flight, across the void to pass,  
 Revisiting his old inheritances.

He saw the ruin his guilt had wrought repaired,  
 And earth adorned with beauty passing far  
 Her pristine state: With Adam and his spouse  
 Installed successors to his heritage,  
 "Supplanters vile:" his jealous blindness cries,  
 "These upstart things, half spirit yet half beast,  
 "Jehovah's worthless pets, usurp my home  
 "And dwell in bliss unearned, ineffable,  
 "While I, Archangel, victim of his wrath  
 "Capricious, pine in yonder frozen hell,  
 "My present doom, forecasting fiercer woes,  
 "Sole outlook of my immortality."

Thus Satan, while despair and envious rage  
 O'er leaped the checks of cunning, and impelled  
 Rash utterance, betraying his design  
 To unsuspected ears. He learned, alas  
 From our discourse. the Father's plan of love.

His malice saw the chance for his revenge  
 With hellish insight. God, as just as good  
 Must hold the scale of law with level hand.  
 If life is duty's wage; then death is sin's:  
 And that same covenant which knits the life  
 Of Adam's countless seed with his, would work  
 By his default, death for his progeny.  
 Here then saw Satan opportunity  
 To glut his hate immense, though bottomless  
 As hell! To thwart the gracious purposes  
 Of love, eternal, by one secret blow,  
 And wreak on man a vengeance keen as death,

Long as eternity. In future days,  
 A human despot taught in Satan's school,  
 Shall crave that all his realm might have one head,  
 That so a single stroke could slay them all.

This giant crime shall Satan now exceed,  
 As Ocean's drops out count the fountains' spray  
 His earlier feat, one angel to seduce,  
 Mammon or Moloch was a vengeance tame.  
 Now by one act, the innumerable race  
 Of blessed men will he to devils change.  
 Is Adam firmer in the right than he  
 In his estate of primal innocence?  
 Adam hath flesh, and flesh may spirit tempt.  
 He spirit was; no teacher of deceit  
 Was there in all his world to lead astray.  
 Adam shall tempter have, subtle, intent:  
 Yea, that fair Eve, so chaste, submissive and coy,  
 His weaker self, yet next his inmost soul,  
 By her Own charms and his idolatry,  
 May be unwitting partner to his task.  
 Such the fell purpose which appalled our fears.  
 But since full knowledge guides the prudent act,  
 I sent thee, Ithiel to search the ground,  
 What thou didst find declare.

Ithiel.

With stealthy tread  
 I Pierced the leafy wall which fenced the bower  
 Of hymen. Prone on earth the tempter leaned,  
 Like some coiled snake intending mortal stroke.  
 At sight of me he reared his lofty shape  
 Like mountain pine, storm bent, and thunder riven,  
 Reft of its verdant robe, bare and forlorn.

The flesh of youth immortal glowed no more  
 Upon that visage grand, but grand in ruin.  
 Grizzled and weary are usurped its place.  
 Infinite woe, despair, and desperate pride  
 Glared from his eyes, so steadfast, stern and calm;  
 Which once in conscious purity could brook  
 The lightning of Gods look, and best reflect  
 Its tempered glory. Hatred fathomless,  
 Shone in his scowl, greedy of vast revenge,  
 And baffled rage conscious of impotence,  
 Remorseful, yet resolved on hopeless war.  
 "How darest thou" he threatened abject slave  
 "Of yonder tyrant God, to dog my steps?  
 "Caitiff, be gone, but leave thy sacred pledge  
 He'r to divulge my presence to thy mates.  
 "Or to thy Maker lest I smite thee through  
 "With this my spear baptized in Tophet's fire,  
 "Whose touch is death." He spoke as he advanced  
 With brandished weapons cutting circles red  
 Which hissed like jagged lightning, sulphurous fumes  
 Exhaling o'er my head. Reply I gave  
 In voice sedate: "No terror can beset  
 "O Satan, duty's path which innocence  
 "Need dread. The eternal Son I serve, will shield,  
 "Or else will heal my head e'en from thy stroke."  
 The awful name sufficed. His brandished spear  
 Still threatened. But his wavering furtive glance,  
 Stealing askance, betrayed the creeping dread.  
 He dropped his arm; half turned, then slunk away,  
 His face reverted, casting back a scowl  
 Black with defeated spite and cowered rage.



Gabriel.

Horror and anxious dread possessed our souls  
 At Ithiel's report. What thought can gauge  
 This cruel, giant crime? His vantage ground  
 The murderer sees, with devilish insight clear,  
 And he is old, and wise in wicked arts,  
 While man is young. Ten myriad ruined souls  
 Attest the traitors fatal skill. Will man  
 Alone escape? Will he his covenant keep  
 With steadfast fealty? Propitious all,  
 To righteous victory, which God in love  
 And wisdom could provide to fence him round:  
 Man's upright will, his happy solitude,  
 From all associates free; the glorious prize  
 By right obedience won, or forfeit dire.  
 But angles fell, so weaker man may fall

Can naught be done, averting Satan's a plot?  
 This watch, we said, is our appointed task,  
 And strict compliance is our proper part.

This our conclusion. When the dawn appears,  
 Our brother Adiel, who once before  
 Returned, sole messenger, unterrified,  
 Of Satan's earliest treason, shall report  
 In heaven, this new incursion at the dawn,  
 Which terminates our task, while we renew  
 Our vigils with redoubled diligence  
 In swift and ceaseless rounds; so Satan gain  
 No harmful access to the holy pair.

Adiel.

I went on rapid wing, and to the Son  
 Made due report. My faithful servant know,  
 The Three in One well pleased, approve thy Zeal

With this reflection of the Father's love.  
 And therefore doubt not but this pitying care  
 For man in you a bounded stream, in us  
 A flood immense, infolds our earth born son.  
 Nor hath the foes' incursion 'scaped our eyes  
 Omniscient: yea before time was, or man,  
 Angels or worlds. By one eternal thought  
 We see the earliest and the last events  
 Of everlasting years, with a view  
 Clear as the instant fact, foreseeing all,  
 Forgetting none. In Satan's present work  
 God's ear his first adventurous thought perceived  
 His balanced doubt, his hate, his fierce resolve.  
 The all seeing eye beheld him plume his wings  
 For flight across the rayless empty space,  
 His monstrous shape invade the radiant air  
 Which wraps the earth, like as a lowering cloud,  
 Impelled by fiercest winds, obscures the sun  
 And blackens all the plain; so did the fiend  
 Sail on athwart the sun lit hemisphere,  
 To seek his victims in the midnight gloom  
 Antipodal, congenial to his crime.

"This also know: Satanic guile will prove  
 "Too deep for man to fathom. He will yield,  
 "And yielding fall, For such is God's decree,  
 "Permissive, not effective of the sin  
 "Yet is not sin preferred, but over-ruled  
 "For grander ends, far reaching infinite,  
 "Of good to creatures, fruitfulest of praise  
 "To Father, Son and Spirit. Unto which  
 "All sins of man and devils freely done,  
 "Shall bend, co-working by our Providence,

"To yield from evil good. So Shall God's ways  
 "Appear all holy: sin as vain as foul.  
 "Why did creative wisdom, spirits make,  
 "Above the sentient beasts, adorned with gifts  
 "Of reason, conscience, and immortal life?  
 "That they might know superior joys, and pay  
 "More glorious revenue of praise to God.  
 "By Godlike deed, intelligent and free,  
 "The will compelled, no merit can acquire,  
 "Or joy of conscious, righteous blessedness.  
 "Its works disclose but the compeller's mind:  
 "No more like acts of matter, moved by force  
 "It knows not, or of brutes by instinct blind,  
 "Impelled to ends unconscious, unforeseen.  
 "Then God must make man free, with power to choose  
 "The right self moved, but capable of wrong.  
 "But may not God Omnipotent persuade  
 "Without compulsion, souls which He hath made,  
 "And keep them firm, yet free, in duty's path?  
 "Such is the grace which holds the spirits elect,  
 "By love's sweet traction to their happy spheres  
 "Of holiness. This grace might God have given  
 "To man, to angels, yea to all the worlds,  
 "So cavils hell, and so will cavil men  
 "In future days. So sin had been shut out  
 "From all, by guardianship Omnipotent;  
 "And with it misery. So had there been .  
 "A blessed universe as free as blest.  
 "For this, what lacked, except the will divine?  
 "And this bespeaks Him neither wise nor good,  
 "If sovereign. For if good, the mighty woes  
 "Fore seen, had moved Him to prevent the sin.  
 "So insolvent the charge, befitting ill

"The guilty, sole procurers of their loss!  
 "For they at least, can plead no grievance here!  
 "That they were free to do the thing they chose.  
 "After forewarning full, and not constrained.  
 "To choose the part they hate. Restraining grace  
 "Should have pursued them, hedging up their way  
 "From every evil choice? That grace they spurned,  
 "And spurn it still, as bondage most abhorred!  
 "This then, is our offending. What they hate  
 "Was not imposed, the thing they love allowed!  
 "Such cavil were enough to justify  
 "The Father's heaviest judgments. Reasons good,  
 "Deep hidden in unfathomable mines  
 "Of wisdom, which archangels can not sound,  
 "Nor comprehend, if published for their view,  
 "Direct God's purpose. Stint of boundless love  
 "There can not be; for whence all creature's good  
 "In all the world, save from the exhaustless spring  
 "Of love creative? Future years shall show  
 "Of than heaven higher, bright above  
 "The midday sun, God's love is infinite.  
 "Then be it yours with humble faith to trust  
 "And wait the unfolding of the Father's will.  
 "Meanwhile, from every enemy let man  
 "Be guarded, save himself. Renew your watch,  
 "Remembering what your foe."

So spoke the Word.

I winged my rapid flight back to our ward  
 And told the will and prophecy of God.

### Gabriel,

We saw the sad fulfillment but too soon,  
 Our nightly watch for man might none elude;

But cunning set on fire of hell, too keen  
 For creatures wisdom, sought expedients new,  
 Black night, we knew, the fiend had fittest deemed  
 For blacker deed. But now, audacious grown,  
 He chose the day. With coward skill he aimed  
 Against the weaker prize his covert shaft.  
 The woman, guileless, soft, of easier faith,  
 Would yield to guile so flattering and fair.  
 Ambitious then to prove the cherished power,  
 To woman dearest, of her suasive charms  
 On him whose love she prized all else above:  
 She swayed at last the man, with honeyed words,  
 And wreathed smiles, and feigned reproaches, armed  
 With tearful plea. To say her nay would speak  
 Decaying love, and blame unbearable.  
 Befooled, but not deceived, resisting long,  
 Conscience he pleaded, and divine command  
 And then betrayed. So God's best gift he made  
 Pretext of his rebellion, fatal cause  
 Of shame, remorse, and guilt and bitter woe.  
 A lesson then we learned, wholesome but stern,  
 (One, purpose end of God's permissive plan)  
 How sin is bred, death born, in sinless souls.

Mere thought of natural good doth not bring guilt  
 For thought is spirits own prerogative,  
 So made by Him who fashioned them to bear  
 The image of His own intelligence.  
 A source of pleasure seen in thought, suggests  
 The pictured concept possession's joy,  
 Sin not yet born. For God doth not forbid  
 Desire of good, to those whom he hath made  
 Feeling and active: this the righteous rule;  
 We may desire, but not desire amiss.

The wish must not o'er leap the righteous bound,  
 Even in thought: 'tis there the poisoned seed  
 Of sin is sown; its fatal harvest death.  
 Desire, forgetful of the limit Just,  
 Might frailty plead, neglectful must be sin!

But man is finite: memory may sleep,  
 Attention flag in him, the vagrant wish  
 Be Father to the doubting thought, and question raise  
 Since "God is love" hath he prohibited  
 This good to man so sweet? Thus doubt is born  
 And weighs its erring wish against the clear  
 "Thus saith the Lord." Then riseth unbelief,  
 Self will usurps the throne, and man revolts.  
 All this alas! the cunning tempter knew,  
 Taught by his own apostasy too well!  
 He tried his deadly skill. The man he found  
 Able to stand, of falling capable.  
 He listened, lusted, doubted, and transgressed,  
 Beguiled, yet free and conscious of his deed.  
 Had man been brute, he could have stood content  
 With his transgressions: since the nobler state  
 Was his of spirit, moral, rational,  
 Knowing to love the right, the wrong to hate,  
 Content with self was gone; abhorring self,  
 He could but know himself abhorred of God.

What verdict can Omniscient holiness  
 Return, save man 's against himself, more stern  
 As God is greater? Fear and causeless hate,  
 Reciprocal to God's displeasure just,  
 Usurp the place of love. Now dreads he Him,  
 And shuns, self-sundered from the primal source  
 Of holiness; and hating Him hates good;  
 For God is good, no less in hating sin

Than loving right. So man estranged from God  
Began the sure descent whose end is death.

What boots it though his first departure seemed  
To creature's view but small? The vital hold  
On God and right once lost, the downward thrust  
Or light or heavy, must repeat itself,  
Unchecked, until the swift momentum hurls  
The erring soul to death. Gregarious sins  
Come trooping to their home, in growing throngs,  
To fill the heart, and shut out all the good.

### Michael.

Thus breeds disease of soul, children, behold!  
Twice have we seen the seed, the fatal growth,  
The harvest dire, in devils and in men.  
This learn: That blessedness unchangeable  
In mortal safe, from sin and woe secure,  
And selfsustained, belongs to God alone.  
He, who is uncreated, immutable,  
Of wisdom infinite, fixed in the right,  
Eternal, necessary, absolute,  
He only hath the life and can bestow.  
They ever live, whom lie in love elects,  
And keeps by ties of grace as strong as sweet,  
Which knowledge, will and purpose ever right  
Infuses, working lives of righteousness.  
As free as steadfast. He, the central sun  
Of light and blessing, we the planets bound  
By His almighty love in orbits due;  
Else wandering stars, be error self propelled  
To outer darkness and the frosts of death.  
The skies show countless suns, controlling each  
Its shining train: The spirits of all worlds

One sun of light and glory must obey,  
 Jehovah, All in All. The Father's self  
 First spring of deity hath been our guide,  
 Immediate, personal. The day is near  
 Which to all brings dispensation new.  
 The Word, incarnate, whose corporeal part  
 We guard this night, endwed with glorious life,  
 Ascends the Father's throne, meet recompense  
 For Calvary, and reigns deputed Head  
 Of all the worlds, of angels, as of men.  
 For us He shed no sacrificial blood,  
 Nor bare our nature: But His death for men  
 Reveals to us no less, divinest love  
 With holiness and truth, to prove our God  
 Most worthy of our everlasting trust.  
 For He who manifests in brightest beams  
 The Father's hidden glories, best may wear  
 The universal crown. Nor lose we aught  
 Of love in power divine, to guide and keep  
 Our endless life; since all the Father dwells  
 In him incorporate.

· Return we now

To that disastrous day of Adam's sin  
 We saw him as the Judge's sovereign word  
 Dragged him reluctant from his secret lair,  
 Him who before had flown with eager joy  
 To meet his heavenly friend. Now shame and fear  
 With black despair, distort his face and bow  
 His cowering frame, which could before confront  
 The skies, erect in conscience innocence.  
 The woman, fair no longer, shuddering clasped  
 The husband's arm, half spurned and half endured;



Her face close hidden by her wretched arms,  
 And tangled tresses, while each drooping limb  
 Spoke abject misery. Forever gone,  
 With loss of holiness, the sweet accord  
 Of perfect love and faith: With sin arose  
 Mistrust, and mutual doubt, reproaches sour  
 And new born shame. Once clad in lucent robes  
 Of spiritual love and purity, their forms  
 Needed no coarser raiment. Vehicles  
 Henceforth of sin and death, each limb suggests  
 The earth from which it came, and kinship vile  
 Now nearer drawn to beasts and appetite,  
 Each shrinks from each abashed, in this agreed;  
 Some covering to invent: How poor, how mean,  
 Their best resource, those leafy tunics frail,  
 Shriveled and tattered, worthless to conceal,  
 Fit only to accentuate their shame.

Thus stood they, speechless, to receive their meed,  
 Awful but just; he wrapped in desperate gloom,  
 But she, dissolved in tearful floods. Out casts  
 From that dishonored home, from all delights  
 Of ceaseless spring and sunshine, balmy airs  
 And generous fruits, sufficing every want,  
 Unearned by sweet spontaneous, toiless tasks,  
 Forth came they, led to meet a frowning sky,  
 With fickle wintry blasts, and scorching heats;  
 To strive with ravenous beasts, but now their slaves  
 Willing and sportive; from the grudging fields,  
 Sin cursed, to wring, by grinding toil, the food  
 Which should a joyless life sustain; to wait  
 The final doom of death and dust to dust.  
 O doom as vague as dread! When falls its stroke?  
 What unimagined horrors arm its edge?

No man had tried them, nor could teach men how  
 To bear their weight; or if unbearable,  
 No date was fixed to give even respite short:  
 To day, tomorrow, might the Monster spring  
 From any covert, so shall life be fear  
 Perpetual: So shall life prolonged but prove  
 A lengthened fear. And then, as though to bar  
 Return to life and hope, Jehovah set  
 As guardian of the gate, the Cherubim,  
 The mystic emblem of His state, Between,  
 Flamed the Shekinah, soaring to the sky,  
 An awful sword, whose fiery edge for bade  
 The approach of guilt with threat of deadly stroke.  
 Thus crouched the woeful pair. O piteous sight!  
 Twixt them and their lost home Almighty wrath;  
 In front a world inhospitable, bleak,  
 And life, a darkening road, to blackest night.  
 Shall pity dare to question God's award,  
 As heavier than the guilt? Such tempting thought  
 Came knocking at the door: but wiser faith  
 Repelled the treacherous doubt. Praised be our Lord:  
 His wondrous ways to man, our wavering minds  
 Soon cleared, and taught our contrite hearts to know  
 His mercy, as His justice, passing ours,  
 Higher than heaven above the nether earth.  
 For lo! Before the burning Cherubim,  
 An altar built for prayer by God's command,  
 Where man was taught, not cowering now, but cheered  
 By dawning hope, to pour the cleansing blood  
 Of Victims substitute: And holy fire  
 From the Shekinah kindled, sent its clouds  
 Of incense grateful to the answering heavens.  
 What nobler victim, fit to expiate

Man's guilt, foreshadowed here? The answer came  
 In Eve's evangel merciful: Thy seed  
 Shall crush the dragons head, and thus avenge  
 Thy sore defeat, a human sacrifice  
 For human guilt, who conquers by his death,  
 Yet more than man, divinely procreate,  
 Then Son of God and son of earth in one.  
 Justice divine, forbade to break the law  
 Of death for sin: But mercy more divine,  
 Hath found such sacrifice, than worlds more dear,  
 For guilty man's escape. Now Lord we fall  
 Prostrate, adoring, contrite, while we own  
 Thy goodness infinite, beyond the grasp  
 Of our poor thought..

Gabriel.

Thou dost recall in brief,  
 O Prince, these ancient scenes and what they taught,  
 Divine benevolence we know as vast  
 As all His nature, moving all His works,  
 Creative, providential, fountain head  
 Of every native good to all the worlds.  
 As God is love: so, a consuming fire!  
 This learned we, even at Eden's gate, the place  
 Where mercy sweet, its first disclosure had.  
 Jehovah's inner being, spirit pure,  
 August and dread, no creature may be hold  
 With sight direct and live: no thing of sense  
 Can picture. Hence the attempt prohibited  
 By sternest mandate, both to us and men.  
 One essence known to sense imponderous,  
 Consuming, keen, resistless, flame, informed  
 With light, befits to signalize to sense

The present God, himself invisible.  
 E'en as the blinding light at noon, that stood  
 On Sinai's peak, effaced the midday sun,  
 And told Jehovah there: this flaming sword,  
 Guarding the tree of life, bespoke a God  
 In Justice fearful.

We His image bear  
 Of truth and right, inwrought by His own hand.  
 We judge by intuition intimate,  
 And necessary happiness the meed  
 To virtue due, as misery to sin.  
 Can God requite the righteous with His wrath?  
 Or crime with blessing? Dares one urge the plea  
 Of sovereign option? His prerogative  
 To choose injustice, if He please, and make  
 Wrong righteous by caprice Omnipotent?  
 The thought blasphemes: A sovereign He, supreme,  
 Yet holy, changeless; therefore freely bound  
 To right and truth eternal; not with bands  
 Wrought by another will, but His own love  
 Of truth and right, more absolute than fate.  
 But what is wrong? The opposite of right!  
 One central light of righteous reason, then,  
 Single, and not diverse, appraisers both.  
 Its Judgment one not two. If bliss the meed  
 Of service right, then pain the due Of sin:  
 Each bound to each, by equal bond of right.  
 Can God, who must maintain the one, dissolve  
 The other bond, of strength identical?  
 Then can His goodness to the guilty reach,  
 And take the form of mercy? What reply  
 Came from the past? In ancient time we saw  
 The star men call "Lost Pleiad" vanish out

From midst its sisters fair, to shine no more.

The eternal Son, our teacher, showed the cause:  
 The sin with which its dwellers stained its soil.  
 Once and again we saw some errant star  
 Shoot from its sphere, its silver radiance turned  
 To lurid fire and smoke: then disappear.  
 What this catastrophe? Befouled by sin,  
 Of God forsaken, wrecked by inward force  
 Anarchic, they were shattered and exist  
 In blackened fragments, (meteors termed by man)  
 The vagrant rubbish of exploded globes,  
 Cumbering empty space.

Then Satan sinned  
 With all his hosts: Inexorable doom  
 Swift followed the offence, eternal, fixed  
 Forbidding hope, and even the earthly scene  
 Of angel's guilt, was smitten by such wrath  
 As whelmed in chaos all its beauteous state.  
 This then the question, which with hard suspense  
 Perplexed our souls: Is death for sin the law,  
 Inevitable.

Eden's gate replied!  
 For when the weekly round the Sabbath brought,  
 Behold! The Word again commune with man;  
 Instructing him to rear his simple shrine  
 Of stones unhewn, to slay the gentle lamb,  
 And crown the fuel with the bleeding flesh:  
 In meek confession, to the victim slain,  
 Transferring his offense. He with his spouse  
 Kneels the altar's base: when answering fire  
 From the Shekinah, lit the bloody pile,  
 And sent, the offering in flame and smoke.  
 We stood amazed, and questioned; how can this

Man's deadly forfeit expiate, and pay  
 The debt of Justice? Heaven its answer gave!  
 The gates expand, and from the glory stoops  
 The paraclete descending like a dove  
 On gentle wing, and hovering o'er the pair  
 He whispers words of peace. Then hand in hand  
 They seek their holy cot, not cowering now  
 (O blessed change!) with fear and black remorse  
 Like Galilean lake, late tempest torn,  
 Which smoothed, yet throbbing, with a softer pain  
 Reflects in smiles, the evening rays that pierce  
 Retreating clouds, these human faces, greet  
 The opened heavens with looks of contrite peace.  
 Yes mercy meets truth, and righteousness  
 May kiss with peace, in our Jehovah's rule,  
 Our Zerah, swift of wing, was sent to bear  
 The tidings glad to all the heavenly Choirs.  
 Then rose the anthem first, which late we heard  
 In Bethlehem, and waked the farthest spheres  
 To high responses: "Glory be to God  
 On high, good will to men and peace on earth."

### Michael.

Yea mercy dwells in God, but not at cost  
 Of strictest Justice. Sinners may be spared,  
 But never sin. Impartial right forbids,  
 And changeless truth, demanding penal dues.  
 Foundations these, of God's most holy throne  
 But how shall sin meet death, Yet sinners live?  
 The question none could solve, but love divine,  
 By sovereign wisdom guided; this His way;  
 Fit substitute must pay the debt of guilt,  
 The altar this proclaimed to Adam's eyes.

Still sin demands a death, a death is paid,  
Which buys his life and so restores the boon,  
Now mercy's own to give. But whose the life  
Of price so rich, as may the forfeit pay?  
Not blood of soulless beasts, nor reasoning men.  
Both were too mean. The slaughtered lamb can be  
But type to teach the sinner's faith to look  
To truer sacrifice and richer blood,  
But whose? And whence? The woman's seed! Then man,  
Yet more than man. Can faith a promise grasp  
So undefined? Enough that God proclaimed  
The precious pledge. 'Twas his, not man's to find  
Sufficient substitute: man's to receive,  
And trust. Chief glory this and richest boon  
Of such redemption, trait of fullest grace,  
That not the debtor, but the offended God  
Provides the priceless ransom, and bestows  
That gift, as freely as the purchased grace.  
Shall we subject the pledge to human wit?  
God spoke it, that sufficed! 'Twas His to clear  
In His own time and way His grand design.  
There shineth then God's best prerogative:  
From evil good to bring. By angel's sin  
And man's to teach the world his higher ways  
Of justice crowned of grace, unseen before.  
To preach His justice, yonder lifeless world  
To rebel angels' prison of despair,  
Illumines the night with frozen beams, as fair  
And false as Satan's guile. This earth the home  
Of human sin, yet green and bright,  
Sun lit with vital ray of life and warmth,  
And decked with corn and fruits, its dweller's shows  
The prisoners of hope. And mercy sings

In each returning morn, and bounteous gift.

E'er long the time arrived which taught of sin,  
 Another lesson: how its virus flows  
 Persistent, by descent from sire to son.  
 To Eve, a son was born; event unknown  
 In heaven! A spirit new, immortal, springs  
 To being, personal, by strange effect  
 Of power creative, joined to creatures acts:  
 In mode in explicable. Work of God,  
 Yet nature, progeny of men, of race  
 The same inheriting the essence whole,  
 Body and spirit, from his earthly sire:  
 And with them heritage of sin and guilt.

Still can we see the peaceful Sabbath morn  
 When the first mother brought her first born babe,  
 Before the smoking altar, dearest gift  
 Of earth, now to the giver consecrate.  
 Softer than Eden's was the grace that shone  
 On her meek face, not radiant now nor bright  
 With rosy triumph; tamed by recent pain,  
 But beaming with the new found mother's love,  
 And Joy unutterable, tender, deep.  
 Best love that fallen man from Eden brought  
 And nearest heaven's unselfish, pure. She sings  
 In tones, how sweet, how soft, most fit to rise  
 And mingle with the Seraphs', earthen raise,  
 Thus ran the mother's hymn in contrite strains:  
 "Father divine, what state is mine  
 "How proud and yet how dread  
 "By my sharp pain this soul to gain  
 "Of power creative bred?

"My infant child, these eyes so mild,



“Have I informed with light  
 “Which must shine on, when time is gone  
 “And suns are quenched in night.”

“O Father say, shall their sweet ray  
 “Reflect the heavenly light  
 “Or baleful blaze amidst the haze  
 “Of sins eternal blight?”

“For woe is me, that I should be  
 “The channel to bring in,  
 “To this sweet soul the deathly dole  
 “Of his own parents’ sin!

“Lord let thy grace the stain efface  
 From soul of me and mine,  
 Now are we both by sacred troth  
 And blood atoning thine.”

The name her love selected, bespoke her hope.  
 Cain, the man God given! “This is he  
 My promised seed, who shall my woe retrieve,  
 Avenging on the proud Deceiver’s head  
 My shame and loss. His mother’s breasts shall feed,  
 A mother’s care shall train these stalwart limbs,  
 A mother’s faith inspire the mighty soul  
 Which shall the high emprise attain.” Poor heart!  
 Well was it for thy morning’s joy thou hadst  
 Scant prescience then; for other plan was seen,  
 Most needful, best in God’s all seeing eyes,  
 And holy love. A thousand years to Him  
 One day appears; one day a thousand years.  
 The worlds must see and know the curse of sin

Its deadly seeds have space to spring and bear  
 Their horrent crop, through tragic centuries  
 Of woes and crimes and death, e'er the full time  
 Shall come. The man divine the truer seed  
 Of woman rose, and fought the holy war,  
 And conquered hell and death. Tomorrow's dawn  
 Shall see the triumph. Eve's first born must show  
 By God's permissive will to what may grow  
 The evil germs and Cain stood forth, the name  
 For blackest crime.

Too soon the parents saw  
 The evil heritage, self will and pride  
 Deform his growth. He bowed his supple knee  
 Before his father's shrine: his breast bent not  
 But sought the earth in each untamed desire.

Another soul was born, whose infant grace  
 should draw a brother's love and sheltering care.  
 Abel the gentle, Vanity! so named  
 By woeful mother, taught too soon, too clear,  
 How vain her joy from earth born seed.  
 The elder, arrogant in birth right power,  
 His brother mild oppressed, with tyrant rule,  
 In meek forgiveness born nor heeded much  
 His mother's plea, or father's grave rebuke.

At length the weekly round a Sabbath bro't  
 Blest day of rest for man from week day toils,  
 And holy worship. Abel taught of God,  
 Prepares the stated lamb which Cain derides,  
 With reasons, proud but vain, where faith alone  
 Could guide. Dost think the father finds delight  
 In bootless tortures of his creatures dumb  
 And reasonless as innocent? Loves He  
 The fumes of reeking blood? Or is He pleased

To see the flame consume the quivering flesh?  
 Is stench of filthy smoke an incense sweet  
 To heavenly nostrils? Here behold a gift  
 Appropriate, rational, by taste approved!  
 These wheaten spears bending with wealth of corn,  
 This coronal of rose and lily dyed  
 With glories borrowed from the sunset clouds:  
 These purple clusters from the nodding vine,  
 Their ruddy globes with garnered sunbeams rich.  
 Such offerings become the grateful heart  
 Of man, and fatherhood of God, too sweet  
 To curse a wayward child, or vengeance claim,  
 For wayward deeds. Thus Cain, in reason proud,  
 First father of will worshippers.

Then thus

In meek reply spoke Abel: "Brother nay;  
 Since God is sovereign, and our lives by sin  
 Forfeit to Him: Not ours but His to judge  
 What recompense to law, what tasks to Him  
 Are due. All wise, all just, all good is He,  
 Our spirits weak and dimmed by clouds of sin.  
 His precepts to obey, His promises  
 To trust, with simple faith nor question why;  
 This is our beat our sole philosophy."  
 Thus Cain: "Thou pretest much of humble faith  
 And word divine declare. Be it so! Well,  
 Let each his offering rank in order due,  
 Then let the fire decide, or heavenly voice."

Then Cain upreared his altar, richly decked  
 With arts of man's device and ranged his gift,  
 While Abel, on his rustic shrine adorned  
 With sanction of his God alone, arranged  
 The ordered wood and bleeding sacrifices.

Then Abel, prone, besought the favoring sign,  
 While Cain, erect, spread forth self-righteous hands,  
 Like scene we witnessed late in yonder fane,  
 When publican and Pharisee approached  
 The mercy seat. To each like answer came.  
 To Cain the heavens were silent; voice or flame,  
 Or sign was not; but cold and dint repulse.

His gift spoke naught of sin, nor honor due  
 Eternal justice, nor of penitence.  
 But lo! while Abel knelt, the awful sword  
 Bowed down its flaming point and touched his pile  
 With living fire. Up soared the cleansing flame,  
 And cloudy pillar. From the opening sky  
 Messiah looked, and spoke the healing words:  
 "Thy sins are blotted out, thy faith hath saved."  
 With lowering scowl, Cain saw and skulked away,  
 His heart with gall of envious hate imbued.  
 Now Satan found his dwelling garnished, swept,  
 And entered in, With cunning fraud, he taught  
 The guilty heart to seek its cause of grief  
 In Abel, not itself: sweeter to pride  
 This change, than honest self reproof. Thus grew  
 Envy to hate, and hate to fell revenge.  
 Out to a silent vale, where Abel fed  
 His fleecy charge, he dogged his brother's steps,  
 And by a coward stroke he laid him dead.

Then first saw man the ghastly face of death,  
 Their doom appointed, in its horror learned  
 To dread the sin, its source, more than death.

#### Salathiel.

While men stood gazing on the double curse,  
 A brother's mangled corpse, and Cain's remorse,

Than death more tragic; heaven with joy beheld  
 A wonder new, a soul redeemed from sin;  
 A spirit pure, not like the Seraphim  
 Yet not unlike; not one of us, yet fit.  
 For our communion, since the beauteous light  
 Of holiness adorned him, bright as ours:  
 But yet with meekness tempered, and the shade  
 Of deadly grief escaped. And while we ceased  
 Our matin chant, to gaze with loving eyes,  
 Upon the heavenly air there stole a voice  
 Gentle, and soft as ours were strong, and sang  
 An anthem new and strange, we could not sing,  
 Yet welcome as our own in heaven. It told  
 Of guilt redeemed by blood, and sin forgiven:  
 And praise for richer love than angels shared.  
 "Worthy the Lamb for He is slain for me!"  
 The rapturous burden rang. Our colder strains  
 Could echo only half the burning theme.  
 Ere long another voice to Abel's joined,  
 A duel concert made, soon multiplied  
 To many voice'd hymns. There numbers grew  
 Till now they match our legions, and their praise  
 With equal volume fills the heavenly Courts:  
 Distinct yet kindred as they sang the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb. Earth poorer left,  
 By each redeemed soul, enriches heaven,  
 Adding new trophies, of the love immense,  
 And faithfulness, which make the angels bless.

Michael.

Yea brothers, as that double stream rolled on  
 Of sin, and of mankind, a ceaseless flow  
 Of ransomed souls, for forty centuries,

Hath heaven enriched, at first a single drop  
 A slender rill, a swollen current fed  
 By generous rains of grace now shrunk  
 By pinching droughts. Yet shall this blessed stream  
 Become a mighty flood, when Christ shall burst  
 These bands of death, and mount His promised throne.

A shadow dark pursues the shining face  
 Of earth forever, in her ceaseless rounds.  
 And so against this heavenward stream there flows  
 Dread counterpart, the constant tide of death.  
 For Adam could but propagate himself,  
 His fallen image in his fallen sons:  
 How can the streams above their fountains rise?

The justice which condemned the father's sin,  
 Can not the sinful sons condone. So toil  
 And vanity, and death, the father's doom,  
 His progeny must follow: fatal stream  
 As widely flowing as the spreading race.  
 But not in wrath alone this penance falls,  
 Mercy directs its strokes; that man, forewarned,  
 Might shun the paths of death; and foretaste sharp  
 Of bitter fruits of sin might stay their hands  
 Before the poison works its final woe.

So doth the Father fence the paths of sin  
 With warning graves, where death, dread preacher, stands  
 Most wise, most eloquent: and cries "Beware!"  
 Thus shall His righteous rule acquitted stand,  
 Though rebels, self destroyed, refuse his voice,  
 As kind as just. And man's perversity,  
 May fearful caution give to all the worlds,  
 How dire is sin, wresting the creatures will:  
 Stronger than reason, stronger than the fear  
 Of death and wrath Almighty. So the race,

Like, Cain, the first earth born, still spurns the check  
Or sweet or stern, which love or justice rears,  
And held its downward way from unbelief,  
To evil lusts, to blood, and foul desires.  
Vain was the law, the promise, vain the sight  
Of Cherubim, Shekinah, awful guards,  
Barring the way of life, and open graves,  
Perpetual monitors: and vain the pleas  
Of holy sires, Enoch, Methuselah,  
And Noah, sent of God. Yea, vain the flood:  
To extirpate the taint! This mighty wrath  
O'erwhelmed the race, and earth, which they defiled  
In common ruin: Yet the curse survived;  
The scanty remnant it was ours to guard  
Twelve, weary moons, the while their dreary home,  
Their prison, yet their refuge, aimless drove  
O'er watery wastes, the sport of every wind.  
These winds 'twas ours to temper, and restrain  
The rage of Satan fretting them to storms:  
And guide the helmless bark, to destined rest.  
We saw the reverend hire, care worn and pale  
With fearful vigils and with wrestling prayers  
Release His trembling charge, alone of men  
To repossess a dead and silent world,  
Where all was strange. Now mountains, roared aloft  
Their granite peaks, where once was smiling plains  
And silent seas usurped the mountains place.  
No wreck remained to mark the place where Eden bloomed;  
Gone were the Cherubim, the flaming sword,  
The hoary altar, reared by Adam's hands;  
Where through the centuries, repentant men,  
Had met their pardoning God, and seen their pledge  
Of Justice pacified and heaven restored.

No sign remained except the painted bow  
 As unsubstantial as the fleeting cloud,  
 Its fickle seat, to pledge God's covenant  
 And promise peace. Upon the reeking slime  
 The cerement of the buried world, up rose  
 Another altar, work of Noah's hands:  
 Again the victim died, the flowing blood  
 And cleansing flame, Justice and mercy spoke.

Amid this world of death, and by this blood  
 And altar fire, the trembling remnant swore  
 New vows of holy fear and hate of sin.

How long did these endure? Before their sire  
 Laid down his hoary head to final rest,  
 His seed began to stray. The in born stain  
 Bred with their numbers, working filial scorn,  
 Idolatries, and pride and carnal lusts.  
 The holy shrine before lost Eden's gate,  
 Men's meeting place, by God ordained, was gone.  
 Their pride will rear another, consecrate  
 Not to their Lord, but to their power and wealth,  
 That round this center, threatening the skies.  
 Their race shall grow to God, defying might.  
 Vain fools! One lightest touch of power divine,  
 Confounds their wisdom, making each to each  
 An alien, babbling in an unknown tongue  
 And scattering wide their tribes. Each fragment bore  
 Where'er its wanderings led, the evil germs  
 Which, soon forgetting God, with ferment swift  
 Wrought all iniquities. Some less hebetate,  
 Replaced Jehovah by his nobler works,  
 Sun moon and stars: His brighter types of power,  
 Yet false; since they, material, local, dead,  
 If splendid, yet belie His essence true,



Eternal, uncreated, immense, all-wise,  
 Of spiritual being, holy, Just and good.  
 The grosser hordes to fouler deeps descend.  
 Ransacking earth and sea, and air to find,  
 In demon, beast, and reptile, stock or stone,  
 Objects so vile as might incarnate lusts  
 As vile as theirs. And these their recompense.  
 In blacker shame and crimes more brutal found,  
 Like what they worshipped, Lo! the world today  
 Is heathen! Heathen most where shines the light  
 Of boasted arts and letters: putrid most,  
 Where glitters most their phosphorescent slime.

Nor deem my brethren, man has sunk so low  
 For lack of constant witnesses. Truth, despised  
 And lost, hath God with frequent hand restored.  
 These heavens his glory show to every eye,  
 Perpetual preachers. Every earthly work  
 His power eternal and His God head speaks.  
 Nor hath some message more imperative,  
 August, direct from God, been wanting long,  
 By holy seer, avouched by miracle,  
 Or mighty sign, to reassert His truth.  
 The man of Ur, Abram the friend of God,  
 Melchizedek, and Sarah's saintly son  
 Amid the gathering darkness shook the torch  
 Of heavenly truth. Jacob, supplanter base,  
 Now penitent and cleansed, Prince with God,  
 Taught his unwilling hosts, where'er he pitched  
 His wandering tent in Amoritish lands,  
 By altar fires, and Sabbath cult, to know  
 The God they were forgetting. Famine sent  
 The same exemplar, down to Pharaoh's land,  
 And then by awful signs, rebuked the hosts

Of Egypt's bestial Gods. Then Moses spoke,  
 Mightiest of prophets, and the Rod of God  
 Led forth the world resounding Exodus  
 Through parted seas, deserts, and cloven floods,  
 While Sinai's thunders gave to Israel first,  
 through them to all the tribes of men, the Law  
 Republished from the throne. Then Israel,  
 Charged with the oracles of God, was set  
 Midway the nations, the focus of all eyes,  
 The beacon light of South, and East, and North  
 And from His holy mount His fame went forth  
 Where ever commerce sent her swift winged ships,  
 Or caravans, or sages search the lore  
 Of other lands, or vagrant rumor blew  
 Her noisy trump. And loudest on her blast  
 There sounded ever some new prophets words,  
 By God attested with almighty deeds.

Did righteous chastisement for Israel's sins  
 Disperse them captive through the Gentile lands?  
 They bore their holy book and Sabbath rites  
 To every tribe; and if by holy lives  
 They taught not men the right, God's judgment stern  
 Upon His chosen, yet proclaimed His fear.

Did God permit the Chaldean despot's rage  
 To oppress the nations? This His wise design:  
 That' Babel's Monarch, twice constrained by God,  
 Should publish to a subject world, His name,  
 From Dura plain. And then, in chastened age,  
 The mighty monarch humbled by the strokes  
 Of God's several hand, was witness made  
 To our Jehovah: Proclamation made  
 Through every province of His mighty realm.

Our faith commended to a waiting world,  
 From His imperial throne. The hardy Mede  
 Usurped the mighty realm, and swelled its bounds  
 By other kingdoms. This was but to make  
 The open way for Daniel's rule:  
 To make the lions witness for this God,  
 And regal mandates spread through all the world  
 The truth so soon forgotten; God is one,  
 His name Jehovah, Israel His Church.  
 Did "Macedonia's madman" grasp the world?  
 God brought this issue; that a second tongue  
 Should hold God's written word, the common speech  
 Of all men's learning, vehicle of thought  
 Most flexible and nice, to every age.

But sin could show a yet more deadly power.  
 Did it so taint the universal race  
 That God was fain to fence a chosen seed  
 From all the world as guardian of His law  
 And worship, taught by His own awful voice  
 Mid our attendant hosts? Did He recall  
 From heaven the Cherubim and holy fire;  
 And give them back, most sacred trust, to grace,  
 Their sanctuary? Did a ceaseless line  
 Of prophets warn? And did Jehovah strive  
 By blessings and by judgments, to restrain  
 His children's wayward hearts? They also broke  
 Through every band, or soft, or terrible,  
 To foul idolatries, and blackest sins,  
 Out doing pagan crimes. Or did he lash  
 Their sons from idols, by severer stripes?  
 Yet would they wrest his law with cunning gloss  
 Its spirit cast away, and substitute

The hollow forms and rites of man's device.

And such is sin! Disease so deep and dire!  
 The eating cancer of immortal souls  
 Incurable, save by Omnipotence.  
 Oh Brothers, watch and pray. Boast not but lean  
 (Where only safety dwells) on grace divine.  
 And such the wretched fruit of all men's arts,  
 And policies and laws. Triumphant sin  
 Engulfs them all, leaving but shame and death.  
 The fullness of the time hath surely come!  
 Earth calls for her Messiah, by her woes  
 And blank, despair. And blest be God, He comes!

Gabriel.

Our chief, with caution wise, portrays the course  
 Of human sin, a panorama black.  
 As from the night springs dawn, so brightest shines  
 Our Father's glory, from these crimes of man.

When angels fell, this solemn question rose:  
 Can ought reverse the doom of willful guilt?  
 The devil's fate pronounced the stern reply.  
 A Judge immutable, a changeless law,  
 Brook no reversal. Spirits self estranged  
 From God and good, can never wish to seek  
 The grace they only hate. Then man, self-led  
 Rejecting God, choosing the sin He hates,  
 "No hope of mercy has:" Thou, Ithiel  
 Recall that surprise, so sweet so glad,  
 We found, when Abel, first of ransomed men,  
 His entrance won to heaven. Nearer the throne  
 We saw, (what he omitted) Abel's soul  
 By Adiel, his earthly guardian led.

The sinner prostrate fell before his Judge  
 No merit pleading, owning naught but guilt.  
 We watched with pitying wonder; will a judge  
 Infallible, all righteous, contradict  
 His sentence justly found? Will goodness spurn  
 The woeful suppliant? Then on his side  
 Uprose (strange advocate)! the Eternal Word,  
 Pleading the secret covenant, ordained  
 For men's redemption e'er the worlds were made.  
 He promise made of richer recompense  
 For human guilt, than human death could pay.  
 He pardon begged. The Father smiled assent  
 And at that smile, as when the risen sun  
 Succeeds Aurora's blush, more gladsome light  
 Flashed o'er the heavenly courts. There at, our choirs  
 Can tune our harps afresh: but Silent struck,  
 By Abel's lowlier strain, we listening Stood,  
 To learn his wondrous song,

In clearer light,  
 The mystery of Three in One we saw,  
 Long known in heaven, in essence one, yet three  
 In person, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 How shall the God, the Word, such mercy feel,  
 For guilty men, whom God the Judge, abhors?  
 How shall the son, the sinners' substitute  
 Such love conceive, where His own wrath should burn  
 As doth the Father's, prompting doom condign?  
 Shall there be schism in the Triune one?  
 This paradox, the threefold unity,  
 Makes possible. The substance infinite  
 Immense, inscrutable by creature minds;  
 Of manifold subsistence capable  
 Beyond imagining of angels thoughts,

Infolds inseparable, yet distinct,  
 The sacred Three. Not nominal their parts,  
 But true, eternal, permanent. So each  
 With each concurs, by acts reciprocal  
 And common counsels, to their several shares  
 In one design. Even thou, exalted chief,  
 Our Michael; thou dost but apprehend,  
 Not comprehend this truth. The creatures span  
 May compass finite things, but not include  
 The infinite. The human foot can touch  
 The oceans brink, the human eye can see  
 No further shore; And by its vastness know  
 The sea most real, present, substantive,  
 Beyond all lesser floods, But neither eye  
 Nor thought of man may search its vast abyss,  
 Or know what wondrous life, or priceless gems  
 Its caves unfathomed hide. We see God's works,  
 Perceive their plans, and bright beginnings track  
 Of lines of thought divine, which gave them form  
 And powers real, pulsing in their acts:  
 But whence these powers come, and whither lead  
 Those lines of light, our wisest can not find,  
 Shall God be smaller than His smallest work?  
 Can we, to whom His works are mysteries,  
 His' being's deeper secrets comprehend?  
 No parallel illustrates this abyss  
 Of being, whether sought from star or sun,  
 Or man, or angel, or their thought or will.

None may with God compare. His noblest work  
 A spirit rational, His image bears,  
 But as the dew drop, tiny orb, which hangs  
 At dawn upon the trembling spray, reflects  
 In lines minute and scant, the lofty sphere

And glories of the sky. He dwells apart  
 Unique. To His subsistence naught is like.  
 Vain all imaginings, comparisons.  
 To, help the creatures thought to climb  
 To pathless heights. All explanation fails.  
 But here the sacred Three in One are seen  
 No barren mystery. From it depends  
 Redemption's wondrous chain. This, unexplained,  
 Explains all providence, and shows our God,  
 Consummate, all sufficient to himself  
 As to His universal kingdom's well.

### Salathiel.

Brethren, four thousand years our eyes have watched.  
 This slow unfolding of redemption's plan,  
 By prophets hinted in deep oracles.  
 Which they could not interpret. First we heard  
 What time the Lord expelled the guilty pair  
 From Paradise, the promise spoken, dark,  
 But full of meaning; that the woman's seed  
 Should bruise the serpents head; one ray of hope  
 Lighting what else had been despairing night.  
 But what this seed? To man not Eve belonged  
 Paternity. Shall Adam have no share  
 In this strange progeny? Then can he share  
 The righteous conquest and deliverance?  
 She who was first in sin, must share the taint  
 Of sin's disease: How shall she not convey  
 To this her seed, the fatal heritage?  
 When man was strong in righteousness, he fell  
 Before the Dragon's wiles; when man is weak,  
 Fearful and vile, despoiled of heavenly arms,  
 How shall he crush his mighty conqueror?

The answer passed our wisdom; God must be  
 His own interpreter. One blessed truth,  
 And one alone we learned; that man's defeat  
 Shall be retrieved, and Satan's crime avenged.  
 By whom, or how, or when, we saw not yet,  
 But farther light with ransomed Abel came.  
 Behold! the Daysman is the eternal son!  
 O glorious plan; But with the glory rose  
 New wonder. Him we hear engage to pay  
 Full recompense for Guilt. Its price is death?  
 How shall the Godhead die? But He is God!  
 The altar victim and avenging flame  
 We saw at Eden's gate, and down the years  
 Have seen, where'er sinners, pardon sought,  
 The culprits hands imposed upon the heads  
 Of harmless lambs, the human guilt transferred.  
 The answering stroke of death, the truth made clear  
 That pardon comes not by law's disgrace  
 But through vicarious payment of its dues.  
 Who is that victim? Abel's advocate?  
 Amazing thought, can sufferings assail  
 Omnipotence and changeless blessedness?  
 Can love so vast, for hateful enemies  
 Find place, even in infinitude itself?  
 Or can the stroke of Justice reach the life  
 Of him who is to all life's fountain head?

### Michael.

Well hast thou painted, Brother, our suspense:  
 No finite wisdom, could the answer give.  
 'Twas ours to wait and trust, through ages long,  
 Each faintest doubt forbid, assured that God  
 Would make His secret plain. No easy task



Of patient faith, and filial confidence.  
 So holds the heavenly state of equal worth  
 And prime necessity, this humble grace,  
 By which the ransomed sinner lives below.  
 The coming morn shall bring our full reward,  
 When our incarnate Lord shall burst the bonds  
 Of death for sinners borne: and all the worlds  
 Shall read the secret, hidden from of old.

Gabriel.

Yes Chief, now four and thirty years ago  
 As men count time, our God began to unroll  
 To my adoring eye, this deep design.  
 Mine was the task, thou knowest, to convey  
 Her charge to one, daughter of Eve elect  
 To be the mother of the promised seed.  
 For now get we the keys which might unlock  
 The mystery: Messiah, Prophet, Priest  
 And king supreme, the angel of God's face,  
 The bleeding Lamb, the almighty Prince of peace,  
 Should be both man and God in natures two  
 In person one; His human nature born  
 Of human virgin; the divine, unborn  
 Of earthly source, Eternal progeny  
 Of God the Father, by mysterious birth:  
 He to himself subsumes the human part  
 In union personal, dissolved no more.

Thou knowest, Chief, my mission, strange to find  
 The chosen virgin in the humblest home  
 Of Galilee despised, in Nazareth,  
 On craggy shoulder set, of stony ridge,  
 From fertile plains detached; and there to seek

A maiden peasant born, of lowliest state,  
 Although of David's line. Had creatures thought  
 Election made for this high ministry  
 Their herald had the proudest palace sought  
 And for the mother found an Empress-queen,  
 The flower of all united Dynasties  
 Of earthly realms. And all their thronging hosts  
 Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greek,  
 Egyptian, Roman, and from farthest India  
 And Scythian wilds, had called barbaric hordes  
 To wage the mighty war, which should enthrone  
 Messiah King of nations. On that throne  
 Had blazed the wealth of Ophir, and the spoils  
 Of far Tarshish, with the priceless gems  
 Of Chalcedon and Sardis. Satan thus,  
 When he essayed to tempt the Christ, misjudged.  
 If from, the mountain top the coming king  
 Beholds all kingdoms, with their glories spread  
 Before His feet, to be His own by gift  
 Of their usurping despot, Christ must see  
 That here and here alone, the powers are found  
 To win the royal prize. But to our God  
 The creature's wisdom is but foolishness.  
 He chose the weakest things to bring to naught  
 The might of earth. His kingdom spiritual  
 Needeth no earthly arms. By truth and love  
 The Prince of Peace must all His triumphs win.  
 Thus to the lowliest of the lowly Nazareth  
 My mission bore. The shepherd maids at morn  
 To pasture led their flocks: the smallest hers.

She turned aside, as was her wont, to pay  
 Her morning orisons, a bosky grove  
 Her simple shrine, the walls the leafy boughs,

Its dome the sky. In peasant garb she knelt  
 Fronting the morning light with face as pure,  
 As chaste and trustful as an infants smile:  
 And whispered praise and prayer for needed grace  
 Her humble tasks to do, as in God's sights,  
 Pleading as merit, Israel's promised hope.  
 Thus spoke I; "Hail! of woman thou most blest,"  
 She heard, and as the luster of my raiment flashed  
 Above the sunlight, fear, amazement, awe  
 Her features blanched, while I my message said.  
 "Daughter of David, hail! chosen of God  
 "To bear the conquering Seed, so long desired:  
 "To be the second mother of mankind.  
 "A greater Eve whose first born, unlike hers,  
 "Shall save, not slay; the greater Joshua,  
 "Delivered from sin, who, David's throne  
 "Exalted high, shall fill for evermore."  
 She trembling answered: "What this greeting strange?  
 "How can this be to me, a virgin poor?"  
 "No mortal husband shall thine honor share,  
 "Thy spouse the Holy Ghost, whose power supreme,  
 Creative, shall His holy nature form  
 "Within thee, (tainted else, with human sin.)"  
 Astonished, sore, she heard in pale affright,  
 Then blushed with virgin shame. Then saw I dawn  
 Upon her face submiss, the light of faith  
 And contrite trust. Prone of the sword she cried:  
 "Behold, thy handmaid Lord! Be it to me  
 "According to thy will." And thus it was  
 From sinful mother, came the sinless Son.  
 From human birth, the Son of God begot.  
 She with her sinning sisters knelt to him,  
 Her bosom bore, and from His sovereign hand

Pardon received, the suppliant of His grace.

Michael.

Yea Gabriel, thou dost describe aright  
 The sacred secret: What the woman's seed?  
 To deep for angels' minds; for sinful man's  
 Yet more, inscrutable. Our task has been  
 Through these long centuries, to minister  
 To men elect, who share the rescue pledged  
 In Satan's promised fall. On all alike  
 The mystery weighed; as we in sympathy  
 Sustained its lesser burden. Abram thus  
 Wondered, while he believed, what time the Lord  
 In awful vision ratified His vow  
 On Hebron's darkened plain, that in his Seed  
 Should every tribe of all the earth be blessed.  
 What meaneth this? The race that from his loins  
 Should spring? Does it foretell a nations' task  
 To rule by arms or arts, and so confer  
 On peoples subject, peace and righteous laws?  
 Or spoke the Lord of one; some greater Son,  
 Of all his race supreme, whose single arm  
 Should their deliverance bring? The sire must wait  
 For distant future years, and other voice  
 Of Seer inspired, to read the promise right.  
 With docile trust the Patriarch must grasp  
 The covenant unexplained: This only clear;  
 The Lord who speaks, is faithful. Such the faith  
 Which justified his soul and made his grace,  
 Exemplar fit for all the justified.

So, on that day, august, when Sinai's peak  
 Mid cloud and flame became Messiah's throne,

'Twas mine to rank our circling legions round,  
 A royal guard. We saw Him give His laws  
 To Israel's Chief, ordaining holy rites  
 Perpetual, of daily smoking fires,  
 And sprinkled blood. The universal rule  
 Was fixed; by sacrifice alone may man  
 With guilt oppressed; dare to approach the throne;  
 One lesson clear revealing; only blood  
 Could buy remission. Whose the blood so rich  
 As may the awful forfeit pay? Not that  
 Of lambs, or bullocks dumb; this is too cheap,  
 Whence comes the sacrifice of nobler name  
 And richer blood, which can the ransom pay?  
 The only answer that which Abram spoke,  
 Unknowing, yet believing, as he climbed  
 Moriah's steep, his soul with anguish wrung:  
 Jehovah will provide the sacrifice,  
 Enough for docile faith.

But down the line  
 Of future prophets, points of light awoke,  
 First dim, then brighter, signaling the dawn  
 Of fuller day. From David's royal blood  
 Should rise the greater king. Isaiah's lips,  
 We saw by Seraphs' touched with living fire.

Thence forth he chants his lyric, strange and high;  
 The lowly child foretelling, virgin born  
 Yet wondrous titles owning, "Counselor,  
 The mighty God, Father of endless days  
 And Prince of Peace." In sadder strains he sang  
 Of Israel's Prince divine, despised, contemned,  
 Rejected of His own, a royal priest,  
 Himself, the victim of His sacrifice.  
 Dishonored, slain, yet conquering by defeat;

Who dying, killeth death; triumphing King,  
 With everlasting glories recompensed  
 For woes unspeakable. Thus, Gabriel,  
 We saw on mission sent to Babylon,  
 To Judah's captive Seer, that thou to him  
 The epoch might tell, of old ordained,  
 To end the long delay, Messiah crown,  
 And consummate the sacrifice, and buy  
 For all the saints, eternal righteousness.  
 That God inspired the words, the prophet knew,  
 But knew not all their meaning. Mighty woes  
 They spoke, and mightier glories following,  
 But how, they knew not, this the study deep  
 Which long their souls engaged, and now absorbs  
 Their holy thoughts, as from their happy seats  
 They watch this lower scene. With eager heart,  
 We share their vigils. Soon the dawn will bring  
 To them, to us, the blest solution full.

### Gabriel.

Another question doth perplex my thought.  
 "'Tis not by whom the pardon shall be brought,  
 But rather this: Is sin remissible?  
 Can guilt be severed from its penalty,  
 By any power? Or is the fatal tie  
 Immutable as He who placed it there?  
 In our debates, this question hath been raised.  
 The law of death for sin, we heard, and saw  
 Its stern effect on Satan and his hosts,  
 For whom no pardon waits. Gainst man we saw  
 The same decree enforced: as all have sinned  
 So death hath passed on all. But though escaped  
 Of all the teeming generations born.

Justice and truth in God, opposing stand,  
 If changeless they in God, the doom they speak  
 Must changeless stand.

Salathiel.

Thus angels, who from near  
 Behold the awful Judge. But we have heard  
 The glozing talk of men; in love with sin,  
 Who cheat their souls with after arguments.  
 "God saith that He is love, His nature whole  
 "In thus expressed. Goodness the orb complete,  
 "Of His perfections, filling all the disc,  
 "No segment partial, of His essence mixed,  
 "And yielding larger space to attributes  
 "Of justice and of wrath. These naught but shapes  
 "Which love assumes, when wisdom politic  
 "For man's own benefit must fain disguise  
 "Its face with look severe, by which to warn  
 "Its children from their harm. So, penalty  
 "Is naught but kindness masked; as when disease  
 "Threatens the tender mothers' charge, in love  
 "She pressed to their lips the nauseous draft.  
 No pain, save that remedial, can proceed  
 From God's benignant hand."

"Let nature speak"

They cry! "The radiant sky and smiling earth  
 "Combine their genial wealth of dew and rain,  
 "Of light and warmth, of seed and flower and fruits  
 "For man's behalf. God made the earth and sky,  
 "Made them for children whom He sinful knew.  
 "Their sin does not His righteous wrath provoke.  
 "Does sin incur dumb nature's penalty?

"She gives the remedy of native ills  
 "In herb and fruit medicinal, which speak  
 "A discipline of mercy, not of wrath."

"Behold a mother's heart informed with love  
 "Nearest to that of heaven: reflection blest  
 "Of the eternal father's: She can see  
 "Her offspring's sin and chasten, but in love;  
 "To save and not destroy. Can creatures be  
 "Better than He who taught them all their love?

"The finite man can work but finite guilt.  
 "If vengeance endless, then the aggregate  
 "Of penal woe immense! Will righteous wrath  
 "Forgetting due proportion, measure out  
 "A vengeance infinite for puny sins?"  
 Such Prince, the cunning plea we overhear  
 From men of sin enamoured, full of self,  
 Blind to the rights of God. They deem themselves  
 The philanthropic, mild and merciful:  
 God's faithful heralds, harsh, malignant, full  
 Of pride and hate. And thus they echo back  
 Old Satan's lie: "Ye shall not surely die."  
 Which their first parents cheated and bro't in  
 This death and all their children's' misery.

#### Michael.

Alas, their wish is father to their thought.  
 Their guileful plea, like Satan's sayest thou  
 Salathiel! Nay 'tis the same, and taught  
 By that Deceiver. Thence your measure take  
 Of his abyss of guile. His own despair  
 Refutes his words, the while his mouth



Asserts them. Sin hath slain his guilty soul  
 With everlasting death, he knoweth well  
 In every doleful thought, even while he saith  
 Sin can not kill! The rather should he cry:  
 "Behold in me, the contradiction dire  
 Omen of guilty hope." The God of love  
 Can not destroy His child, but only scourge  
 For His amendment, with strokes of love?

He was his child, of creatures earliest born,  
 Save one and beat beloved. Him God destroys  
 With death eternal! Only strokes of love,  
 Remedial can descend from Father's hands?  
 What remedy in full despair, or balm  
 For wounds of sin, in fires of desperate hate?  
 His is no pain medicinal. It kills,  
 Not heals. It vengeance means, not pardoning love.

Does Nature always smile? And doth she naught,  
 But, from her skirts shed luscious fruits  
 And balmy airs, her petted sons to bless?  
 Poor, silly men forget her sterner moods;  
 Her tempest's rage, o'erwhelming their abodes  
 In sudden wreck, and dashing navies proud  
 To swift destruction; winters pinching grip,  
 And arid wastes, parched by scorching suns  
 If smiling, temperate plains God's pledge  
 To sinning dwellers, what the lesson told  
 By Arctic continents, ice ribbed and vast  
 Whose nights are months, whose days are ghastly, gleam  
 Sufficing only to reveal the reign  
 Of frozen death? These surely, wrath reveal  
 More loudly than the summer vales bespeak  
 The Makers blessing. "Earth was made for men?"

For Holy man, new-made! which Satan's sin  
 Had into chaos cursed; its ancient form!  
 And now for sins of men, 'tis cursed anew,  
 With partial blight. Why doth a remnant smile  
 With mixed uncertain charms? Because the Christ  
 Whom unbelief discards, will cleanse its guilt  
 With blood divine, and respite buy for men.  
 Yet Nature's remedies but heal in part:  
 The curse o'er spreads, hath she a sovereign balm  
 For leprosy? For palsy? Sin hath bred  
 In mortal veins the taints no healing herb  
 Of Arabia the blest, or spicy Indy  
 May expurgate. There is no cure for death!  
 And death irremediable, absolute,  
 Claims all at last; this death, the doom of sin.  
 This then, the final fact: are respites given?  
 Is sickness stayed; sin's penalties retrieved  
 By penitent reform? A little while!  
 Then exit guilty man, in death's dread clutch.  
 The grim executor of wrath drags out  
 The guilty souls, last seen at dungeon door.  
 Then all is silent! Mortals hear no more  
 From nature's voice. What sign of pardon here?  
 Respite short, is all the promise,  
 Yielding, too soon, to the recurrent doom,

Our "God is love," "He is consuming fire;"  
 And "God is light," Three equal postulates  
 Each valid, stand express in holy writ.

Shall one so teach as to expunge the rest?  
 Which one: shall God be kindness only, blind  
 Inequitable? Or shall wrath alone  
 Be His whole essence, merciless and mad?

Or is He cold intelligence, devoid  
 Of heart, of love, to various merit dead?  
 Not mine the impious thoughts! Let us beware  
 Nor dare exalt the one, degrade the rest  
 Of equal attributes, essential all.  
 Not by extinction of all principles  
 Save one, His unity of will subsists;  
 But by the harmony of all; and most,  
 By holiness, consummate of the whole.  
 Justice and judgment are foundations chief  
 Of our Jehovah's throne! all creatures' joy.  
 Our God is love; all glory to his name!  
 But love is two fold; Which supreme in God?  
 The love of simple kindness, satisfied  
 With mere enjoyment in its objects loved?  
 If this is all of love in God, He sinks  
 From end to means, from Lord to minister.  
 No longer sovereign Ruler, wise and just,  
 But parent soft and weak his children's sport.  
 There is another love, (and this is God's)  
 In virtue which delights, admires the right"  
 And joys to give to merit its reward.  
 This nobler love inclusive of the first,  
 Guiding its blinder impulses, is God's.  
 Is righteousness most lovely? Who gainsays,  
 Himself declares unrighteous. Then to love,  
 With warmth supreme the good, is best in God.  
 Then He must hate the evil! As the East  
 Implies the West, the North contrasts South,  
 So love of goodness must involve the hate  
 Of ill, its opposite. Not two, but one  
 The blest perfection, central, equal, poised,  
 Directing both the hatred and the love.

Who feels the one feels both, who does not hate  
 Unrighteousness is dead to virtues claim.  
 What is this bond which ties reward and worth?  
 Caprice, or wanton choice, at will revoked?  
 Or obligation fixed by Reason's voice?  
 Ye caviling men decide! Should God refuse  
 To holy deeds the promised recompense  
 Or pay the good with evil; highest heaven  
 Would hear your clamor! Justice you would plead;  
 And rightfully; The covenanted tie  
 Of worth and welfare, stands impregnable;  
 In God's perfection necessary, fixed,  
 Changeless as He. Once let that bond be broke,  
 God is dishonored, justice quits the throne,  
 Farewell to faith and hope. The dismal pall  
 Of doubt and fear makes midnight o'er the worlds.  
 Almighty power by justice fell restrained  
 Would hold all destinies, no virtues safe,  
 No crime held back by retribution sure.  
 Wherein is such a rule less terrible,  
 Than brute, mechanic force, earthquake or storm?  
 The storm is blind? Therefore may smite the just?  
 And therefore too, may strike in empty space,  
 But if unprincipled omnipotence  
 Rule all, omniscience may but guide its stroke,  
 With surer aim to crush the good. 'Tis right,  
 Not force, which rules the world, praised be the Lord.  
 But wrong is opposite of right, and so,  
 Hatred of wrong the needful complement  
 Of love for good. One tie immovable  
 Involves them both. Therefore the just decree  
 Of death for sin must stand inviolate  
 Beside His pledge of life for holiness

Else truth and justice fall; foundations sole  
Of God's eternal throne.

Ithiel.

We this perceive  
O Teacher, creatures, who the law transgress  
And know themselves imperiled by their guilt  
Grow blind at once to God's superior rights.  
Is it that selfishness, and guilty fear  
Usurping Reason's place, so warp their thoughts,  
That they invert creations ends and set  
The last for first, man in the seat of God?  
To their impunity they all would wrest;  
God's rights must truckle, that they may 'scape  
The pains which they deserve! Would they explain  
Wherefore the God of love and sovereign will  
Doth on the creatures of his hand inflict  
The penalties they feel? The interests  
Of creatures, not creator, must supply  
The cause and source. Only that souls diseased  
By sins infection, may be medicined,  
And rescued thus from pain. Or wholesome fear  
Aroused by threats, like beacon lights set up  
Along the paths of sin, may cry: "Beware!"  
So guarding careless souls for their behoove;  
The sinners good, sole aim! Truly thou saidst:  
If this the whole, or chief, in God's design,  
Then Man is virtual God: Jehovah serves;  
Willing and splendid servitor indeed,  
But still subordinate. These thoughts suffice  
If God is love, wise and omnipotent,  
And all His ends are kindness, He must choose  
The softest remedy for sins disease.

And this not pain, but grace! Almighty power  
 Can warm, and purify most wayward souls  
 By sovereign touch of influence spiritual,  
 And keep in paths of perfect right and bliss.  
 Else were no heaven possible for us,  
 For ransomed men! For these no pangs endure,  
 'Tis grace, not pain, which leads our feet from ways  
 Of sin to safety. Yet the souls elect  
 Are kept secure forever. Mother's love,  
 They say, will force upon her ailing child  
 The healing drug. But could her potent word  
 Speak health into its veins, without a pang,  
 Would love prefer the bitter, drastic, draught.  
 But is God blind? Can He not count results?  
 All mortals drink the cup of penal woe;  
 How few are healed? Uncertain is the cure;  
 In hell, most impotent! But grace is sure;  
 Its work as painless as omnipotent.

Why doth the Lord prefer the cure which stings  
 Yet fails, to that which sweetly surely heals?

Michael.

Thy question, Brother, ends the vain debate.  
 Blind men of faith bereft, by self engrossed,  
 Know not our God. Themselves they rate so large  
 As fit to be the end supreme of all!  
 We know them insects, mites, beside their Lord,  
 For we have seen Him with unveiled eyes  
 In heavenly light. And while angelic minds  
 His glory compass but in little part,  
 Leaving unknown, expansive, infinite  
 Of being and of glory past our ken;

We see His majesty so high, so vast,  
 Creations mighty whole is dwarfed and mean,  
 When measured with its God. We know proud man  
 Set 'gainst the glory of Jehovah's face,  
 Would shrink and shrivel as a forest leaf  
 Set in the burning disk of yonder sun.  
 He source of all, giver of all their power,  
 Proprietor of all in right complete,  
 Is worthiest end; since all for Him were made,  
 Not He for them. Eternal ages rolled  
 Uncounted, while the worlds were not; and He  
 Sufficient to himself, abode alone.  
 Then only in himself were found the springs  
 Of all His will. Unchangeable, He stands  
 Through His eternity. What first He was,  
 That He abides today and evermore,  
 In thought and purpose. What His actions prompt  
 Today, the same remains with that which moved  
 His sovereign will, when other agent none,  
 Or object was in all immensity,  
 To think or choose, or to elicit choice.  
 As then both from and for Himself He chose,  
 So doth He now; His glory His chief end.

But what this glory! Not the selfish joy  
 Of lusts resistless, sated at the cost  
 Of others miseries and welfare just.  
 His glory this: the satisfaction due  
 Of all His attributes, imbalance just:  
 Of boundless love, as of his righteousness,  
 Of goodness, as of wisdom, truth and power.  
 They foully err, who separate these ends,  
 His glory personal: the creature's good;

And set them opposite, as though the one  
 Could gain but by the others injury.  
 The interests stand not rival but conjunct.  
 God is the source of all; the creatures find  
 Their blessedness in Him, not in the strife  
 Of selfish wills opposed; but harmony  
 Of ours to Gods. When we His glory serve,  
 We gain our good supreme. Would he display  
 His brightest honor? This His creatures bliss  
 Doth beat proclaim. Their good His glory speaks,  
 His glory sure foundation for their good.  
 Since God is Love, the kingdom which reflects  
 His love, His highest honor must reflect;  
 Where shineth most that love? Where holiness  
 And happiness completed union make.

But since the bond of guilt and penalty  
 Is fixed as God's perfection, this alone  
 Remains for question: May the sinner find  
 Remission, while the sin receives its due  
 Of fatal vengeance? This the problem hard!  
 Too deep for angels' wit and angels' rights.  
 Our thoughts can find no means: authority  
 Is none in us, to touch the sovereign rights  
 Of law divine. This only way appears:  
 Infinite thought may find the substitute,  
 And sovereign right accept; that so the guilt  
 May have vicarious payment, guilty man  
 His doom escape.

### Adiel.

Most wise the thought, O Chief,  
 But where shall equal substitute be found,



To bear the mighty lead of human sin?  
 These thoughts perplex: He must himself possess  
 A perfect righteousness, who payment makes  
 For other's guilt. The sinful advocate  
 Provokes, does not propitiate the wrath  
 To every sinner due. He can not pay  
 Another's debt, who penalty exhausts  
 His total powers and being. Bankrupt left  
 By his own sins, he can no surety be.  
 But if the just one dies to save the vile,  
 Though justice gain her dues, benevolence  
 Sees no advantage: what in one is gained  
 Is in the other lost; no less remains  
 Of sin and woe. The servant who would pay  
 His fellow's must offer of his own,  
 Not of the master's wealth, for ransom-price,  
 Else is he thief and not deliverer!  
 What creature owns himself? Not thou, O chief;  
 Archangel as thou art; thy being whole,  
 And utmost service are possession clear  
 Of thy Creator, subject to His will.

Then where in creature ranks, shall he be found  
 With right invested to lay down his life  
 And to resume at will? To God alone  
 The uncreated sovereign, it belongs.

Dares our presumptuous thought to soar so, high?  
 And seek amidst the awful Triune Three  
 The only ransom meet? And yet unmeet!  
 They can not die! But death alone can pay  
 Sin's forfeit. Only by the free consent  
 Of him who pays, could justice claim her debt  
 The righteous Judge could never wrest the life  
 Purchased by duty done from subject soul

Against his will. Else were the covenant  
 Of death for sin, life for obedience,  
 Deceitful found? But who would freely choose  
 A curse so foul, so dire? Could I? Could you my Brethren?

### My Brethren

Bid farewell to life and hope  
 Electing endless woe and fell despair  
 Forever more, that guilty men might live?  
 You shudder and recoil. Who then remains,  
 We trembling ask? Will God the Maker die  
 For man, the creatures' sin? Audacious thought!  
 Will Majesty divine, descend so low  
 To, rescue men so vile? Here ends our quest,  
 Must hope end here? And is the cost too dear  
 Of man's redemption?

### Michael.

Yes no hope is left,  
 Save in the incarnate mystery; the birth  
 Of God In human flesh, as Gabriel told.  
 The Godman all requirements fulfil,  
 His dual nature every question solve.  
 Conceived in holiness, and sinless born,  
 By birth the heir of all things, needing naught  
 Of service, His adoption to secure,  
 Perfect in life, He dies the very death  
 Denounced 'gainst human sin: And thus presents  
 Not for Himself, but men, the payment full  
 Of all the laws demands. Lord of himself  
 By right divine, with option free and full,  
 He pays the mighty price; and thus no wrong  
 Is wrought His right of innocence wit

What He so freely gives, with sovereign right,  
Surely the Judge may take, without offence  
To justice. Satisfaction full is made  
For broken law. The very penalty  
Due for transgression, death corporeal  
And spiritual is paid: paid with a life  
Of worth more infinite, than all the souls  
Made forfeit by their guilt, in earth and heaven,  
Because the life of God, author of life,  
Proprietor, whose holiness outcries  
All creatures' worth conjoined; as yonder sun  
Out shines the glow worm's spark,  
Whose being over weighs all natures realms,  
As ocean doth the drops, the transient cloud  
Hath borrowed from his store. Let every groan  
Of every angel damned, and every soul  
Of teeming earth, wrung by eternal pains  
From all hells multitudes, through endless years,  
Combine to raise one threnody of woe;  
These slighter recompense for sin would make  
Than that one cry, the dying God gave forth,  
From yonder cursed cross. It rent the earth,  
And turned the sun to blackness, burst the tombs  
And death led captive. God can never, die?  
Most true! Yet yonder murderous throng  
The Prince of life did slay. The man could die  
In whom the Godhead dwelt incorporate,  
And personal! Investing thus his deeds  
And penal woes with worth and Power divine.  
O glorious thought! Death can not hold his God;  
One brief eclipse of life he freely bears,  
(One death of God sufficing to redeem  
All from eternal death) then spurns the chains

Triumphant e'er the grave, and life resumes:  
 Enriched with fuller glories of His grieves.  
 Here is no loss of better life for worse,  
 But perfect gain, the risen Christ restored  
 With ransomed hosts, once lost, whose bliss shall swell  
 His glory higher than His primal state.  
 O depth and breadth, and height, of God's design,  
 Surpassing creature's thought. O love immense,  
 (Exceeding love of angels;) which could stoop  
 To bear the cursed lead of sinners' woe,  
 Whence we, with shuddering awe, recoiled! Hail then  
 Thou rising Christ; in thee shall shine  
 All brightest rays of wisdom, love and power,  
 The Father's glorious crown, to endless years.

Salathiel.

The approaching morn shall hail Him King of death.  
 The heavenly hosts, who found their proudest joy  
 In heralding His earthly birth shall sing  
 With prouder raptures, coronation hymns,  
 To heaven's enthroned king. He will arise:  
 Not with that visage marred by toil and strife  
 Which last we saw Him wear, but clad in light.  
 The Godhead's glory shall irradiate  
 His human form, as on the sacred mount,  
 When Moses and Elijah left their seats  
 In heaven, conveyed by us, to meet their Lord  
 In Galilee. As then His raiment shone  
 With light unbearable; His visage like the sun  
 In his meridian strength; so shall our King  
 Hereafter walk this earth, which late he trod  
 In grief, and watered with His bloody sweat.  
 In glories terrible. And may not we

His train compose? Our presence erst unseen  
 By mortal eyes, by His reflected rays  
 Revealed to men? Me thinks prophetic hopes  
 May tell us His approaching triumphs near.  
 May not tomorrow see His kingdom come?  
 And Satan, foul usurper, from his seat,  
 Hurl'd like a thunder bolt to nether deeps?  
 The while the cowering wretches prostrate fall,  
 Who lately jeered His woes, and wait the stroke  
 Their guilty conscience knows their rightful due?  
 The king shall mount the temple gates and set  
 His gracious throne above the mercy seat,  
 And our hosannas shake the solid pile,  
 With symphonies, more mighty than the chants  
 Of Seraphim, Isaiah trembling heard.  
 Who then will doubt? Who ask in insolence;  
 "Art thou the Christ?" Before the open grave,  
 The quaking earth, the darkened sun, the beams  
 Of light insufferable, which shall crown  
 Messiah's head and our angelic pomps,  
 Most stubborn unbelief shall fall and die.  
 One day may see a nation born from sin,  
 And Zion made the city of her King,  
 And loyalty sincere, and contrite faith.

Through the amazed earth, His fame shall fly  
 On rumor's swiftest wings; to Afric's sands,  
 The frozen North and Sinim's furthest coast.  
 Or rather let the king on us confer  
 This noblest task, as heralds of His cross,  
 To teach His gospel to the tribes of earth  
 And mediate redemption by His blood.  
 Then would we joyful fly, as swift and wide  
 As sunbeams which the king of day shoots forth,

When from his orient couch he rears his head,  
The daily type of our ascending God.

No cavils could our message contradict,  
Attested by supernal majesty.  
Our witness should assert the verities  
Of heaven and hell, unseen by mortal eyes,  
And dim to human sense; for we have seen  
And seeing know their dread reality.

One age shall see all rulers bow beneath  
Messiah's throne, all nations own Him Lord.

For when the scepter of His love shall raise  
The guilty soul from abject fear to hope,  
Mercy will conquer all. Each stubborn heart  
Which harder grew beneath the strokes of wrath,  
Will melt before the gentle warmth of love.

But never love so generous, so rich  
Did woo an alienated heart, as this  
Of Christ for men. For who can know its depth,  
Its height, its breadth, its length which angels thoughts  
Can never grasp, nor angels tongues express.

Measure this love by its eternal source:  
He boundless, all sufficient to himself,  
No creature needing for His perfect bliss;  
No loss receiving from His creature's fall:  
Or able to replace self-ruined man  
By one creative word, and fill the chasm  
By their perdition made with nobler sons,  
More multitudinous, more worth his grace.

Or by its objects let us gage this love.  
Poor puny men with God compared as speaks  
Upon the mighty balances, wherein  
He weighs the worlds, in all dimensions small  
Beneath compare, save in their giant guilt.

For we must set that awful holiness,  
Which sees uncleanness in the azure sky,  
Against the blackest sin of foulest traits,  
To estimate redeeming love aright.  
Amazing love, to die for what it loathes,  
And what it needs not! There is pity pure,  
Unselfish, infinite. But by its cost,  
We measure best a gift. Redemption's price  
For worthless man, was not the shining ore  
Of gold, or precious gems, or thought or work  
Of mind and power divine. For these are cheap  
To God's resources. Dearer was the cost  
The gift supreme, His best beloved's life!  
His blood in death most dire and cruel shed.  
Say, Brother angels, ye who know the love  
The Father bears His Son, as infinite  
As His divine perfections, ye who saw  
His agonies, and heard His bitter cry;  
"My God, my God wherefore forsakest thou  
Thy dying son?" What impulse must have moved  
Almost omnipotent the Father's heart,  
To hearken and to rescue? What forbade  
A Father's pitying heart to grant the pleas  
Let Christ escape the cross and man his doom,  
Justice unsatisfied? The law forbids,  
Let Christ escape and perish guilty man?  
His love forbids! The rather let the Son  
Drink to its dregs His bitter cup of woe.  
Justice and mercy meet where Jesus dies;  
How dear to God the justice which demands  
Such sacrifice so costly to His love!  
How measureless the love, which pays the price  
For souls so vile? This love will we unfold

To sinful men as they shall prostrate lie  
 Before Messiah's glory: This will melt  
 Each stony heart, with power all conquering.

Ithiel.

Not mine, O Brother, to depreciate  
 The Father's mercy, blessed as profound.  
 But justice also reigns, and claims its rights,  
 These limits must impose on mercy's flow,  
 Somewhere, remote it may be, past the reach  
 Of guilty man's deserts by Intervals  
 As infinite as God, Mercy must stop,  
 That limit past; else justice perishes,  
 Forever: Sin, not right, abides supreme  
 In final triumph, righteousness dethroned!  
 If ever sin can grow to height so foul  
 That mercy's self recoils, and joins the cry,  
 Of awful justice, these who slew their Lord  
 Repaying heavenly love with hellish spite,  
 Have passed the fatal borne. 'Gainst Mercy's self  
 They aim their murderous crime. Thenceforth for them  
 Can naught remain but wrath for their own hand  
 Their only Advocate and hope hath slain.  
 Next fiery vengeance follows on their deed  
 Tremendous as their guilt. The Father's wrath,  
 Nerved by His very love, insulted, scorned,  
 To fury, vast assize Messiah's wrath,  
 Must smite this city Into sudden ruin,  
 Such righteous vengeance shall inaugurate  
 The resurrection glories of the Son.  
 I long, I dread, to see the morning dawn,  
 My heart in awful expectation stands  
 Twixt horror and delight, to witness woes



So terrible, and blessings so profuse.

Michael.

Thy thought Is righteous; blessed Ithiel;  
 That mercy must have bounds; Thou knowest not,  
 As yet, the riches of the Father's grace,  
 And purchase of Messiah's sacrifice.  
 Now God, to glorify the Son, will stretch  
 His pardoning love beyond an angel's thought,  
 Once more it shall embrace His murderers.  
 For He will show this blood divine so rich,  
 No guilt can stain so deep its cleansing power  
 May not prevail. This comfort contrite souls  
 Shall never lack. As their remorse shall raise  
 Their sins to mountain's height, this sea of love  
 Shall fathomless appear, so covering all.  
 Hast thou forgotten, Ithiel, that prayer  
 For those who slew Him, uttered mid death's throes,  
 "Father forgive; they know not what they do."  
 And when the heralds of His love receive  
 Their blessed charge, then shall we hear it speak:  
 "Beginning at Jerusalem, proclaim  
 To all the earth, forgiveness by my blood."  
 So first the stream of pardoning love shall flow  
 To this abhorred ground which drank His blood!  
 His bitterest foes shall taste the overtures  
 Of mercy first. This the divine response  
 To cruel hate that clamored for His blood!  
 For He had said: "I came not to destroy,  
 But save." In other hands the dreadful charge  
 Of vengeance will be placed; the doom will come  
 By Pagan hands, remorseless as their own.  
 When they reject their risen Lord, as once

They spurned Him dying, then their cup of guilt,  
 Not full before, shall crown its top most brim.  
 The wrath they challenged falls, and floods of woe  
 Such an the Earth hath never seen, shall sweep  
 Yen city proud from off its shuddering face.

But first must mercy do its perfect work;  
 Not by angelic ministers, as thou,  
 Salathiel, wouldst choose. Our God doth work  
 His deep designs, not by such instruments  
 An we deem fittest. He doth choose the weak  
 The mighty to confound, and foolish things  
 To shame the wise, and what no being hath  
 To bring things of most substantial power  
 To their own nothingness. The glory thus  
 Is all his own. Not our angelic bands,  
 But mortal sinners saved, shall bear His cross  
 As heralds to their race. Have we not seen  
 That not the richer grade of earth he chose  
 To witness of His mighty words and deeds,  
 But men Of simple faith and sons of toil,  
 Taught by His spirit; not by earthly lore,  
 And deemest thou, a Seraph's glorious form  
 Unveiled to mortal sense, or witness brought  
 Direct from worlds invisible, or tales  
 Of heavenly bliss, or torments of the lost,  
 Would conquer sinful hearts? They will not heed  
 The voice of conscience nor the mighty words  
 Of prophets, sent of God, self-evidenced  
 In their own truth, nor mightier miracles,  
 Attesting them: What can our presence do?  
 Our splendor might affright, as lightning's bolt,  
 Or rending earth, or tempest's rage dismay,  
 But can not cleanse the souls diseased by sins.

We heard our Lord portray the rich man damned,  
 How he In torments prayed that one might go  
 To upper earth, to warn his brethren there,  
 Eye witness of the horrors he endured  
 The unearthly messenger, he deemed, would move  
 Those hearts of unbelief to shun his woe.  
 What said the heavenly Wisdom? They who spurn  
 The prophet's words and Moses' would refuse  
 The ghastly messenger from death's domain.

Most pious is thy wish, Salathiel,  
 To be a messenger of grace to men:  
 Wish prompted by the love for sinful souls,  
 And zeal for God. No nobler work could task  
 An angel's power. Nor needst thou to grieve,  
 That lowlier, human hands this honor takes.  
 An equal work for man's behoove is ours.  
 All we are ministers, the Lord hath said,  
 To them whom Christ hath made salvation's heirs.  
 Round them the warfare spiritual is waged,  
 In double spheres, the one by human sense  
 And knowledge seen; the other with the powers  
 Invisible and principalities  
 Of Satan's realm. In one redeemed men  
 Are leaders of the sacramental hosts,  
 By God commissioned. How shall men contend  
 With foes unseen? These are our foemen; here  
 Our fittest war for man, to meet the strokes  
 Seen by our keener vision, unforeseen  
 By mortal sense; and known, too late, by wounds  
 Which they have left. Thick fly the poisoned shafts  
 From demon cohorts, viewless as the wind.  
 Without our shields, man in this contest falls,  
 More surely than in Eden Adam fell.

Here is our ministry, to guard the springs  
 Of thought in pardoned men: To calm the heats  
 Of appetite, by Satan's sparks inflamed;  
 By gentle touch, unfelt in consciousness  
 Timely and suasive, to direct our wards  
 To paths of righteousness. As grows the host  
 Of Christians militant, this nobler task  
 Will all our powers engage. Another charge  
 More high and sweet remains, to fill our hands.  
 We are the guides who lead the blood washed souls  
 Released from mortal bonds to that abode,  
 Where they await the resurrection morn.  
 Without their pilotage, how should they sail  
 Through seas of space immense, or whither steer?  
 How find the home unknown? How face the forms  
 Of might and terror, peopling that abyss?  
 Sweet is our loving task, to watch unseen,  
 By dying beds, to loose the silver cord,  
 And while survivors wail, with loving smiles  
 To cheer the wearied spirit, which we lead,  
 With joyous hymns to his Redeemer's arms.  
 Apostles, prophets, elders, here below  
 Shall till the gospel seed 'mid toil and pain;  
 Our happier work to shout the harvest home;  
 And as the sheaves increase, to see our task  
 Tax all our busy ranks to joyful haste.

Thou lookest, Brother, that the coming morn  
 Shall see Messiah don His glorious state,  
 And crown divine, that honor shall be His.  
 Yea He shall walk this earth in glory clad,  
 Like to that light ineffable, which shone  
 In transient flash, upon the sacred mount;

And we shall form His train. For forty days,  
 His lowlier work prolonged, requires the dress  
 Of this more humble state. He will invite  
 Yea, will command, a waiting world to trust  
 To Him their hope, their souls, their priceless all.  
 What warranty shall ground this mighty claim?  
 His resurrection; conquest over death  
 Dread conqueror of all. But does He rise?  
 His chosen twelve must be His witnesses.  
 Then they must know by recognition sure,  
 Their living Lord. And therefore must He wear  
 His old, familiar aspect, features, voice.  
 They saw Him once transfigured; awful fear  
 Confounded all their sense. As men entranced,  
 They stood amazed, nor could to doubting men  
 Convincing witness bear, if idle dream  
 Or sober verity, they did relate.

Me thinks, Salathiel, thou hast in mind  
 The Master's words: If I be lifted up,  
 Then will I draw to me all sinful men:  
 Thou deemest that redeeming love so deep,  
 So generous, forgiveness so divine,  
 Must melt all enmities, attract all hearts?  
 That naught is needed but lift His cross,  
 And show this love before the Nation's eyes,  
 To draw them penitent in joyful throngs,  
 To Jesus' feet? So should all conquering love  
 All hearts subdue, but thou wilt see it fail.  
 An yet thou hast not learned the deadly power  
 Of inborn sin. More than disease, 'tis death!  
 Have we not seen its stubbornness untamed  
 By direst judgments, all devouring floods,

And Sodom's fires, and Egypt's tenfold plagues?  
 These hearts that shake not at the awful wrath  
 And terrors of a God; will they relent  
 Before the pleadings of His tender love?  
 The rock that shakes not at the tempests' blast,  
 And is not riven by the thunder bolt  
 Melts not beneath the showers. Life must come  
 Where death now reigns, before the heart responds.  
 A deeper lesson, Brethren, we must learn  
 Of God's redeeming plan and sinners' ruin.  
 It brought a two fold curse; of broken law  
 And inward death in sin, relentless, both,  
 Until Omnipotence shall work release.  
 The Son the first retrieves by sacrifice,  
 The second doth the Spirit's power require,  
 By quickening grace to new create the dead.  
 Thus doth the mighty task of man's release  
 From guilt and death, engage the Triune God.  
 Each person hath his part. The Spirit's work  
 Essential as the Son's. Did He not pay  
 For man the ransom price, and purchase grace,  
 Stern Justice must restrain the Spirit's hand.  
 Did He not life inspire, no palsied arm  
 Of ruined man would move to take the boon.  
 When Christ invites, and God the Spirit draws,  
 Then will dead sinners flock to Zion's gates.

### Gabriel.

Great Teacher thou dost judge aright of men  
 Taught by woeful past, and insight high  
 Of prophecy, to read the coming age.

As Israel's Seers foreshadowed mercy's plan  
 By type and promise; as the concept grew

To clearer form of David's royal Son,  
Deliverer, by love and sacrifice,  
From sin's dominion, not by martial force  
From pagan civil yoke: so louder grew  
The voice of cavil. Sin's perversity  
Refused what most it needed. Such shall be  
In coming days ungrateful man's response.  
With prophet's eye, I see his laboring mind  
Exhaust its skill objections to invent,  
Or wrest with glosses vain the priceless truth,  
Which he should hail with reverential joy.  
As though the wondrous plan, of pity born,  
Product of love and wisdom infinite,  
Which seeks their rescue from eternal woes,  
And heritage of bliss ineffable,  
At cost so dear to God, Messiah's blood,  
An insult were, or burning injury.  
With jealous heat, they carp and criticize.  
As though in love with death, they toil to block  
With cunning obstacle, God's way of life.  
As though despair were sweet, they strive to, prove  
The only ray of hope which lights their doom,  
Is darkness. Shall their God, in kindness shed  
On some, the beams of learning, skill and arts,  
And high philosophy, and open up  
To their astonished eyes, His matchless skill  
In nature's secrets, closed to duller sights?  
This earthly science, handmaid to her Lord,  
Who should with humble hand her torch uplift  
To light the pathway to His brighter throne.  
Will they debauch, her Master to disown.  
Thus shall we see them bore the darksome earth  
And sound old Ocean's depths, and scan the stars,

And search the ancient stores of history,  
 For sophistries with which to impugn His word.  
 Their guilty wish is father to their thought.  
 Behold the power of sin! Its fires inflame  
 The carnal lusts; its deadly fumes obscure  
 Fair reason's torch with pride, and selfish will,  
 And hence these swarms of error have their birth.  
 How wearisome the catalogue? How vain!

Thus some eject the incarnate mystery,  
 How God may dwell in man, the natures two,  
 The person one, inseparably joined,  
 Yet each unchanged, unmixed, no human tho't  
 May comprehend. And so to reason's eye  
 It is incredible. Thus proudly they!  
 Yet every truth believed out runs the grasp  
 Of finite thought, in source or consequence.  
 Each creature's knowledge is a narrow disk,  
 By truth illumined. Its circumference  
 On every part is near. Beyond that line  
 Illimitable night and darkness reign.  
 Hence every line of light within that verge  
 Must need's emerge from mystery, and plunge  
 Into the farther edge of mystery.  
 The proof is absolute; escape is none,  
 Except the radiant circle have no bound.  
 Move its circumference through space immense  
 To distance infinite; and only then  
 The lines of light may cease to spring from night  
 And terminate in night. To God alone  
 Belongs such knowledge limitless, immense.  
 One intellect in all this universe  
 May comprehension claim of all the truths  
 Which it must needs believe: and that is God's!



Least of all creatures may the angels boast  
This claim because our larger knowledge spreads  
To wider spheres than man's, so longer lines  
Mark our circumference of knowledge full.  
The points are multiplied where lines of light  
Cross this circumference and lose their way  
outer darkness. Wisest creatures see  
Most mysteries, the dullest fools see few,  
Because their pauper wisdom stops too short  
To recognize the doubt, which bounds our tho't  
Hence, Brethren, let us solemn warning take  
As knowledge grows, temptation grows to pride.  
As light expands, new doubts to pique that pride  
Loom up, unseen before. So humble faith,  
Patient and meek, must rule our spirits here  
More firmly than redeemed men's below.  
There wisdom dwells with meek humility;  
Here more; because a loftier state is ours.  
He who must comprehend, or he believe,  
Can nothing know. Yet these are they who boast  
Superior knowledge, scorning humble faith!  
They talk of life in plant, and beast and man,  
With learned skill: yet can not comprehend  
The vital force which builds the blade of grass!  
They see their limbs obey their spirit's will,  
But know not how. On natures' energies  
They count with certain trust, on them discourse  
In learned phrase: and yet can not define  
Whereof they talk. Where reason most might claim  
Her fullest knowledge, as of little things,  
Nearest her grasp, their willing minds admit  
All mysteries. But in the things of God.  
Immense, supreme, dark with excess of light,

Too high for angel's ken, there first they claim  
 Full comprehension, or refuse their trust.  
 What madness this of arrogance and sin?  
 They feel, they know by inmost consciousness,  
 Their spirits animate, their fleshly frames,  
 Their bodies corporate, material, dull,  
 Their spirits incorporeal, material, knowing, quick,  
 Of essence opposite. They also know  
 These opposites in union intimate  
 Combine to form one personality.  
 But God, the Spirit infinite, most full  
 Of all resources, who the union makes  
 Of spirit fine, and matter gross, in man,  
 Can not His spirit join to human soul,  
 Of essence like, in His own usage made.

But if not God incarnate, what is Christ?  
 A holy man, they babble, taught of God,  
 Of prophets foremost, purest, wisest, best;  
 Teacher and pattern, messenger of peace  
 To all who, like Himself, seek virtue's path.  
 To heavenly minds, what froth of folly this?  
 Were he no more than holy man inspired,  
 Then how A World's Redeemer, rather than  
 Isaiah, David, Moses, Jeremiah?  
 Were Christ no more than man, then human strength  
 Goodness and wisdom only are engaged  
 For man's salvation. Must he trust his all  
 For loss or gain immense, remedeless,  
 To hand so weak? Such hand betrayed it once,  
 When Adam stood its head. Adam the chief  
 Of God's terrestrial works, in likeness made  
 And image of his Maker, perfect type  
 Of all that man can be, of earthly mould.

Shall God another Adam captain make  
 To wage this war 'gainst an archangel's might  
 The abject victim 'gainst his conqueror?  
 Then let the host thus led despair, not hope!  
 His prophets called Him God; He owns the claim.  
 Then He is either God, or worse than man,  
 Impious and false! Not mine the blasphemy!  
 Shall men entrust their souls to prophets false  
 And Master who upon their falsehood thrives?

Angels who know Jehovah's attributes,  
 And sin's disease, see all devices  
 For man's redemption, save the wondrous plan  
 Of God head and complete humanity  
 Combined in union, stable, personal.

Here only all sufficing truth appears,  
 Which magnifies the law and offers man  
 A hope secure, on God's perfections placed.  
 Mid these ingenuous follies I foresee  
 One countless host asserting, in pretense,  
 The God in human flesh. But not the Son,  
 Only begotten, consubstantial God.  
 The rather they will steal some pagan dream  
 From ranting Greeks, of Chronas and his sons;  
 And paint the Father with creative art  
 From nothing, fashioning some primal sput,  
 Creature, yet image of the Uncarnate!  
 Older than thou, great Prince, although thou be  
 The eldest of His works, more glorious  
 Than thou, Archangel named. Such creature, joined  
 To Deity, is their imagined Christ.  
 But we, who see Jehovah's face unveiled  
 Their folly know. For infinite the space

Between Jehovah and His noblest work.  
 No power can lift the creature to the state  
 And substance of his God, nor make him meet  
 For acts divine. For sooner might we see  
 An atom swell into a mighty world.  
 What sorry cheat of thought deludes their minds?  
 There stands a pigmy man beside the base  
 Of some mighty Alp, and eyes its towering crest!  
 To his weak eye it seems to pierce the sky:  
 He dreams that were he mounted on its peak,  
 His hand might almost grasp the lofty sun.  
 But what the mile or two of space he gains  
 Against the mighty distances which part  
 That mountains peak, a puny wart upraised  
 Upon this little earth, from yonder sun?  
 So, from this human plain, the angel looks  
 Taller than man; Archangels tower above  
 Our lower ranks. But still, O Prince, thy God  
 Exceeds thy grade by distance infinite .  
 Beside it, all the space twixt thee and man  
 Minute, infinitesimal appears.  
 No act adoptive, no disputed rank  
 May cross that chasm: he who is creature born  
 Must creature still remain, servant, not Lord,  
 Endowed with no autocracy to give  
 His life, for lives to justice forfeited,  
 Nor power to work, release for or ruined man.

Are others driven by the word express  
 To own the very God, and very man,  
 In their Messiah? Fated by the stress  
 Of pride in vain philosophy to err  
 And miss the truth, these shall corrupt the ties,

Which joins the natures twain. Some shall we hear  
 Extenuate, the bond to friendship close,  
 And growing with the virtuous cares and toil  
 Of their copartnership, in mercy's work,  
 Until the perfect man and loving God  
 Shall mates become in harmony of wills  
 Insoluble. But others will confound  
 What these dissever. So the human part,  
 Absorbed, extinguished in the God, is lost.  
 And others, craving still some newer work  
 Of folly's hand, will have the son of God  
 Incorporate in man, and animal  
 Of sense and appetite, but reasonless.  
 What vanities are these unspeakable?  
 They recognize in words, their death in sin  
 And ruin, needing power omnipotent.  
 The Christ they hail Redeemer! But they seek  
 With tortured cunning how, they may expunge  
 From His Messiahship, each vital trait,  
 And make it futile. Proper Godhead lost,  
 A creature's work remains, worthless and weak  
 To merit life, or break the bonds of sin.  
 Even like the helpless souls it feigns to help.  
 Or proper manhood lost, whatever myth  
 Of work divine remains, no help is there  
 For guilty man, no ransom price to pay  
 By human death, for human guiltiness:  
 And no obedience due from man to buy  
 For undeserving man, adoption's boon.  
 Or do they dream a God Incorporate  
 In man the animal, of reason void?  
 No spirit rational, or human will  
 With the divine conspiring, to the task,

Of man's release, by blood and righteousness.  
 Then just as well might God the son assume  
 Some shape of stronger beast, leviathan,  
 Or lion, eagle, ox, in which to make  
 His Avatar, as pagan follies teach,  
 Impious as senseless! Why, Oh brothers, why  
 Will men whom God recalls from heathen might  
 By mighty Prophets' voices; whom to bless  
 With Gospel light, the Son of God hath died,  
 Strive to relapse, by multifarious toils,  
 To fatal gloom? Are they in love with death?  
 Thirsty to quaff the fiery wrath of hell,  
 Their own salvation hating? Love of sin  
 With pride and selfish will, deluge their souls  
 Until a sterner teacher purge their eyes,  
 And in their righteous doom, they see too late,  
 (Alas! the woe:) the truth they hated there.  
 Oh fearful law; yet holy as severe,  
 Inevitable, while Jehovah reigns,  
 As just as gracious: They who spurn his gifts  
 Of light and good, blood-bought, in mercy sent,  
 Shall there transmute, by their dread alchemy,  
 From blessing to a curse, and aggregate,  
 Their treasury of guilt, to vaster store,  
 Even by the riches of the Father's love.

Adiel.

Thou dost not, Gabriel, exhaust the list  
 Of men's perversities, profane and mad.  
 For we have heard the Sadducean horde,  
 Against their prophets other cavil urge  
 Of which succeeding skeptics still will prate,  
 (That Christ, can be no substitute for man),

Nor expiate his guilt by penal woes.  
 Because no guilt can be transferred, no debt,  
 To broken law be paid, except by him  
 Who brake it. Hear their bold presumptuous plea:

Since God is love, he can not will the pain  
 Of creatures whom He loves, save for their good.  
 So penalty is but remedial love,  
 Not retribution. As the mother's love  
 To her sick child, the bitter potion gives  
 To heal and bless. To gain this loving end,  
 He who is sick must drink; the healing draught  
 Drunk another's lips, no health can work  
 In the diseased frame. Justice forbids,  
 They cry, to visit on the innocent,  
 The guilt he did not earn by his own deed.  
 Thus conscience speaks with voice intuitive:  
 Thus Holy Writ! Vicarious penalty  
 Is but barbaric vengeance, blind as fierce.  
 How widely shall this glazing sophistry  
 In garb of seeming justice clad, beguile?

#### Michael.

Yea, multitudes will take the cunning dross  
 To their undoing as the gold of truth:  
 And most in after-ages, which will boast  
 Most arrogantly, wisdom, learning, arts,  
 And proud philosophy. They will not see  
 That were their logic just, its only end  
 Is fell despair for every sinning soul.  
 Justice retributive, abides in God  
 Eternal as His throne, immutable,  
 His law denounces death condign for sin,  
 The stable earth, the heavenly dome may fall,

Before this law in jot or tittle fail.  
 Then he who proves the Savior can not pay  
 The sinners debt, by His vicarious pains,  
 Has also proved his own damnation sure,  
 His sin unpardonable, Hell his lot.  
 They say the God of love inflicts no pains,  
 Save in benevolence, to those he smites.  
 What then is Satan's? No hearing cure  
 It ministers, where death eternal reign's.  
 Had God no end in all His penal strokes  
 But healing love, then wherefore doth he choose  
 This endless bitter in his medicine?  
 He is Omnipotent! Why doth he heal  
 By cruel stripes, when one persuasive word  
 Painless and sweet, might work the loving cure,  
 And work it surely, where this surgery  
 Of torturing anguish doth most often fail?

Nay, Brothers; God is Good; and He is just.  
 Not policy but justice rules His worlds.  
 He punishes, because of sin's deserts,  
 He punishes to magnify His law,  
 His perfect being's glorious effluence,  
 More worthy end, than the impurity  
 Of sinful worlds, though craved by selfish fear.

They who deny that Christ bore sinner's guilt.  
 Must flout God's word, and shut their stubborn eyes  
 To all His earthly providence. God saith  
 That he doth visit on the wicked sons  
 The wicked father's guilt. We read the law  
 In each calamity by sin drawn down  
 On house or tribe. Is this a wicked law  
 By some All mighty, tyrant God imposed?

Or does mechanic fate, remorseless, blind,



Dispense hereditary woes to me?

Either surmise is black with dire despair!

But God forbids the magistrate to slay  
The righteous for the guilty? Servants they,  
God sovereign. Chiefly; creatures do not own  
Their life and being, these belong to God  
By right creature: Friends may not release  
Their fellow's debt with riches not their own;  
For this were theft, not righteous recompense.  
Nor could the Judge divine, from innocence  
Exact another's guilt, without consent  
Most free and willing. Far from us the thought!  
That our Jehovah can invade the rights  
Of lowliest creature! Justice, love forbid.  
Let man or angel show this title, earned,  
By due obedience, to immensity,  
And promised recompense; that claim shall stand  
Firm as God's judgment seat by covenant  
And every attribute divine sustained.  
But if reward to righteousness belongs  
By right inviolate, then it may give  
By option free, what is so much its own.  
He who accepts a gift can do no wrong  
By that acceptance to the give free!  
But vengeance is the Lord's. In this His right  
Supreme and personal, no partner shares  
'Gainst Him all sin is aimed, and His the charge  
His injured rights and honor to defend.

If now the God man freely gives a life,  
His own by act creative, owing naught  
To law or justice by its own offence,  
To pay man's debt of guilt, and God the Judge  
Supreme, omniscient, just, accept the gift,

If wrong is here, doth that wrong afflict?  
 Not pardoned men; for theirs the boundless gain.  
 Not Christ the substitute; for uncompelled  
 By earth or heaven, by Godlike pity moved,  
 He freely gave the life possession sole  
 Of His divinity. Not God the Judge!  
 Justice received a fuller recompense  
 Than all the deaths of Adam's sons could pay.

Adiel.

Would it might be, Salathiel, thy hope,  
 Of zeal and love begotten, might prevail.  
 That now the glories of the risen Christ  
 And sweet constraint of His redeeming love  
 Will conquer every heart; and sin and death  
 From earth expel. Such glorious victory  
 Must be Messiah's! Draweth this triumph near?  
 Or will Jehovah, in judicial wrath,  
 Permit man's stubborn hatred to postpone  
 Their own deliverance, and Satan's reign  
 Of crime and death, prolong to distant years?  
 The cavils which we hear, perverse and blind,  
 I fear me much, betoken long delay.

Michael.

It grieves me sore to dash these loving hopes.  
 Why was Messiah's coming so delayed  
 For forty centuries? Why shall death reign  
 For other dreary ages; while the price  
 Of man's redemption is so richly paid  
 In blood divine; festering woes deform  
 The earth already ransomed, and the stream,  
 Still broadening, flows into eternity,

Whose drops are souls, heirs of immortal woe?

Why stay Messiah's chariot wheels, the while  
 The murderous usurper works his will  
 To curse the world He purchased? Bow your heads,  
 Ye angels! Bow in reverential awe!  
 The answer is not ours: But ours to trust  
 The wisdom, whose omniscience can embrace  
 The scheme immense of linked means and ends,  
 From old eternity to latest years,  
 Of infinite futurity, and bind  
 In harmony of plan, all interest  
 Of all the worlds: and ours to trust the love,  
 Exhaustless source of all creations bliss.

Among the cavilings perverse, which rise  
 In guilty whispers, from the nether earth,  
 Is one most dark, fullest of fell despair.  
 If God be wise, foreseeing all results,  
 Almighty sovereign, doing all His will  
 With power resistless; then what he permits  
 Or executes, must be His chosen Good.  
 Then must all sin and misery be best  
 To His free preference; which argues Him  
 Evil and cruel! Or is this denied?  
 Then is He neither mighty, wise, nor free:  
 And so, no portion fit for deathless souls.

One refutation, absolute, we know,  
 Which leaves superfluous all debate.  
 For we have seen the price Jehovah paid.  
 Self moved and free, to rescue puny man  
 From sin and woe: price richer than all worlds,  
 Man needless to His glory, loathsome made  
 By his corruption, whose deserted place  
 Amid His servants, one creative word

Might soon have filled, with nobler servitors.  
 We, who have seen the heavenly glories crown  
 The eternal son, and love inaffable  
 The Father for his holiest Image bear.

We know that naught but goodness infinite  
 And holiness had moved Him to the gift.  
 Why doth the Lord permit what sovereign power  
 And wisdom could prevent, we may not know:  
 But this we know: No stint of love can be,  
 Or holiness in Him who freely gives  
 By love alone impelled, life infinite,  
 And best beloved for His enemies.

What time the morning stars and sons of God  
 Were joined to sing this renovated earth  
 And man's creation: while the Holy Three  
 Apart withdrew for counsel deep and high,  
 Mine was the task to guard the flaming throne,  
 Whereon they sat. Long hours I trod the base  
 Whence mounted up the steps of pearl and gold,  
 More pure and, lofty than the Alpine snows;  
 While they rehearsed the ancient fixed decree  
 And 'covenant for man's redemption made  
 Commerce in effable of thought and will  
 Threefold, yet one in holy harmony,  
 They held, the which no word nor voice could speak,  
 Nor angels ear construe. Then came the Son,  
 Benignant Lord, to that inferior grade.  
 On which I paced my patient round.  
 He said, "thou faithful servant, eldest made  
 By our creative hand, Thou merited  
 To know our final plan, of old ordained  
 For yonder orb the renovated earth.

This day we people it anew with souls  
Which, angel like, and yet, one little step  
Beneath your grade of being, occupy  
The chasm which hither to so high and deep  
Dissevered spirits rational from brutes.

The human angel shall a body have  
Erect and fair, that he may multiply  
His blessed kind. Endowed with holiness  
And freedom, bound like you, by covenant,  
Shall he begin his early course, to win  
The promised life of heaven, and thus like you  
To rise from innocence to righteousness,  
From blessings mutable, to title sure  
Of heavenly life, from servant into son:  
But he will fall, by the arch traitor duped.  
Such the first issue, by omniscience seen,  
And as far as seen, permitted not procured:  
Fruit solely of the creatures will and acts:  
permitted still in our decrees.  
For deeper ends, more worthy of our will.  
Ends whose whole compass wisdom infinite  
Alone can grasp; but parts by creatures seen  
Suffice to justify our ways to faith.  
E'en now the tempter plans, with cunning deep  
And hate immense, to wrest our novel gift,  
Strangest and noblest power on man bestowed,  
The power to multiply his race.  
In one he ruins all: and turns our gift  
From spring of ever widening life and good.  
To fount of sin and woe, endless and vast  
As his own malice.

Shall his victory stand?

Shall hell and hate and falsest foulest fraud  
 Appear to thwart the purposes, in love,  
 And power and wisdom fashioned by our thought?  
 Shall this new world which we have made so fair,  
 To be the ever teeming nursery  
 Whence to replenish heaven with countless lives  
 Of glory, lapse into the seed plot cursed  
 For peopling hell? Shall man's imperial gifts  
 Which angels share not, be the ceaseless spring  
 Of streams of beings, spreading without end,  
 Their every drop another ruined soul  
 Which disemboge in oceans of despair?

Forbid it Lord, I cried! Too black the hate,  
 Too deep the shame and woe, to blight this work  
 With God's own wisdom, power and love instinct.  
 Let not the traitor triumph. Break his plot  
 And lock him in his righteous prison house.  
 But now the starry spheres and all thy hosts  
 Were singing natal hymns for the new earth,  
 In joyous strains they sang our welcome song.  
 As we received her bright and spotless, pure,  
 From long eclipse, back to her sisterhood  
 Of shining worlds, that circle round Thy throne.  
 But now must earth her former orbit trace,  
 Black vehicle of crime and death, to taint  
 The skies with sulphurous fumes, with her sad train  
 Of ruined sons, an ever lengthening stream  
 Around thy throne? And all their doleful wards  
 Forever mar the music of the spheres.  
 Then still your strains of joy, ye heavenly choirs,  
 To shuddering silence. Veil, ye sister orbs,  
 Your faces pure: Avert your eys, the while

The dread procession passes to its doom.  
 Forbid, Oh Lord, this woe. Redeem Thy works,  
 This my ardent prayer. The word replied  
 With majesty subdued and sad.

Oh son

Thy loving zeal divine acceptance meets,  
 Nor shalt thou different find from thy desire  
 Our purpose of redemption. But the cost,  
 Thou knowest not. Not Satan's power alone  
 Obstructs the restoration; but the rights  
 Of holiness immutable, and law,  
 And sovereign justice. Not by power alone  
 But blood and dying love, and sacrifice,  
 Repaying man's default, with price immense,  
 Can rescue now be wrought. And none but I  
 Can pay that price. This is the covenant  
 Of old decreed; now ratified and fixed  
 On yonder throne. A willing offering.  
 I give and sacrifice a life, my own  
 To keep or lose, a life derived from none  
 And forfeit to no law. In human nature clothed  
 When the accepted time appears, I come,  
 To take man's place, to pay his penal debt  
 To earn his promised crown, to conquer death  
 By dying, and restore the fallen world.

The prophesied the eternal Word the cause  
 Of this redemption through the ages long  
 To this supremest hour, which ere this night  
 In brief rehearsed. Then at his feet I fell  
 With reverential awe and holy love.  
 O depth, I said, of wisdom past the reach  
 Of an archangel's thought, O height and length

And breadth of pardoning love! O holy law,  
 And right inflexible, which claimed such price  
 For pardon: though such love immense persuade  
 As this redeeming plan we apprehend,  
 We see now, vistas opening wide and high  
 Into the God-head's essence infinite.  
 Bright with his love and holiness too long  
 For angels to explore: which his best works  
 In natures shining realm, could not reveal.  
 O Word most wise; Thou hast foretold to me  
 How forty ages long must intervene  
 Of human guilt and death, e'er thou appear  
 To stay the stream of woe with thine own blood.  
 We must not ask; Why wait the chariot wheels  
 Of Thy redemption, thought these centuries  
 Of weary woe? We know the love which gives  
 A life divine, to ransom enemies,  
 Forbids our questionings. Causeless delay  
 Such love can never choose. Yet Lord, I ask  
 With humble hope: when once thy price is paid  
 And death subdued; shall not the victory come  
 Complete and swift, and end the murderous reign?  
 To which the Son, with aspect kind replied:  
 Thy wish is pious, not of us the cause  
 Which must delay its consummation full.  
 Soon as the Lamb shall mount His blood bought throne  
 His first command shall send his heralds forth  
 To call the lands with offer free of life  
 For every dying soul of man, no bar  
 Twixt them and heaven. Not alone  
 My saints shall plead. Our Holy Ghost shall add  
 His power, by mighty signs and miracles  
 An inwards strivings with the hearers souls,



My lowly heralds, weak in worldly eyes,  
 In spirit mighty, shall o'er sea and land  
 My gospel carry with such eager feet  
 As though some angels mighty wings upbore  
 This flag of peace. My servants shall behold  
 Another miracle of tribes and thrones,  
 And pagan priest, and proud philosopher  
 And arms and policies, subdued to me  
 By witness of my heralds poor and weak.  
 With seeming reason, will my earlier saints  
 Showing thy loving hope, learn to expect  
 In that first age, my final victory,  
 And earth's complete redemption. But not so  
 Our deeper counsel. Still the world must learn  
 Of sin's maligneth a fuller view.

The pride of fallen man, must chastening take  
 By other centuries of shame and grief,  
 By his own follies wrought, until the race  
 Emptied of self and contrite, desperate,  
 Of every succor from its own resource  
 Of learning, arms, or arts, or cunning laws  
 Or science triumphing o'er natures ills,  
 Shall know its ruin hopeless, and receive  
 My proffered help.

Thus spoke the Sun divine.  
 As the past ages rolled, their history  
 Read by the spirits light hath led my mind  
 To his deep meaning. Now prophetic grown  
 I can interpret: Future days are known  
 By teachings of the past. Not till the world  
 Yea more, the Church shall learn despair of self,  
 And all its hope shall place in God Alone,  
 Can full deliverance come. Hard lesson this,

Of its mistakes. At first, Christ's people taught  
 By His true prophets, will descend with scorn  
 The vain traditions of Rabinic scribes  
 Yet will they turn in pride insane to build  
 Anew the fabric, vainer than the old.  
 Messiah will His humble heralds send  
 As ministers, as servants to his saints:  
 Apostate men, succeeding to their name,  
 Usurping lordly state, as Gods on earth,  
 With brutal rage will tyrannize and slay,  
 When they should save their brothers. Did he set  
 His sacramental emblems, water, wine  
 And heavenly bread, as parables concrete  
 To help the feeble faith of souls yet clogged  
 In sense and flesh. So they and Christ will wrest  
 The hopeless shadows, only fit to Guide  
 To Christ's Almighty grace, and cleansing blood:  
 And make them saviors. Back to heathen night  
 Will men who claim His name and power lead  
 A silly cheated world. Each vanity  
 In stench explodes, and ruin, Stubborn man  
 Will find new fables, doomed to equal fate.  
 The twentieth age, with all its boastful claims  
 Of science, art, and new philosophies,  
 Will still be seen to plod the senseless round  
 Trusting to letters, science, policies,  
 To everything but Christ, Redeemer sole  
 To save their world; which grows but more expert  
 By each advance in ways Of crime and death.  
 When ends this tragedy? That day, that hour,  
 Are given to none to know, but Him whom power  
 Omnipotent can overmatch the might  
 Of, sin and hell. Be it ours to wait,

To serve and strive, at our Great Captain's will  
 One day with Him is as a thousand years  
 A thousand years one day. But He will Come,  
 Not always, shall the traitor hold his prize;  
 For Christ hath bought it with His priceless blood.  
 The Father's pledge assures His recompense.  
 The gospel word shall run and fill the earth,  
 The Spirit's power, not in scanty drops,  
 But generous floods descend; a single day  
 Shall see a nation born from death to God.  
 Then shall begin the blest Millennial years,  
 Most blest, yet harbinger of grander bliss,  
 When death and Satan chained, the earth recleansed  
 By purifying fire, the quickened dead  
 Arraigned for trial and the judgment past,  
 Then shall Messiah reinstate His throne  
 Of righteousness in His reconquered realm.

Man's paradise was once a narrow spot.  
 For ages long obliterate and lost.  
 All earth shall now be paradise. No more  
 Shall salt and barren seas conceal his vales:  
 And all shall teem with myriad happy throngs,  
 Out numbering far the generations lost,  
 That mass so huge, so woeful to our eyes.  
 God gave to Adam's sons, the new built earth,  
 Now learn ye worlds, not Satan's wily arts  
 Nor human sin nor power, could e'er reverse  
 His fixed decree, more gloriously fulfilled  
 Than if no fall had been. Now earth is man's,  
 Forever more secure from all assault,  
 Possession purchased by our greater man  
 Than Adam, God in human flesh enthroned.

Is this not worthy, Brothers, of our prince  
 To reinstate His righteous throne amidst  
 The very scene where traitorous war had raged,  
 To cleanse its stains, and to repair its wastes,  
 And make the fields of death revive and bloom  
 With peace and joy divine.

This earth is small  
 Amidst its sister planets: speck minute  
 Among the myriad spheres of higher heaven.  
 Vile is this little mound on which we stand,  
 Defiled with dead men's bones. But God who proves  
 His power and glory by His sovereign choice  
 Of foolish agents to confound the wise,  
 And smallest things to bring to naught the great,  
 And things of naught to conquer those that are,  
 Will make this little earth, this hillock mean,  
 His is beacon light to all the world, to teach  
 His highest glory to eternity.

His holiness and justice hence shall shine,  
 Severe and awful, through eternal years,  
 In clearer light than from old Sinai's top.  
 His goodness beam in softer rays of love  
 Than from earth's smiling fields or heavens delights.

#### Gabriel.

Great Chief, Our holy watch is near its end.  
 Lo! See the ridge of Olivet  
 That silvery hand of light: The dawn begins  
 Which ends the reign of death o'er Jesus' flesh.  
 Even While we look, the paler rays begin  
 To change into Aurora's roseate hues.

Michael.

Gabriel, thou sayest right, the king of day,  
 Will follow now, and flood the hills with light.  
 With him the nobler Son of righteousness  
 Draws near. His human soul, from his supernatural Couch  
 Descends, swift as the beams from yonder a stars  
 Which flee the coming day, to associate  
 Again, the sacred corpse our precious charge  
 By some mysterious awe, and solemn joy  
 Which thrills my being, I perceive Him near.  
 Our vigil ends. With converse reverent  
 This night have we beguiled the waiting hours  
 Now must we swift from speech to action pass.  
 Up Holy Brethren up,! The King is here!  
 See ye, beneath us in the little vale  
 The martial guards, before the sepulchre;  
 Their steady tramp forbids approach to all  
 By full imperial power of mighty Rome.  
 Poor vain automatons! I stretch my wand  
 And at at the touch they drop, insensible  
 As though by lightening smit. Salathiel  
 And thou good Adiel, together go:  
 Set your strong shoulders to that envious stone:  
 Roll back its ponderous mass from yonder tomb  
 And let the King of Glory enter in.

Then take your stations by the holy bier  
 To witness of His rise. Ye angelsbow  
 And veil your faces, with your modes wings,  
 As ye prepare to raise the Seraphs hymn,  
 The while the conqueror of death goes forth.  
 Thou, waiting sun, after precedence due  
 Given Thy Lord, thou mayest exalt thy face  
 And pour thy floods of light, to make the day

Henceforth the chiefest of revolving weeks,  
 Memorial of the Resurrection Morn.  
 More glorious this, than that which ushered in  
 Creations work, when first the light arose  
 At Gods command; more hallowed than the seventh,  
 His resting day from His perfected works.  
 For now is finished Christ's redeeming task,  
 Which founds a heavenly world, immoveable.  
 And now is born the light which never sets  
 And which irradiates, not land and seas  
 And Moon and stars, but every living souls.  
 The risen Lord now calls the day His own,  
 Until it merge into the final rest  
 Which it foreshadows.

Ithiel.

See, O Michael!

We worship not alone! Whilst thou didst speak  
 I saw new splendors flash on yonder verge  
 Of circling mountains, which no rising sun  
 Or earthly forces (can) shed. They are the Wards  
 Of heaven, the Cherabim and the Seraphim,  
 And powers and principalities, and souls  
 Of ransomed men, descending in their train  
 To greet their rising God. Behold their ranks  
 In shining circles as form! Yet other hosts,  
 And others throng the sky, Their glittering lines  
 Marshalled in ranks concentric, crowd the dome  
 Of heaven, up to the zenith. Every face  
 Is hither turned, ablaze with holy joy.  
 They strike their harps, and lift their anthems high  
 Their harmonies of son as high, and clear  
 As music of the spheres; yet powerful

As many thunders, joined to oceans roar,  
 Have struck yon marble shafts before the fane  
 Upon Moriah's top. See how they shake  
 And how the wave of praise hath rent the veil  
 Before the Mercy seat; to close no more.

Shall we not bear our part with equal voice?

They sing:

All holy, holy, holy Lord  
 Who was and art to come.  
 Let earth and heaven with one accord  
 The Almighty praise, by whom  
 All worlds were builded to proclaim  
 Thy pleasure, and exalt thy name.

Let all that dwell beneath the sky,  
 Or swim the seas profound,  
 And all the shining hosts on high  
 Again the news resound  
 Of Him, who sits upon the throne  
 And rules the mighty worlds alone.

To Him, and to the Lamb ascribe  
 Wisdom, and wealth and might.  
 And on the earth let every tribe  
 Join to proclaim their right  
 To glory, blessing, honor fame  
 And sing their everlasting name.

Michael.

The holy conclave now dissolves its ranks.  
 The glittering banks depart to other tasks.  
 Our vigils here are done. More worthy work

Than watching o'er an empty sepulchre  
 Demands our willing hands. One service more  
 At this blest place, when forty days are past,  
 Will draw our presence. Here the risen God  
 His earthly mission done; from yonder hill  
 So often trodden by his weary feet  
 Will to His Father Mount. We must be there  
 Our sovereign to receive, and aid the band  
 Which shouts Him to His throne.

Less splendid tasks,  
 But not less blessed, now demands our care,  
 To minister to me. Who shall be heirs  
 Of this salvation. Soon the holy men,  
 Apostles, Teachers, chosen of the Lord,  
 Will preach this kingdom in Jerusalem,  
 And over land and seas. The Spirits call  
 Of power and grace, will gather multitudes  
 Who must their leader follow to their rest,  
 Through toilsome paths like His, and perils sore.

These are our charge. We hear him calling them to tread  
 The paths of toil and pain Messiah trod,  
 Through tribulation to heavenly rest  
 Like unto His. The persecutor's fires  
 With equal step will follow this advance  
 Of gospel light. To guard and shield each saint  
 From storm and pestilence and noxious airs,  
 To watch beside each dying couch and martyrs stake,  
 And guide their pilgrim spirits to their rest.  
 They know not when their Lord has set for them  
 His temporary Court, nor whither point  
 The ways across the void ethereal wastes  
 Which lead from earth up to that blest abode.  
 What ghostly terrors my beset the path,



What flaming fiend or seraph rushing by  
 With meteor speed, to tasks of wrath or love,  
 These human spirits know not, nor could brook  
 Their awful mien alone. Torn from their flesh  
 Must they as orphaned paupers aimless rove,  
 Finding no rest, nor home forevermore.  
 We know the shining path; for we shall see  
 The Lord traverse it. Ours shall be the task  
 To lead these wanderers, to see their joy  
 As Christ they meet, and shout His harvest home.  
 Work scattered, ever growing, as shall grow  
 The gospel seed: until it fill the earth;  
 Work long drawn out, through ages of whose end  
 No angel knows. But as our labors grow,  
 So shall our blessedness.

Then comes the end.

Once more the King will rally all our hosts  
 And you his servants muster forth your ranks  
 To aid his final victory on earth.  
 My trumpet blasts, which shook old Sinai's crags,  
 Will sound once more, and shake the earth and sky,  
 My call shall rouse the death; your bands collect  
 All tribes of earth, and Satan's groveling hosts  
 Before the judgment throne. The Incarnate God  
 Shall judge the worlds, and we, His sentence just,  
 Shall execute. And so earth's drama ends,  
 And now unto our king, unchangeable  
 Eternal, holy, God the only wise,  
 Be honor, Glory, praise, as heaven hath heard  
 From endless years, and shall forever hear.

Apologia.

Forgive, ye Angels, this my bold attempt  
 To tune my feeble harp up to the height  
 Of your great lyric, and translate your song  
 For mortal ears, For ye will not disdain  
 These humble echoes of your nobles strains,  
 Ye now our God is one, and one the work  
 Of saving love we join to celebrate.  
 Nearer my part than yours, in Christ's empire.  
 It teacheth you His glories most supreme:  
 It purchases my life, with blood divine.  
 Ye look upon that face no mortal eye  
 My see and live. But how can mortals praise  
 Life angels, till they see Him as He is?  
 Have we not seen the Son in light portrayed  
 By holy writ which from your heaven descends?  
 Who knows the Son His Father also knows,  
 The God invisible.

Nor will ye scorn  
 Our earthly songs; when heavenly choirs rejoice  
 To sing with ransomed men, since Abel first  
 Attuned His gentle harp amid your ranks  
 To sing with you the story of the Lamb.  
 For Lo! These many years their infant souls,  
 Off spring of mine their tender voice combine  
 With yours: while I, my weary pilgrimage  
 In toils and tears, and blindness walk below.  
 May I not join mine own, although I sing  
 In darkness wrapped? For walls of stygian night  
 (So God permits) hedged in my earthly path  
 And shuts out sun and stars and pages fraught  
 With high philosophy and epic thought  
 And human visage love lit, and seas

And smiling lands, and mountains domes and skies.  
 Nor shall the light to me return until  
 That Sun I see no more, shall veil his face  
 Before that purer glory which shall light  
 The new Jerusalem. Shed by the Lamb  
 And by our God upon his heavenly Court.  
 Nor think it strange, ye kindly ministers,  
 If to these sightless balls, seeking in vain  
 The sunlight beam, some slender ray from heaven,  
 Unseen before amid the garish light;  
 Shall pierce, in mercy sent; or if the soul  
 Left blank of images by sense impressed  
 Shall see by faith, and vision spiritual  
 The heavenly City, and the golden streets  
 Where ye your worship pay. With every grief,  
 The gulf grows narrower, which separates  
 Your world from mine. My echo of your song  
 Becomes more true to its original.  
 And if it err, ye shall my teachers be  
 When we together sing before the throne  
 Correct my truant notes, and lead my strains  
 To praises worthy of my King and yours.

•

—Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ